

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XIX. — FEBRUARY, 1867. — NO. CXII.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

CHAPTER IV.

BYLES GRIDLEY, A. M.

THE old Master of Arts was as notable a man in his outside presentment as one will find among five hundred college alumni as they file in procession. His strong, squared features, his formidable scowl, his solid-looking head, his iron-gray hair, his positive and as it were categorical stride, his slow, precise way of putting a statement, the strange union of trampling radicalism in some directions and high-stepping conservatism in others, which made it impossible to calculate on his unexpressed opinions, his testy ways and his generous impulses, his hard judgments and kindly actions, were characteristics that gave him a very decided individuality.

He had all the aspects of a man of books. His study, which was the best room in Mrs. Hopkins's house, was filled with a miscellaneous-looking collection of volumes, which his curious literary taste had got together from the shelves of all the libraries that had been broken up during his long life as a scholar. Classics, theology, es-

pecially of the controversial sort, statistics, politics, law, medicine, science, occult and overt, general literature, — almost every branch of knowledge was represented. His learning was very various, and of course mixed up, useful and useless, new and ancient, dogmatic and rational, — like his library, in short; for a library gathered like his is a looking-glass in which the owner's mind is reflected.

The common people about the village did not know what to make of such a phenomenon. He did not preach, marry, christen, or bury, like the ministers, nor jog round with medicines for sick folks, nor carry cases into court for quarrelsome neighbors. What *was* he good for? Not a great deal, some of the wiseacres thought, — had "all sorts of sense but common sense," — "smart mahn, but not prahctical." There were others who read him more shrewdly. He knowed more, they said, than all the ministers put together, and if he'd stan' for Ripresentative they'd like to vote for him, — they hed n't hed a smart mahn in the Ginerall Court sence Squire Wibird was thar.

They may have overdone the matter in comparing his knowledge with that

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VOL. XIX. — NO. 112.

9

of all the ministers together, for Priest Pemberton was a real scholar in his special line of study,—as all D.D.s are supposed to be, or they would not have been honored with that distinguished title. But Mr. Byles Gridley not only had more learning than the deep-sea line of the bucolic intelligence could fathom; he had more wisdom also than they gave him credit for, even those among them who thought most of his abilities.

In his capacity of schoolmaster he had sharpened his wits against those of the lively city boys he had in charge, and made such a reputation as “Master” Gridley, that he kept that title even after he had become a college tutor and professor. As a tutor he had to deal with many of these same boys, and others like them, in the still more vivacious period of their early college life. He got rid of his police duties when he became a professor, but he still studied the pupils as carefully as he used once to watch them, and learned to read character with a skill which might have fitted him for governing men instead of adolescents. But he loved quiet and he dreaded mingling with the brawlers of the marketplace, whose stock in trade is a voice and a vocabulary. So it was that he had passed his life in the patient mechanical labor of instruction, leaving too many of his instincts and faculties in abeyance.

The alluvium of all this experience bore a nearer resemblance to worldly wisdom than might have been conjectured; much nearer, indeed, than it does in many old instructors, whose eyes get fish-like as their blood grows cold, and who are not fit to be trusted with anything more practical than a gerund or a cosine. Master Gridley not only knew a good deal of human nature, but he knew how to keep his knowledge to himself upon occasion. He understood singularly well the ways and tendencies of young people. He was shrewd in the detection of trickery, and very confident in those who had once passed the ordeal of his well-

schooled observing powers. He had no particular tendency to meddle with the personal relations of those about him; but if they were forced upon him in any way, he was like to see into them at least as quickly as any of his neighbors who thought themselves most endowed with practical skill.

In leaving the duties of his office he considered himself, as he said a little bitterly, like an old horse unharnessed and turned out to pasture. He felt that he had separated himself from human interests, and was henceforth to live in his books with the dead, until he should be numbered with them himself. He had chosen this quiet village as a place where he might pass his days undisturbed, and find a peaceful resting-place in its churchyard, where the gravel was dry, and the sun lay warm, and the glowing woods of autumn would spread their many-colored counterpane over the bed where he would be taking his rest. It sometimes came over him sadly that he was never more to be of any importance to his fellow-creatures. There was nobody living to whom he was connected by any very near ties. He felt kindly enough to the good woman in whose house he lived; he sometimes gave a few words of counsel to her son; he was not unamiable with the few people he met; he bowed with great consideration to the Rev. Dr. Pemberton; and he studied with no small interest the physiognomy of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker, to whose sermons he listened, with a black scowl now and then, and a nostril dilating with ominous intensity of meaning. But he said sadly to himself, that his life had been a failure,—that he had nothing to show for it, and his one talent was ready in its napkin to give back to his Lord.

He owed something of this sadness, perhaps, to a cause which many would hold of small significance. Though he had mourned for no lost love, at least so far as was known, though he had never suffered the pang of parting with a child, though he seemed isolated from those joys and griefs which come with

the ties of family, he too had his private urn filled with the ashes of extinguished hopes. He was the father of a dead book.

Why "Thoughts on the Universe, by Byles Gridley, A. M.," had not met with an eager welcome and a permanent demand from the discriminating public, it would take us too long to inquire in detail. Indeed, he himself was never able to account satisfactorily for the state of things which his bookseller's account made evident to him. He had read and re-read his work; and the more familiar he became with it, the less was he able to understand the singular want of popular appreciation of what he could not fail to recognize as its excellences. He had a special copy of his work, printed on large paper and sumptuously bound. He loved to read in this, as people read over the letters of friends who have long been dead; and it might have awakened a feeling of something far removed from the ludicrous, if his comments on his own production could have been heard. "That's a thought, now, for you!—See Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay's Essay *printed six years after this book*." "A felicitous image!—and so everybody would have said if only Mr. Thomas Carlyle had hit upon it." "If this is not genuine pathos, where will you find it, I should like to know? And nobody to open the book where it stands written but one poor old man—in this generation, at least—in this generation!" It may be doubted whether he would ever have loved his book with such jealous fondness if it had gone through a dozen editions, and everybody was quoting it to his face. But now it lived only for him; and to him it was wife and child, parent, friend, all in one, as Hector was all in all to his spouse. He never tired of it, and in his more sanguine moods he looked forward to the time when the world would acknowledge its merits, and his genius would find full recognition. Perhaps he was right: more than one book which seemed dead and was dead for contemporary readers has had a

resurrection when the rivals who triumphed over it lived only in the tombstone memory of antiquaries. Comfort for some of us, dear fellow-writer!

It followed from the way in which he lived that he must have some means of support upon which he could depend. He was economical, if not over frugal in some of his habits; but he bought books, and took newspapers and reviews, and had money when money was needed; the fact being, though it was not generally known, that a distant relative had not long before died, leaving him a very comfortable property.

His money matters had led him to have occasional dealings with the late legal firm of Wibird and Penhallow, which had naturally passed into the hands of the new partnership, Penhallow and Bradshaw. He had entire confidence in the senior partner, but not so much in the young man who had been recently associated in the business.

Mr. William Murray Bradshaw, commonly called by his last two names, was the son of a lawyer of some note for his acuteness, who marked out his calling for him in having him named after the great Lord Mansfield. Murray Bradshaw was about twenty-five years old, by common consent good-looking, with a finely formed head, a searching eye, and a sharp-cut mouth, which smiled at his bidding without the slightest reference to the real condition of his feeling at the moment. This was a great convenience; for it gave him an appearance of good-nature at the small expense of a slight muscular movement which was as easy as winking, and deceived everybody but those who had studied him long and carefully enough to find that this play of his features was what a watchmaker would call a detached movement.

He had been a good scholar in college, not so much by hard study as by skilful veneering, and had taken great pains to stand well with the Faculty, at least one of whom, Byles Gridley, A.M., had watched him with no little interest as a man with a promising future, provided he were not so astute as to outwit and overreach himself in his excess

of contrivance. His classmates could not help liking him; as to loving him, none of them would have thought of that. He was so shrewd, so keen, so full of practical sense, and so good-humored as long as things went on to his liking, that few could resist his fascination. He had a way of talking with people about what they were interested in, as if it were the one matter in the world nearest to his heart. But he was commonly trying to find out something, or to produce some impression, as a juggler is working at his miracle while he keeps people's attention by his voluble discourse and make-believe movements. In his lightest talk he was almost always edging towards a practical object, and it was an interesting and instructive amusement to watch for the moment at which he would ship the belt of his colloquial machinery on to the tight pulley. It was done so easily and naturally that there was hardly a sign of it. Master Gridley could usually detect the shifting action, but the young man's features and voice never betrayed him.

He was a favorite with the other sex, who love poetry and romance, as he well knew, for which reason he often used the phrases of both, and in such a way as to answer his purpose with most of those whom he wished to please. He had one great advantage in the sweepstakes of life: he was not handicapped with any burdensome ideals. He took everything at its market-value. He accepted the standard of the street as a final fact *for to-day*, like the broker's list of prices.

His whole plan of life was laid out. He knew that law was the best introduction to political life, and he meant to use it for this end. He chose to begin his career in the country, so as to feel his way more surely and gradually to its ultimate aim; but he had no intention of burying his shining talents in a grazing district, however tall its grass might grow. His business was not with these stiff-jointed, slow-witted bucolics, but with the supple, dangerous, far-seeing men

who sit scheming by the gas-light in the great cities, after all the lamps and candles are out from the Merrimac to the Housatonic. Every strong and every weak point of those who might probably be his rivals were laid down on his charts, as winds and currents and rocks are marked on those of a navigator. All the young girls in the country, and not a few in the city, with which, as mentioned, he had frequent relations, were on his list of possible availabilities in the matrimonial line of speculation, provided always that their position and prospects were such as would make them proper matches for so considerable a person as the future Hon. William Murray Bradshaw.

Master Gridley had made a careful study of his old pupil since they had resided in the same village. The old professor could not help admiring him, notwithstanding certain suspicious elements in his character; for after muddy village talk, a clear stream of intelligent conversation was a great luxury to the hard-headed scholar. The more he saw of him, the more he learned to watch his movements, and to be on his guard in talking with him. The old man could be crafty, with all his simplicity, and he had found out that under his good-natured manner there often lurked some design more or less worth noting, and which might involve other interests deserving protection.

For some reason or other the old Master of Arts had of late experienced a certain degree of relenting with regard to himself, probably brought about by the expressions of gratitude from worthy Mrs. Hopkins for acts of kindness to which he himself attached no great value. He had been kind to her son Gifted; he had been fatherly with Susan Posey, her relative and boarder; and he had shown himself singularly and unexpectedly amiable with the little twins who had been adopted by the good woman into her household. In fact, ever since these little creatures had begun to toddle about and explode

their first consonants, he had looked through his great round spectacles upon them with a decided interest; and from that time it seemed as if some of the human and social sentiments which had never leafed or flowered in him, for want of their natural sunshine, had begun growing up from roots which had never lost their life. His liking for the twins may have been an illustration of that singular law which old Dr. Hurlbut used to lay down, namely, that, at a certain period of life, say from fifty to sixty and upward, the *grand*-paternal instinct awakens in bachelors, the rhythms of Nature reaching them in spite of her defeated intentions; so that when men marry late they love their autumn child with a twofold affection, — father's and grandfather's both in one.

However this may be, there is no doubt that Mr. Byles Gridley was beginning to take a part in his neighbors' welfare and misfortunes, such as could hardly have been expected of a man so long lost in his books and his scholastic duties. And among others, Myrtle Hazard had come in for a share of his interest. He had met her now and then in her walks to and from school and meeting, and had been taken with her beauty and her apparent unconsciousness of it, which he attributed to the forlorn kind of household in which she had grown up. He had got so far as to talk with her now and then, and found himself puzzled, as well he might be, in talking with a girl who had been growing into her early maturity in antagonism with every influence that surrounded her.

"Love will reach her by and by," he said, "in spite of the dragons up at the den yonder.

*'Centum fronte oculos, centum cervice gerebat
Argus, et hos unus sæpe fefellit amor.'*

But there was something about Myrtle — he hardly knew whether to call it dignity, or pride, or reserve, or the mere habit of holding back brought about by the system of repression under which she had been educated — which kept even the old Master of Arts at his distance. Yet he was strongly drawn

to her, and had a sort of presentiment that he might be able to help her some day, and that very probably she would want his help; for she was alone in the world, except for the dragons, and sure to be assailed by foes from without and from within.

He noticed that her name was apt to come up in his conversations with Murray Bradshaw; and, as he himself never introduced it, of course the young man must have forced it, as conjurers force a card, and with some special object. This set him thinking hard; and, as a result of it, he determined the next time Mr. Bradshaw brought her name up to set him talking. So he talked, not suspecting how carefully the old man listened.

"It was a demonish hard case," he said, "that old Malachi had left his money as he did. Myrtle Hazard was going to be the handsomest girl about, when she came to her beauty, and she was coming to it mighty fast. If they could only break that will, — but it was no use trying. The doctors said he was of sound mind for at least two years after making it. If Silence Withers got the land claim, there'd be a pile, sure enough. Myrtle Hazard ought to have it. If the girl had only inherited that property — whew! She'd have been a match for any fellow. That old Silence Withers would do just as her minister told her, — even chance whether she gives it to the Parson-factory, or marries Bellamy Stoker, and gives it to him — after his wife's dead. He'd take it if he had to take her with it. Earn his money, — hey, Master Gridley?"

"Why, you don't seem to think very well of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker?" said Mr. Gridley, smiling.

"Think well of him? Too fond of using the Devil's pitchfork for my fancy! Forks over pretty much all the world but himself and his lot into — the bad place, you know; and toasts his own cheese with it with very much the same kind of comfort that other folks seem to take in that business. Besides, he has a weak-

ness for pretty saints — and sinners. That's an odd name he has. More *belle amie* than *Joseph* about him, I rather guess!"

The old professor smiled again. "So you don't think he believes all the mediæval doctrines he is in the habit of preaching, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"No, sir; I think he belongs to the class I have seen described somewhere. 'There are those who hold the opinion that truth is only safe when diluted,—about one fifth to four fifths lies,—as the oxygen of the air is with its nitrogen. Else it would burn us all up.'"

Byles Gridley colored and started a little. This was one of his own sayings in "Thoughts on the Universe." But the young man quoted it without seeming to suspect its authorship.

"Where did you pick up that saying, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"I don't remember. Some paper, I rather think. It's one of those good things that get about without anybody's knowing who says 'em. Sounds like Coleridge."

"That's what I call a compliment worth having," said Byles Gridley to himself, when he got home. "Let me look at that passage."

He took down "Thoughts on the Universe," and got so much interested, reading on page after page, that he did not hear the little tea-bell, and Susan Posey volunteered to run up to his study and call him down to tea.

CHAPTER V.

THE TWINS.

MISS SUSAN POSEY knocked timidly at his door, and informed him that tea was waiting. He rather liked Susan Posey. She was a pretty creature, slight, blonde, a little too light, a village beauty of the second or third grade, effective at picnics and by moonlight,—the kind of girl that very young men are apt to remember as their first love. She had a taste for poetry, and an admiration of poets;

but, what was better, she was modest and simple, and a perfect sister and mother and grandmother to the two little forlorn twins who had been stranded on the Widow Hopkins's door-step.

These little twins, a boy and girl, were now between two and three years old. A few words will make us acquainted with them. Nothing had ever been known of their origin. The sharp eyes of all the spinsters had been through every household in the village and neighborhood, and not a suspicion fixed itself on any one. It was a dark night when they were left; and it was probable that they had been brought from another town, as the sound of wheels had been heard close to the door where they were found, had stopped for a moment, then been heard again, and lost in the distance.

How the good woman of the house took them in and kept them has been briefly mentioned. At first nobody thought they would live a day, such little absurd attempts at humanity did they seem. But the young doctor came, and the old doctor came, and the infants were laid in cotton-wool, and the room heated up to keep them warm, and baby-teaspoonfuls of milk given them, and after being kept alive in this way, like the young of opossums and kangaroos, they came to a conclusion about which they did not seem to have made up their thinking-pulps for some weeks, namely, to go on trying to cross the sea of life by tugging at the four-and-twenty oars which must be pulled day and night until the unknown shore is reached, and the oars lie at rest under the folded hands.

As it was not very likely that the parents who left their offspring round on door-steps were of saintly life, they were not presented for baptism like the children of church-members. Still, they must have names to be known by, and Mrs. Hopkins was much exercised in the matter. Like many New England parents, she had a decided taste for names that were significant and sonorous. That which she had chosen for her oldest child, the young poet, was

either a remarkable prophecy, or it had brought with it the endowments it promised. She had lost, or, in her own more pictorial language, she had buried, a daughter to whom she had given the names, at once of cheerful omen and melodious effect, Wealthy Amadora.

As for them poor little creturs, she said, she believed they was rained down out o' the skies, jest as they say toads and tadpoles come. She meant to be a mother to 'em for all that, and give 'em jest as good names as if they was the governor's children, or the minister's. If Mr. Gridley would be so good as to find her some kind of a real handsome Chris'n nanie for 'em, she'd provide 'em with the other one. Hopkinse they shall be bred and taught, and Hopkinse they shall be called. Ef their father and mother was ashamed to own 'em, she was n't. Could n't Mr. Gridley pick out some pooty-sounding names from some of them great books of his. Its jest as well to have 'em pooty as long as they don't cost any more than if they was Tom and Sally.

A grim smile passed over the rugged features of Byles Gridley. "Nothing is easier than that, Mrs. Hopkins," he said. "I will give you two very pretty names that I think will please you and other folks. They 're new names, too. If they should n't like to keep them, they can change them before they 're christened, if they ever are. *Isosceles* will be just the name for the boy, and I'm sure you won't find a prettier name for the girl in a hurry than *Helminthia*."

Mrs. Hopkins was delighted with the dignity and novelty of these two names, which were forthwith adopted. As they were rather long for common use in the family, they were shortened into the easier forms of Sossy and Minthy, under which designation the babes began very soon to thrive mightily, turning bread and milk into the substance of little sinners at a great rate, and growing as if they were put out at compound interest.

This short episode shows us the fami-

ly conditions surrounding Byles Gridley, who, as we were saying, had just been called down to tea by Miss Susan Posey.

"I am coming, my dear," he said, — which expression quite touched Miss Susan, who did not know that it was a kind of transferred caress from the delicious page he was reading. It was not the living child that was kissed, but the dead one lying under the snow, if we may make a trivial use of a very sweet and tender thought we all remember.

Not long after this, happening to call in at the lawyer's office, his eye was caught by the corner of a book lying covered up by a pile of papers. Somehow or other it seemed to look very natural to him. Could that be a copy of "Thoughts on the Universe"? He watched his opportunity, and got a hurried sight of the volume. His own treatise, sure enough! *Leaves uncut*. Opened of itself to the one hundred and twentieth page. The axiom Murray Bradshaw had quoted — he did not remember from what, — "sounded like Coleridge" — was staring him in the face from that very page. When he remembered how he had pleased himself with that compliment the other day, he blushed like a school-girl; and then, thinking out the whole trick, — to hunt up his forgotten book, pick out a phrase or two from it, and play on its weakness with it, to win his good opinion, — for what purpose he did not know, but doubtless to use him in some way, — he grinned with a contempt about equally divided between himself and the young schemer.

"Ah ha!" he muttered scornfully. "Sounds like Coleridge, hey? Niccolò Macchiavelli Bradshaw!"

From this day forward he looked on all the young lawyer's doings with even more suspicion than before. Yet he would not forego his company and conversation; for he was very agreeable and amusing to study; and this trick he had played him was, after all, only a diplomatist's way of flattering his plenipotentiary. Who could say? Some time or other he might cajole England or France or Russia into a

treaty with just such a trick. Shallow-er men than he had gone out as ministers of the great Republic. At any rate the fellow was worth watching.

CHAPTER VI.

THE USE OF SPECTACLES.

THE old Master of Arts had a great reputation in the house where he lived for knowing everything that was going on. He rather enjoyed it; and sometimes amused himself with surprising his simple-hearted landlady and her boarders with the unaccountable results of his sagacity. One thing was quite beyond her comprehension. She was perfectly sure that Mr. Gridley could *see out of the back of his head*, just as other people see with their natural organs. Time and again he had told her what she was doing when his back was turned to her, just as if he had been sitting squarely in front of her. Some laughed at this foolish notion; but others, who knew more of the nebulous sciences, told her it was like 's not jes' so. Folks had read letters laid ag'in' the pits o' their stomachs, 'n' why should n't they see out o' the backs o' their heads?

Now there was a certain fact at the bottom of this belief of Mrs Hopkins; and as it would be a very small thing to make a mystery of so simple a matter, the reader shall have the whole benefit of knowing all there is in it, — not quite yet, however, of knowing all that came of it. It was not the mirror trick, of course, which Mrs. Felix Lorraine and other dangerous historical personages have so long made use of. It was nothing but this. Mr. Byles Gridley wore a pair of formidable spectacles with large round glasses. He had often noticed the reflection of objects behind him when they caught their images at certain angles, and had got the habit of very often looking at the reflecting surface of one or the other of the glasses, when he seemed to be looking through them. It put a singular power into his

possession, which might possibly hereafter lead to something more significant than the mystification of the Widow Hopkins.

A short time before Myrtle Hazard's disappearance, Mr. Byles Gridley had occasion to call again at the office of Penhallow and Bradshaw on some small matter of business of his own. There were papers to look over, and he put on his great round-glassed spectacles. He and Mr. Penhallow sat down at the table, and Mr. Bradshaw was at a desk behind them. After sitting for a while, Mr. Penhallow seemed to remember something he had meant to attend to, for he said all at once: "Excuse me, Mr. Gridley. Mr. Bradshaw, if you are not busy, I wish you would look over this bundle of papers. They look like old receipted bills and memoranda of no particular use; but they came from the garret of the Withers place, and might possibly have something that would be of value. Look them over, will you, and see whether there is anything there worth saving."

The young man took the papers, and Mr. Penhallow sat down again at the table with Mr. Byles Gridley.

This last-named gentleman felt just then a strong impulse to observe the operations of Murray Bradshaw. He could not have given any very good reason for it, any more than any of us can for half of what we do.

"I should like to examine that conveyance we were speaking of once more," said he. "Please to look at this one in the mean time, will you, Mr. Penhallow?"

Master Gridley held the document up before him. He did not seem to find it quite legible, and adjusted his spectacles carefully, until they were just as he wanted them. When he had got them to suit himself, sitting there with his back to Murray Bradshaw, he could see him and all his movements, the desk at which he was standing, and the books in the shelves before him, — all this time appearing as if he were intent upon his own reading.

The young man began in a rather in-

different way to look over the papers. He loosened the band round them, and took them up one by one, gave a careless glance at them, and laid them together to tie up again when he had gone through them. Master Gridley saw all this process, thinking what a fool he was all the time to be watching such a simple proceeding. Presently he noticed a more sudden movement: the young man had found something which arrested his attention, and turned his head to see if he was observed. The senior partner and his client were both apparently deep in their own affairs. In his hand Mr. Bradshaw held a paper folded like the others, the back of which he read, holding it in such a way that Master Gridley saw very distinctly three large spots of ink upon it, and noticed their position. Murray Bradshaw took another hurried glance at the two gentlemen, and then quickly opened the paper. He ran it over with a flash of his eye, folded it again, and laid it by itself. With another quick turn of his head, as if to see whether he were observed or like to be, he reached his hand out and took a volume down from the shelves. In this volume he shut the document, whatever it was, which he had just taken out of the bundle, and placed the book in a very silent and as it were stealthy way back in its place. He then gave a look at each of the other papers, and said to his partner: "Old bills, old leases, and insurance policies that have run out. Malachi seems to have kept every scrap of paper that had a signature to it."

"That's the way with the old misers, always," said Mr. Penhallow.

Byles Gridley had got through reading the document he held,—or pretending to read it. He took off his spectacles.

"We all grow timid and cautious as we get old, Mr. Penhallow." Then turning round to the young man, he slowly repeated the lines,—

"*Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quod Queris et inventis miser abstinat, ac timet uti ;*

Vel quod res omnes timide, gelideque ministrat—'

You remember the passage, Mr. Bradshaw?"

While he was reciting these words from Horace, which he spoke slowly as if he relished every syllable, he kept his eyes on the young man steadily, but without betraying any suspicion. His old habits as a teacher made that easy.

Murray Bradshaw's face was calm as usual, but there was a flush on his cheek, and Master Gridley saw the slight but unequivocal signs of excitement.

"Something is going on inside there," the old man said to himself. He waited patiently, on the pretext of business, until Mr. Bradshaw got up and left the office. As soon as he and the senior partner were alone, Master Gridley took a lazy look at some of the books in his library. There stood in the book-shelves a copy of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*,—the fine Elzevir edition of 1664. It was bound in parchment, and thus readily distinguishable at a glance from all the books round it. Now Mr. Penhallow was not much of a Latin scholar, and knew and cared very little about the civil law. He had picked up this book at an auction, and bought it to place in his shelves with the other "properties" of the office, because it would look respectable. Anything shut up in one of those two octavos might stay there a lifetime without Mr. Penhallow's disturbing it; that Master Gridley knew, and of course the young man knew it too.

We often move to the objects of supreme curiosity or desire, not in the lines of castle or bishop on the chess-board, but with the knight's zigzag, at first in the wrong direction, making believe to ourselves we are not after the thing coveted. Put a lump of sugar in a canary-bird's cage, and the small creature will illustrate the instinct for the benefit of inquirers or sceptics. Byles Gridley went to the other side of the room and took a volume of Reports from the shelves. He put it back and

took a copy of "Fearne on Contingent Remainders," and looked at that for a moment in an idling way, as if from a sense of having nothing to do. Then he drew the back of his forefinger along the books on the shelf, as if nothing interested him in them, and strolled to the shelf in front of the desk at which Murray Bradshaw had stood. He took down the *second* volume of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, turned the leaves over mechanically, as if in search of some title, and replaced it.

He looked round for a moment. Mr. Penhallow was writing hard at his table, not thinking of him, it was plain enough. He laid his hand on the *FIRST* volume of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*. There was a document shut up in it. His hand was on the book, whether taking it out or putting it back was not evident, when the door opened and Mr. William Murray Bradshaw entered.

"Ah, Mr. Gridley," he said, "you are not studying the civil law, are you?" He strode towards him as he spoke, his face white, his eyes fixed fiercely on him.

"It always interests me, Mr. Bradshaw," he answered, "and this is a fine edition of it. One may find a great many valuable things in the *Corpus Juris Civilis*."

He looked impenetrable, and whether or not he had seen more than Mr. Bradshaw wished him to see, that gentleman could not tell. But there stood the two books in their place, and when, after Master Gridley had gone, he looked in the first volume, there was the document he had shut up in it.

CHAPTER VII.

MYRTLE'S LETTER. — THE YOUNG MENS' PURSUIT.

"You know all about it, Olive?" Cyprian Eveleth said to his sister, after a brief word of greeting.

"Know of what, Cyprian?"

"Why, sister, don't you know that Myrtle Hazard is missing, — gone!

— gone nobody knows where, and that we are looking in all directions to find her?"

Olive turned very pale and was silent for a moment. At the end of that moment the story seemed almost old to her. It was a natural ending of the prison-life which had been round Myrtle since her earliest years. When she got large and strong enough, she broke out of jail, — that was all. The nursery-bar is always climbed sooner or later, whether it is a wooden or an iron one. Olive felt as if she had dimly foreseen just such a finishing to the tragedy of the poor girl's home bringing-up. Why could not she have done something to prevent it? Well, — what shall we do now, and as it is? — that is the question.

"Has she left no letter, — no explanation of her leaving in this way?"

"Not a word, so far as anybody in the village knows."

"Come over to the post-office with me; perhaps we may find a letter. I think we shall."

Olive's sagacity and knowledge of her friend's character had not misled her. She found a letter from Myrtle to herself, which she opened and read as here follows: —

"MY DEAREST OLIVE: — Think no evil of me for what I have done. The fire-hang-bird's nest, as Cyprian called it, is empty, and the poor bird is flown.

"I can live as I have lived no longer. This place is chilling all the life out of me, and I must find another home. It is far, far away, and you will not hear from me again until I am there. Then I will write to you.

"You know where I was born, under a hot sun and in the midst of strange, lovely scenes that I seem still to remember. I must visit them again: my heart always yearns for them. And I must cross the sea to get there, — the beautiful great sea that I have always longed for and that my river has been whispering about to me ever so many years. My life is pinched and starved here. I feel as old as Aunt Silence, and I am

only fifteen,—a child she has called me within a few days. If this is to be a child, what is it to be a woman?

"I love you dearly,—and your brother is almost to me as if he were mine. I love our sweet, patient Bathsheba,—yes, and the old man that has spoken so kindly with me, good Master Gridley; I hate to give you pain,—to leave you all,—but my way of life is killing me, and I am too young to die. I cannot take the comfort with you, my dear friends, that I would; for it seems as if I carried a lump of ice in my heart, and all the warmth I find in you cannot thaw it out.

"I have had a strange warning to leave this place, Olive. Do you remember how the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph and told him to flee into Egypt? I have had a dream like that, Olive. There is an old belief in our family that the spirit of one who died many generations ago watches over some of her descendants. They say it led our first ancestor to come over here when it was a wilderness. I believe it has appeared to others of the family in times of trouble. I have had a strange dream at any rate, and the one I saw, or thought I saw, told me to leave this place. Perhaps I should have stayed if it had not been for that, but it seemed like an angel's warning.

"Nobody will know how I have gone, or which way I have taken. On Monday, you may show this letter to my friends, not before. I do not think they will be in danger of breaking their hearts for me at our house. Aunt Silence cares for nothing but her own soul, and the other woman hates me, I always thought. Kitty Fagan will cry hard. Tell her perhaps I shall come back by and by. There is a little box in my room, with some keepsakes marked,—one is for poor Kitty. You can give them to the right ones. Yours is with them.

"Good by, dearest. Keep my secret, as I told you, till Monday. And if you never see me again, remember how much I loved you. Never think hardly of me, for you have grown up in a hap-

py home, and do not know how much misery can be crowded into fifteen years of a young girl's life. God be with you!

"MYRTLE HAZARD."

Olive could not restrain her tears, as she handed the letter to Cyprian. "Her secret is as safe with you as with me," she said. "But this is madness, Cyprian, and we must keep her from doing herself a wrong. What she means to do, is to get to Boston, in some way or other, and sail for India. It is strange that they have not tracked her. There is no time to be lost. She shall not go out into the world in this way, child that she is. No; she shall come back, and make her home with us, if she cannot be happy with these people. Ours *is* a happy and a cheerful home, and she shall be to me as a younger sister,—and your sister too, Cyprian. But you must see her; you must leave this very hour; and you may find her. Go to your cousin Edward, in Boston, at once; tell him your errand, and get him to help you find our poor dear sister. Then give her the note I will write, and say — I know your heart, Cyprian, and I can trust that to tell you what to say."

In a very short time Cyprian Eveleth was on his way to Boston. But another, keener even in pursuit than he, was there before him.

Ever since the day when Master Gridley had made that over-curious observation of the young lawyer's proceedings at the office, Murray Bradshaw had shown a far livelier interest than before in the conditions and feelings of Myrtle Hazard. He had called frequently at The Poplars to talk over business matters, which seemed of late to require a deal of talking. He had been very deferential to Miss Silence, and had wound himself into the confidence of Miss Badlam. He found it harder to establish any very near relations with Myrtle, who had never seemed to care much for any young man but Cyprian Eveleth, and to care for him quite as much as Olive's brother as for any personal reason. But he

found out Myrtle's tastes and ways of thinking and of life, so that, by and by, when she should look upon herself as a young woman, and not as a girl, he would have a great advantage in making her more intimate acquaintance.

Thus, she corresponded with a friend of her mother's in India. She talked at times as if it were her ideal home, and showed many tastes which might well be vestiges of early Oriental impressions. She made herself a rude hammock, — such as are often used in hot climates, — and swung it between two elms. Here she would lie in the hot summer days, and fan herself with the sandal-wood fan her friend in India had sent her, — the perfume of which, the women said, seemed to throw her into day-dreams, which were almost like trances.

These circumstances gave a general direction to his ideas, which were presently fixed more exactly by two circumstances which he learned for himself and kept to himself; for he had no idea of making a hue and cry, and yet he did not mean that Myrtle Hazard should get away if he could help it.

The first fact was this. He found among the copies of the city newspaper they took at The Poplars a recent number from which a square had been cut out. He procured another copy of this paper of the same date, and found that the piece cut out was an advertisement to the effect that the A 1 Ship *Swordfish*, Captain Hawkins, was to sail from Boston for Calcutta, on the 20th of June.

The second fact was the following. On the window-sill of her little hanging chamber, which the women allowed him to inspect, he found some threads of long black glossy hair caught by a splinter in the wood. They were Myrtle's of course. A simpleton might have constructed a tragedy out of this trivial circumstance, — how she had cast herself from the window into the waters beneath it, — how she had been thrust out after a struggle, of which this shred from her tresses was the dreadful witness, — and so on. Murray Bradshaw

did not stop to guess and wonder. He said nothing about it, but wound the shining threads on his finger, and, as soon as he got home, examined them with a magnifier. They had been cut off smoothly, as with a pair of scissors. This was part of a mass of hair, then, which had been shorn and thrown from the window. Nobody would do that but she herself. What would *she* do it for? To disguise her sex of course. The other inferences were plain enough.

The wily young man put all these facts and hints together, and concluded that he would let the rustics drag the ponds and the river, and scour the woods and swamps, while he himself went to the seaport town from which she would without doubt sail if she had formed the project he thought on the whole most probable.

Thus it was that we found him hurrying to the nearest station to catch the train to Boston, while they were all looking for traces of the missing girl nearer home. In the cars he made the most suggestive inquiries he could frame, to stir up the gentlemanly conductor's memory. Had any young fellow been on the train within a day or two, who had attracted his notice? Smooth, handsome face, black eyes, short black hair, new clothes, not fitting very well, looked away when he paid his fare, had a soft voice like a woman's, — had he seen anybody answering to some such description as this? The gentlemanly conductor had not noticed, — was always taking up and setting down way-pahsengers, — might have had such a young man aboard, — there was two or three students one day in the car singing college songs, — he did n't care how folks looked if they had their tickets ready, — and minded their own business, — and, so saying, he poked a young man upon whose shoulder a ringleted head was reclining with that delightful *abandon* which the railroad train seems to provoke in lovely woman, — "Fare!"

It is a fine thing to be set down in a great, over-crowded hotel, where they do not know you, looking dusty, and

for the moment shabby, with nothing but a carpet-bag in your hand, feeling tired, and anything but clean, and hungry, and worried, and every way miserable and mean, and to undergo the appraising process of the gentleman in the office, who, while he shoves the book round to you for your name, is making a hasty calculation as to how high up he can venture to doom you. But Murray Bradshaw's plain dress and carpet-bag were more than made up for by the air and tone which imply the habit of being attended to. The clerk saw that in a glance, and, as he looked at the name and address in the book, spoke sharply in the explosive dialect of his tribe, —

"Jun ! ta'tha'genlm'n'scarpetbag'n'-showhimupt'thirtyone !"

When Cyprian Eveleth reached the same hotel late at night, he appeared in his best clothes and with a new valise ; but his amiable countenance and gentle voice and modest manner sent him up two stories higher, where he found himself in a room not much better than a garret, feeling lonely enough, for he did not know he had an acquaintance in the same house. The two young men were in and out so irregularly that it was not very strange that they did not happen to meet each other.

The young lawyer was far more likely to find Myrtle if she were in the city than the other, even with the help of his cousin Edward. He was not only older, but sharper, better acquainted with the city and its ways, and, whatever might be the strength of Cyprian's motives, his own were of such intensity that he thought of nothing else by day, and dreamed of nothing else by night. He went to work, therefore, in the most systematic manner. He first visited the ship *Swordfish*, lying at her wharf, saw her captain, and satisfied himself that as yet nobody at all corresponding to the description of Myrtle Hazard had been seen by any person on board. He visited all the wharves, inquiring on every vessel where it seemed possible she might have been looking about. Hotels, thoroughfares, every

place where he might hear of her or meet her, were all searched. He took some of the police into his confidence, and had half a dozen pairs of eyes besides his own opened pretty widely to discover the lost girl.

On Sunday, the 19th, he got the first hint which encouraged him to think he was on the trail of his fugitive. He had gone down again to the wharf where the *Swordfish*, advertised to sail the next day, was lying. The captain was not on board, but one of the mates was there, and he addressed his questions to him, not with any great hope of hearing anything important, but determined to lose no chance, however small. He was startled with a piece of information which gave him such an exquisite pang of delight that he could hardly keep the usual quiet of his demeanor. A youth corresponding to his description of Myrtle Hazard in her probable disguise had been that morning on board the *Swordfish*, making many inquiries as to the hour at which she was to sail, and who were to be the passengers, and remained some time on board, going all over the vessel, examining her cabin accommodations, and saying he should return to-morrow before she sailed, — doubtless intending to take passage in her, as there was plenty of room on board. There could be little question, from the description, who this young person was. It was a rather delicate-looking, dark-haired youth, smooth-faced, somewhat shy and bashful in his ways, and evidently excited and nervous. He had apparently been to look about him, and would come back at the last moment, just as the vessel was ready to sail, and in an hour or two be beyond the reach of inquiry.

Murray Bradshaw returned to his hotel, and, going to his chamber, summoned all his faculties in state council to determine what course he should follow, now that he had the object of his search certainly within reaching distance. There was no danger now of her eluding him ; but the grave question arose, what was he to do when he stood face to face with her. She must

not go, — that was fixed. If she once got off in that ship, she might be safe enough ; but what would become of certain projects in which *he* was interested, — that was the question. But again, she was no child, to be turned away from her adventure by cajolery or by any such threats as common truants would find sufficient to scare them back to their duty. He could tell the facts of her disguise and the manner of her leaving home to the captain of the vessel, and induce him to send her ashore as a stray girl, to be returned to her relatives. But this would only make her furious with him ; and he must not alienate her from himself at any rate. He might plead with her in the name of duty, for the sake of her friends, for the good name of the family. She had thought all these things over before she ran away. What if he should address her as a lover, throw himself at her feet, implore her to pity him and give up her rash scheme, and, if things came to the very worst, offer to follow her wherever she went, if she would accept him in the only relation that would render it possible. Fifteen years old, — he nearly ten years older, — but such things had happened before, and this was no time to stand on trifles.

He worked out the hypothesis of the matrimonial offer as he would have reasoned out the probabilities in a law case he was undertaking.

1. There was not the least question on his part. The girl was handsome enough for his ambitious future, wherever it might carry him. She came of an honorable family, and had the great advantage of being free from a tribe of disagreeable relatives, which is such a drawback on many otherwise eligible parties. To these considerations were to be joined other circumstances which we need not here mention, of a nature to add greatly to their force, and which were sufficient of themselves to determine his action.

2. How was it likely she would look on such an extraordinary proposition ? At first, no doubt, as Lady Anne looked upon the advances of Richard. She

would be startled, perhaps shocked. What then ? She could not help feeling flattered at such an offer from him, — him, William Murray Bradshaw, the rising young man of his county, at her feet, his eyes melting with the love he would throw into them, his tones subdued to their most sympathetic quality, and all those phrases on his lips which every day beguile women older and more discreet than this romantic, long-imprisoned girl, whose rash and adventurous enterprise was an assertion of her womanhood and her right to dispose of herself as she chose. He had not lived to be twenty-five years old without knowing his power with women. He believed in himself so thoroughly, that his very confidence was a strong promise of success.

3. In case all his entreaties, arguments, and offers made no impression, should he make use of that supreme resource, not to be employed save in extreme need, but which was of a nature, in his opinion, to shake a resolution stronger than this young girl was like to oppose to it ? That would be like Christian's coming to his weapon called All-prayer, he said to himself, with a smile that his early readings of Bunyan should have furnished him an image for so different an occasion. The question was one he could not settle till the time came, — he must leave it to the instinct of the moment.

The next morning found him early waking after a night of feverish dreams. He dressed himself with more than usual care, and walked down to the wharf where the *Swordfish* was moored. The ship had left the wharf, and was lying out in the stream. A small boat had just reached her, and a slender youth, as he appeared at that distance, climbed, not over-adroitly, up the vessel's side.

Murray Bradshaw called to a boatman near by and ordered the man to row him over as fast as he could to the vessel lying in the stream. He had no sooner reached the deck of the *Swordfish* than he asked for the young person who had just been put on board.

"He is in the cabin, sir, just gone down with the captain," was the reply.

His heart beat, in spite of his cool temperament, as he went down the steps leading to the cabin. The young per-

son was talking earnestly with the captain, and, on his turning round, Mr. William Murray Bradshaw had the pleasure of recognizing his young friend, Mr. Cyprian Eveleth.

MONA.

DAY and night, and night and day,
 I pray, and cannot choose but pray,
 With lowly bended brows :
 God, let the glory come to pass
 Of Easter-daisies in the grass,
 And green leaves on the boughs !

All sick and pale my Mona lies,
 All pale and sick, with longing eyes, —
 A flower that dies for rain ;
 And day and night my heart's wild beats
 Cry for a thousand sweetest sweets
 To charm away her pain.

O waters bound with curdling rime !
 Come dancing on before your time,
 Through mists of silver spray ;
 And, picking out your tenderest trills,
 Come yellow bills, come mellow bills,
 And sing your lives away !

O little golden-bodied bees,
 Hum tunes her heavy heart to ease !
 And butterflies, so fair,
 Upon your wings of red and brown,
 Balance before her up and down,
 And brighten all the air !

All buds with unfulfilled hours
 Have birth at once in perfect flowers,
 I charge you, in love's name ;
 For when the unsanctioned is allied
 So nearly to the sanctified,
 Not heaven itself can blame !

Then shall the lily leave the shade,
 And tend her like a waiting-maid,
 Making her pillow sweet ;

The rose shall to her window climb,
And tell her that the low-leaved thyme
Is waiting for her feet.

O drowsy-lidded violets !
Constellate flower that never sets !
And blush-bells, low and small,
And pinks, and pansies, plain and pied,
And sovereign marigolds beside, —
My Mona needs you all !

O star-flower, pushing from your breast
The dead leaves, shine out with the rest !
And from the garden beds,
Ye daffodillies, made of light,
To please her with a pretty sight,
Toss high your lovely heads !

Low lying in her pallid pain,
A flower that thirsts and dies for rain,
I see her night and day ;
And every heart-beat is a cry,
And every breath I breathe a sigh, —
O for the May ! the May !

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

THE term "literature of the age of Elizabeth" is not confined to the literature produced in the reign of Elizabeth, but is a general name for an era in literature, commencing about the middle of her reign, in 1580, reaching its maturity in the reign of James I., between 1603 and 1626, and perceptibly declining during the reign of his son. It is called by the name of Elizabeth, because it was produced in connection with influences which originated or culminated in her time, and which did not altogether cease to act after her death ; and these influences give to its great works, whether published in her reign or the reign of James, certain mental and moral characteristics in common. The most glorious of all the expressions of the English

mind, it is, like every other outburst of national genius, essentially inexplicable in itself. It occurred, but why it occurred we can answer but loosely. We can state the influences which operated on Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Hooker, Raleigh, but the genesis of their genius is beyond our criticism. There was abundant reason, in the circumstances around them, why they should exercise creative power ; but the possession of the power is an ultimate fact, and defies explanation. Still, the appearance of so many eminent minds in one period indicates something in the circumstances of the period which aided and stimulated, if it did not cause, the marvel ; and a consideration of these circumstances, though it may not enable us to penetrate the mystery of

genius, may still shed some light on its character and direction.

The impulse given to the English mind in the age of Elizabeth was but one effect of that great movement of the European mind whose steps were marked by the revival of letters, the invention of printing, the study of the ancient classics, the rise of the middle class, the discovery of America, the Reformation, the formation of national literatures, and the general clash and conflict of the old with the new, — the old existing in decaying institutions, the new in the ardent hopes and organizing genius by which institutions are created. If the mind was not always emancipated from error during the stir and tumult of this movement, it was still stung into activity, and compelled to think; for if authority, whether secular or sacerdotal, is questioned, authority no less than innovation instinctively frames reasons for its existence. If power was thus driven to use the weapons of the brain, thought, in its attempt to become fact, was no less driven to use the weapons of force. Ideas and opinions were thus all the more directly perceived and tenaciously held, from the fact that they kindled strong passions, and frequently demanded, not merely the assent of the intellect, but the hazard of fortune and life.

At the time Elizabeth ascended the English throne, in 1558, the religious element of this movement had nearly spent its first force. There was a comparatively small band of intensely earnest Romanists, and perhaps a larger band of even more intensely earnest Puritans; but the great majority of the people were probably willing to acquiesce in the form given to the Protestant church by the Protestant state. Elizabeth won the proud distinction of being the head of the Protestant *interest* in Europe; but the very word *interest* indicates a distinction between Protestantism as a policy and Protestantism as a faith; and she did not hesitate to put down with a strong hand those of her subjects whose Protestantism most nearly agreed with the Protestantism

she aided in France and Holland. The Puritan Reformers, though they represented most thoroughly the doctrines and spirit of Luther and Calvin, were thus opposed by the English state, and were a minority of the English people. Had they succeeded in reforming the national Church, the national amusements, and the national taste, according to their ideas of reform, the history and the literature of the age of Elizabeth would have been essentially different; but they would have broken the continuity of the national life. English nature, with its basis of strong sense and strong sensuality, was hostile to their ascetic morality and their practical belief in the all-excluding importance of religious concerns. Had they triumphed then, their very earnestness might have made them greater, though nobler, tyrants than the Tudors or the Stuarts; for they would have used the arm of power to force evangelical faith and austere morality on a reluctant and resisting people. Sir Toby Belch would have had to fight hard for his cakes and ale; and the nose of Bardolph would have been deprived of the fuel that fed its fire. The Puritans were great forces in politics, as they afterwards proved in the Parliaments of Charles and the Commonwealth; but in the time of Elizabeth they were politically but a faction, and a faction having at one time for its head the greatest scoundrel in England, the Earl of Leicester. They were great forces in literature, as they afterwards proved by Milton and Bunyan; but their position towards what is properly called the literature of the age of Elizabeth was strictly antagonistical. The spirit of that literature, in its poetry, its drama, its philosophy, its divinity, was a spirit which they disliked in some of its forms, and abhorred in others. Their energies, though mighty, are therefore to be deducted from the mass of energies by which that literature was produced.

And this brings us to the first and most marked characteristic of this literature, namely, that it is intensely human. Human nature in its appetites, passions, imperfections, vices, virtues,

in its thoughts, aspirations, imaginations, in all the forms of concrete character in which it finds expression, in all the heights of ecstasy to which it soars, in all the depths of depravity to which it sinks, — this is what it represents or idealizes; and the total effect of this exhibition of human life and exposition of human capacities, whether it be in the romance of Sidney, the poetry of Spenser, the drama of Shakespeare, the philosophy of Bacon, or the divinity of Hooker, is the wholesome and inspiring effect of beauty and cheer. This belief in human nature, and tacit assumption of its right to expression, could only have risen in an age which stimulated human energies by affording fresh fields for their development, and in an age whose activity was impelled by a romantic and heroic, rather than a theological spirit. And the peculiar position of Elizabeth compelled her, absolute as was her temper, to act in harmony with her people, and to allow individual enterprise its largest scope. Her revenue was altogether inadequate to carry on a war with Spain and a war with Ireland, to assist the Protestants of France and Holland, to inaugurate great schemes of American colonization, to fit out expeditions to harass the colonies and plunder the commerce of Spain, — inadequate, in short, to make England a power of the first class. But the patriotism of her people, coinciding with their interests and love of adventure, urged them to undertake public objects as commercial speculations. They made war on her enemies for the spoils to be obtained from her enemies. Perhaps the most comprehensive type of the period, representing most vividly the stimulants it presented to ambition and avarice, to chivalrous sentiment and greed of gain, to action and to thought, was Sir Walter Raleigh. Poet, historian, courtier, statesman, military commander, naval commander, colonizer, filibuster, he had no talent and no accomplishment, no virtue and no vice, which the time did not tempt into exercise. He participated in the widely varying ambitions of Spenser and Jon-

son, of Essex and Leicester, of Burleigh, Walsingham, and Sir Nicholas Bacon, of Norris and Howard of Effingham, of Drake, Hawkins, and Cumberland; and in all these he was thoroughly human.

The next characteristic of the higher literature of the period is its breadth and preponderance of thought, — a quality which seemed native to the time, and which was shared by the men of affairs. Indeed, no one could serve Elizabeth well whose loyalty of heart was unaccompanied by largeness of brain. She was so surrounded by foreign enemies and domestic factions, that the sagacity which makes the fewest mistakes was her only safety from dethronement or assassination. Her statesmen, however fixed might be their convictions and energetic their wills, were, by the necessities of their position, compelled to be wary, vigilant, politic, crafty, comprehensive in their views, compromising in their measures. The time required minds that could observe, analyze, infer, combine, foresee, — vigorous in the grasp of principles, exact in the scrutiny of facts. Such were the complications of political affairs, that the difficulty, in all but the most capacious intellects, was to decide at all; and even they sometimes found it wise to follow the drift of events which it was almost impossible to shape or to guide. It might be supposed, that if, in any person of the period, impetuosity of purpose or caprice of will would overbear all the restraints of prudence, that person was Elizabeth herself; but she really was as indecisive in conduct as she was furious in passion. Proud, fierce, vain, haughty, vindictive; a virago and a coquette; ready enough to box the ears of one of her courtiers, and threaten with an oath to unfrock one of her bishops; despotic in her relations with all over whom she had complete control; cursed, indeed, with every internal impulse which leads to reckless action, — she was still a thinker; and thought revealed insecurities in her position, in considering which even her imperious will was puzzled into irreso-

lution, and shrank from the plain road of force to feel its way through the crooked paths of hypocrisy and craft.

This comprehensiveness of thought did not, in the men of letters, interfere with loftiness of thought, but it connected thought with life, gave it body and form, and made it fertile in those weighty maxims which, while they bear directly on practical conduct, and harmonize with the experience of men, are also characterized by that easy elevation of view and of tone which distinguishes philosophic wisdom from prudential moralizing. The Elizabethan thinkers instinctively recognized the truth that real thinking implies the action of the whole nature, and not of a single isolated faculty. They were men of large understandings; but their understandings rarely acted apart from observation,—the sight of what appears,—from imagination,—the sight of what is,—from sentiment, passion, and character. They not only reasoned, but they had reason. They looked at things, and round things, and into things, and through things. Though they were masters of the processes of logic, their eminent merit was their broad grasp of the premises of logic,—their ready anticipation of the results of logic. They could argue; but they preferred to flash the conclusions of argument rather than to recite its details, and their minds darted to results to which slower intelligences creep. From the fact that they had reason in abundance, they were somewhat chary of reasons. Their thinking, indeed, gives us the solid, nutritious, enriching substance of thought. While it comprehends the outward facts of life, it connects them with those great mental facts beheld by the inner eye of the mind. It thus combines the most massive good sense with a Platonic elevation of spiritual perception, and especially avoids the thinness and juicelessness which are apt to characterize the greatest efforts of the understanding, when understanding is divorced from human nature.

This equipoise and interpenetration

of the faculties of the mind and the feelings of the heart, which give to these writers their largeness, dignity, sweetness, and power, are to be referred in a great degree to the imaginative element of their natures. They lived, indeed, in an imaginative age,—an age in which thought, feeling, aspiration, character, whether low or exalted, aimed to embody themselves in appropriate external forms, and be made visible to the eye. In the great poets and philosophers this imagination existed both as ecstatic insight of spiritual facts and as shaping power,—both as the “vision and the faculty divine”; but all over the Elizabethan society, in dress, in manners, in speech, in the badges of professions, in amusements, in pageants and spectacles, character, class, and condition, in all their varieties, were directly imaged. Lamb calls all this a visible poetry; and much which we now read as poetry was simply the transference into language of the common facts of the time.

This imaginative tendency of the national mind appeared in a still higher form in that chivalrous cast of feeling and of thought which we observe in all the nobler men of the time. “High-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy,” is Sir Philip Sidney’s definition of the gentleman; and this was the standard to which many aspired, if few reached. This chivalry was a poetic reflection of the feudal age, which was departing in its rougher and baser realities, but lingering in its beautiful ideas and ideals, especially in the knightly love of adventure and the knightly reverence for woman. It gave an air of romance to acts, enterprises, and amusements which sometimes had their vulgar side. Raleigh tilted in silver armor before the Queen, though the silver from which the armor was made had been stolen from Spanish merchantmen. Sidney was eager to fight in single combat with the anonymous defamer of his uncle Leicester, though his uncle richly deserved the gibbet. Cumberland was a knight-errant of the seas, strangely blending the love of glory with the love of gold, the spirit

of wild adventure with the spirit of commercial thrift. Something imaginative, something which partook of the sentiment of the old time, was mingled with the bustling practicalities of the present. If we look at a man like Sir Francis Drake from the mere understanding, we find it difficult to decide whether his enterprises were private or national, whether the patriot predominated over the pirate, or the pirate over the patriot; but if we look at him from the Elizabethan point of view, it is not difficult to discern an enthusiastic, chivalric, loyal, Protestant spirit as the presiding element of his being and the source of his pecuniary success. He did many things which, if done now, would very properly send a sailor to the gallows; yet, as a man, he was very much superior to many a modern statesman and judge who would conscientiously order his execution. Vitality right, but formally wrong, he in the Elizabethan age was immensely honored.

This slight reference to a few of these eminent men of action shows that literature was but one out of many expressions of the roused energies of the national heart and brain, and that those who performed actions which poetry celebrates were as numerous as the poets. As the external inducements to adopt literature as a profession were not so great as in our day, as there was no reading public in our sense of the term, we are at first surprised that so much genius was diverted into this path. But Elizabeth and James were both learned sovereigns. Both were writers; and in the courts of both, literature and learning were in the fashion, and often the avenues to distinction in Church and State. It was found that literary ability was but one phase of general ability. Buckhurst was an eminent statesman. Sidney and Spenser were men of affairs. Raleigh could do anything. Bacon was a lawyer and jurist. Hooker, Hall, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, and Donne were in the Church. The patronage of educated and accomplished nobles was extended

to numerous writers like Daniel and Drayton, who could not have subsisted by the sale of their works. None of these can be styled authors by profession: that sad distinction was confined to the dramatists. In the time of Elizabeth and James the theatre was almost the only medium of communication between writers and the people, and attracted to it all those who aimed to gain a livelihood out of the products of their hearts and imaginations. Its literature was the popular literature of the age. It was newspaper, magazine, novel, all in one. It was the Elizabethan "Times," the Elizabethan "Blackwood," the Elizabethan "Temple Bar": it tempted into its arena equally the Elizabethan Thackerays and the Elizabethan Bradons; but the remuneration it afforded to the most distinguished of the swarm of playwrights who depended on it for bread was small. All experienced the full bitterness of poverty, if we except Shakespeare, Jonson, and Fletcher. Shakespeare was an excellent man of business, a part-proprietor of a theatre, and made his fortune. Jonson was patronized by James, and was as much a court poet as a popular poet. Fletcher, though the most fertile of the three in the number of his plays, and the greatest master of theatrical effect, did not, it is supposed, altogether depend on the stage for his support. But Chapman, Dekker, Field, Rowley, Massinger, and all the other professional playwrights, were wretchedly poor. And it must be said, that, though we are in the custom of affirming that the circumstances of the age of Elizabeth were pre-eminently favorable to literature, most of the writers, including such names as Spenser and Jonson, were in the habit of moaning or grumbling at its degeneracy, and wishing that they had been born in happier times.

There were, then, three centres for the literature of the period, — the Court, the Church, and the Theatre. Let us consider the drama first, as it was nearer the popular heart, was the medium through which the grandest as well as meanest minds found expression, and

was thoroughly national, or at least thoroughly nationalized.

England had a drama as early as the twelfth century, — a drama used by the priests as a mode of amusing the people into a knowledge of religion. Its products were called Miracle Plays. They were written, and often acted, by ecclesiastics; they represented the persons and events of the Scriptures, of the apocryphal Gospels, and of the legends of saints and martyrs, and were performed sometimes in the open air, on temporary stages and scaffolds, sometimes in churches and chapels. The earliest play of this sort of which we have any record was performed between the years 1100 and 1110. The general characteristic of these plays, if we should speak after the ideas of our time, was blasphemy, and blasphemy of the worst kind; for the irreverent utterance of sacred names is venial compared with the irreverent representation of sacred persons. The object of the writers was to bring Christianity within popular apprehension; and in the process they burlesqued it. They belonged to a class of writers and speakers, as common now as then, who vulgarize the highest subjects in the attempt to popularize them, — who degrade religion in the attempt to make it efficient. The writers of the Miracle Plays only appear worse than their Protestant successors, from the greater rudeness in the minds and manners to which they appealed. They did not aim to lift the people up, but to bring the Divinity down; and not being in any sense poets, they could not make what was sacred familiarly apprehended, and at the same time preserve that ideal remoteness from ordinary life which is the condition of its being reverently apprehended. Their religious dramas, accordingly, were mostly monstrous farces, full of buffoonery and indecency, though not without a certain coarse humor and power of characterization. Thus, in the play of the Deluge, Noah and his wife are close copies of contemporary character and manners, projected on the Bible narrative.

Mrs. Noah is a shrew and a vixen; refuses to leave her gossips and go into the ark; scolds Noah, and is soundly whipped by him; then wishes herself a widow, and thinks she but echoes the feeling of all the wives in the audience, in hoping for them the same good luck. Noah then takes occasion to inform all the husbands present that their proper course is to break in their wives after his fashion. By this time the water is nearly up to his wife's neck, and she is partly coaxed and partly forced into the ark by one of her sons. Again, in a play on the Adoration of the Shepherds, the shepherds are three English boors, who meet with a variety of the most coarsely comical adventures in their journey to Bethlehem; who, just before the star in the east appears, get into a quarrel and fight, after having feasted on Lancashire jammocks and Halton ale; and who, when they arrive at their destination, present three gifts to the infant Saviour, namely, a bird, a tennis-ball, and a bob of cherries.

The Miracle Plays were very popular, and did not altogether die out before the reign of James. In some of them personified abstractions came to be blended with the persons of the drama; and in the fifteenth century a new class of dramatic performances arose, called Moral Plays, in which these personified abstractions pushed persons out of the piece, and ethics supplanted theology. There is, in some of these Moral Plays, a great deal of ingenuity displayed in the impersonation of qualities, and in their allegorical representation. They took strong hold of the English mind. Pride, gluttony, sensuality, worldliness, meekness, temperance, faith, in their single and in their blended action, were often happily characterized; and, though they were eventually banished from the drama, they reappeared in the pageants of Elizabeth and in the poetry of Spenser. But their popularity was doubtless owing more to their fun than their ethics; and the two characters of the Devil and Vice, the laughable monster and the

laughable buffoon, were the darlings of the multitude. In Ben Jonson's "Staple of News," Gossip Tattle exclaims: "My husband, Timothy Tattle, God rest his soul! was wont to say that there was no play without a fool and a Devil in 't: he was for the Devil still, God bless him! The Devil for his money, he would say; I would fain see the Devil."

Nearer to the modern Play than either the Miracle or the Moral, was the Interlude, so called from its being acted in the intervals of a banquet. It was a farce in one act, and devoted to the humorous and satirical representation of contemporary manners and character, especially of professional character. John Heywood, the jester of Henry VIII., was the best maker of these Interludes.

At the time that all of these three forms of the drama were more or less in esteem, Nicholas Udall, a classical scholar, produced, about the year 1540, the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister,"—very much superior, in incident and characterization, to "Gammer Gurton's Needle," written twenty years afterwards, though neither rises above the mere prosaic delineation, the first of civic, the last of country life. The poetic element, which was afterwards so conspicuous in the Elizabethan drama, did not even appear in the first English tragedy, "Gorboduc," though it was written by Thomas Sackville, the author of the Induction to the "Mirror of Magistrates," and the only great poet that rose between Chaucer and Spenser. "Gorboduc" was acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Whitehall, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple, in January, 1562. It was received with great applause; but it appears, as read now, singularly frigid and unimpassioned, with not even, as Campbell says, "the unities of space and time to circumscribe its dulness." It has all the author's justness, weight, and fertility of thought, but little of his imagination; and, though celebrated as the first English play written in blank verse, the measure, in Sackville's hands, is

wearisomely monotonous, and conveys no notion of the elasticity and variety of which it was afterwards found capable, when used by Marlowe and Shakespeare. The tragedy is not deficient in terrible events, but even its murders make us yawn.

It is probable that the fifty-two plays performed at court between 1568 and 1580, and of which nothing is preserved but the names, contained little to make us regret their loss. Neither at the Royal Palace, nor the Inns of Court, nor the Universities, at all of which plays were performed, could a free and original national drama be built up. This required a public theatre, and an audience composed of all classes of the people. Accordingly, the most important incident in the history of the English stage was the patent granted by the crown, in 1574, to James Burbage and his associates, players under the protection of the Earl of Leicester, to perform in the City and Liberties of London, and in all other parts of the kingdom; "as well," the phraseology runs, "for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our own solace and pleasure, when we shall think fit to see them."

But the Corporation of London, thorough Puritans, were determined, as far as their power extended, to prevent the Queen's subjects from having any such "recreation," and her Majesty herself from enjoying any such "solace and pleasure." "Forasmuch as the playing of interludes, and the resort to the same, are very dangerous for the infection of the plague, whereby infinite burdens and losses to the city may increase; and are very hurtful in corruption of youth with incontinence and lewdness; and also great wasting both of the time and thrift of many poor people; and great provoking of the wrath of God, the ground of all plagues; great withdrawing of the people from public prayer, and from the service of God; and daily cried out against by all preachers of the word of God;—therefore," the Corporation ordered, "all such interludes in public places,

and the resort to the same, shall wholly be prohibited as ungodly, and humble suit made to the Lords, that like prohibition be in places near the city."

The players, thus expelled the city, withdrew to the nearest point outside the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, and, in 1576, erected their theatre in Blackfriars. Two others, "The Curtain" and "The Theatre," were erected by other companies in Shoreditch. Before the end of the century there were at least eleven. To these round wooden buildings, open to the sky, with only a thatched roof over the stage, the people flocked daily for mental excitement. There was no movable scenery; the female characters were played by boys; and the lowest theatres of our day are richer in appointments than were the finest of the age of Elizabeth. "Such," says Malone, "was the poverty of the old stage, that the same person played two or three parts; and battles on which the fate of an empire was supposed to depend were decided by three combatants on a side." It is difficult for us to conceive of the popularity of the stage in those days. One of the spies of Secretary Walsingham, writing to his employer in 1586, thus groans over the taste of the people: "The daily abuse of stage plays is such an offence to the godly, and so great a hindrance to the Gospel, as the Papists do exceedingly rejoice at the blemish thereof, and not without cause; for every day in the week the player's bills are set up in sundry places of the city; . . . so that, when the bells toll to the lecturer, the trumpets sound to the stages. Whereat the wicked faction of Rome laugheth for joy, while the godly weep for sorrow. . . . It is a woful sight to see two hundred proud players jet in their silks, while five hundred poor people starve in the streets. . . . Woe is me! the play-houses are pestered when the churches are naked. At the one, it is not possible to get a place; at the other, void seats are plenty." It may here be said, that the mutual hostility of the players and the Puritans continued un-

til the suppression of theatres under the Commonwealth; and for fifty or sixty years the Puritans were only mentioned by the dramatists to be mercilessly satirized. Even Shakespeare's catholic mind was not broad enough to include them in the range of its sympathies.

That this opposition to the stage by the staid and sober citizens was not without cause, soon became manifest. The characteristic of the drama, before Shakespeare, was intellectual and moral lawlessness; and most of the dramatists were men as destitute of eminent genius as of common principle. Stephen Gosson, a Puritan, in a tract published in 1581, attacks them on grounds equally of taste and morals; and five years afterwards Sir Philip Sidney speaks of the popular plays as against all "rules of honest civility and skilful poetry." But Gosson indicates also the sources of their plots. Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," a series of not over-modest tales from the Italian; "The Golden Ass"; "The Ethiopian History"; "Amadis of France"; "The Round Table";—all the licentious comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish were thoroughly ransacked, he tells us, "to furnish the play-houses of London." The result, of course, was a chaos; but a chaos whose materials were wide and various, indicating that the English mind was in contact with, and attempting roughly to reproduce, the genius of Greece and Rome, of France, Spain, and Italy, the chronicles and romances of the Middle Ages, and was hospitable to intellectual influences from all quarters. What was needed was the powerful personality and shaping imagination of genius, to fuse these seemingly heterogeneous materials into new and original forms. "The Faerie Queene" of Spenser, and the drama of Shakespeare, evince an assimilation of the same incongruous elements which Gosson derides and denounces, as they appeared in the shapeless works of mediocrity. There was not merely to be a new drama, but a new art, and new principles of

criticism to legitimate its creative audacities. The materials were rich and various. The difficulty was, that to combine them into original forms required genius, and genius higher, broader, more energetic, more imaginative, and more humane than had ever before been directed to dramatic composition.

The immediate predecessors of Shakespeare — Greene, Lodge, Kyd, Peele, Marlowe — were all educated at the Universities, and were naturally prejudiced in favor of the classics. But they were, at the same time, wild Bohemian youths, thrown upon the world of London to turn their talents and accomplishments into the means of livelihood or the means of debauch. They depended principally on the popular theatres, and of course addressed the popular mind. Why, indeed, should they write according to the rules of the classic drama? The classic drama was a growth from the life of the times in which it appeared. Its rules were simply generalizations from the practice of classic dramatists. A drama suited to the tastes and wants of the people of Greece or Rome was evidently not suited to the tastes and wants of the people of England. The whole framework of society, customs, manners, feelings, aspirations, traditions, superstitions, character, religion, had changed; and, as the drama is a reflection of life, either as actually existing or ideally existing, it is evident that both the experience and the sentiments of the English audiences demanded that it should be the reflection of a new life. These dramatists, however, in emancipating themselves from the literary jurisprudence of Greece and Rome, put little but individual caprice in its place. Released from formal rules, they did not rise into the artistic region of principles, but fell into the pit of anarchy and mere lawlessness. Lacking the higher imagination which conceives living ideas and organizes living works, their dramas evince no coherence, no subordination of parts, no grasp of the subject as a

whole. There is a German play in which Adam is represented as passing across the stage, "going to be created." The drama of the age of Elizabeth, in the persons of Greene, Peele, Kyd, and others, indicates, in some such rude way, that it is "going to be created."

That this dramatic shapelessness was not inconsistent with single poetic conceptions of the greatest force and fineness, might be proved by abundant quotations. Lodge, for example, was a poor dramatist; but what living poet would not be proud to own this exquisite description, in his lyric of "Rosaline," of the person and influence of beauty?

"Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame color is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines.

"Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

"Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver-crimson shroud,
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace.

"Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity.

"Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes.

"With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everyway is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.

"Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light."

But a more potent spirit than any we have mentioned, and the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors, was Christopher Marlowe, a man of humble parentage, but with Norman blood in his brains, if not in his veins. He was, indeed, the proudest and fiercest of intellectual aristocrats. The son of a shoemaker, and born in 1564, his unmistakable genius seems to have gained him

friends, who looked after his early education, and sent him, at the age of seventeen, to the University of Cambridge. He was intended for the Church, but the Church was evidently not intended for him. The study of theology appears to have resulted in making him an enemy of religion. There was, indeed, hardly a Christian element in his untamable nature; and, though he was called a sceptic, infidelity in him was more likely to take the form of blasphemy than denial. He was made up of vehement passions, vivid imagination, and lawless self-will; and what Hazlitt calls "a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness" took the place of conscience in his haughty and fiery spirit. Before the age of twenty-three we find him in London, an actor and a writer for the stage, and the author of the "great sensation work" of his time, — the tragedy of "Tamburlaine." This portentous melodrama, a strange compound of inspiration and desperation, has the mark of power equally on its absurdities and its sublimities. The first play written in blank verse for the popular stage, its verse has an elasticity, freedom, and variety of movement which makes it as much the product of Marlowe's mind as the thoughts and passions it conveys. It had no precedent in the verse of preceding writers, and is constructed, not on mechanical rules, but on vital principles. It is the effort of a glowing mind, disdaining to creep along paths previously made, and opening a new path for itself. This scornful intellectual daring, the source of Marlowe's originality, is also the source of his defects. In the tragedy of "Tamburlaine" he selects for his hero a character through whom he can express his own extravagant impatience of physical obstacles and moral restraints. No regard is paid to reality, even in the dramatic sense of the word: a shaggy and savage force dominates over everything. The writer seems to say, with his truculent hero, "This is my mind, and I will have it so." This self-asserting intellectual insolence is always accompanied by an unwearied

energy, which half redeems the bombast into which it runs, or rather rushes; and strange gleams of the purest splendors of poetry are continually transfiguring the bully into the bard.

Thus, in the celebrated scene in which Tamburlaine is represented in a chariot drawn by captive kings, and berating them for their slowness in words which so captivated Ancient Pistol, there is a glorious stroke of impassioned imagination, which makes us almost forgive the swaggering fustian which precedes and follows it: —

"Hullo! ye pampered jades of Asia!

What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day? —

The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honored in their governor
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamberlaine."

"Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," "Edward the Second," "The Massacre of Paris," "Dido, Queen of Carthage," are the names of Marlowe's remaining plays. They all, more or less, exhibit the eager creativeness of his mind, and the furious arrogance of his disposition. "They abound," says Hunt, "in wilful and self-worshipping speeches, and every one of them turns upon some kind of ascendancy at the expense of other people." His "Edward the Second" is the best historical play written before Shakespeare's, and exhibits more discrimination in delineating character than any of Marlowe's other efforts. His "Jew of Malta" is a powerful conception spoilt in the process of embodiment. His "Faustus," perhaps best reflects his whole genius and experience. The subject must have taken strong hold of his nature, for, like Faustus, he had doubtless held intimate business relations with the great enemy of mankind himself, and was personally conscious of the struggle in the soul between the diabolical and the divine. Faustus and Mephistopheles are both conceived with great depth and strength of imagination; and the last scene of the play, exhibiting the agony of supernatural terror in which Faustus awaits the coming of the fiend who

has bought and paid for his soul, is not without touches of high sublimity. There is one line, especially, which is loaded with imaginative meaning and suggestiveness, — that in which, harboring for a moment the possibility of salvation amid the gathering horrors of his doom, he exclaims, —

“See where Christ’s blood streams in the firmament!”

Marlowe’s life, though short and reckless, was fertile in works. Besides the plays we have mentioned, he probably wrote many which have been lost; and his translations from Ovid, and his incompleted poem of “*Hero and Leander*,” would alone give him a position among the poets of his period. He was killed in a tavern brawl, in the year 1593, at the early age of twenty-nine.* Though Marlowe’s poetical contemporaries and followers could say little or nothing in defence of his life, when it was mercilessly assailed by Puritan pamphleteers, there was no lack of testimonials to his genius. Ben Jonson celebrated “his mighty line”; Drayton described his raptures as “all fire and air,” and testified to his possession of

those “brave, sublunary things that the first poets had”; and Chapman, with a yet closer perception of his unwithholding self-committal to the Muse, said that

“He stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood.”

A still higher tribute to his eminence comes from Shakespeare himself, who, in his “*As You Like It*,” quotes with approval a line from Marlowe’s little poem of “*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*,” — the only case in which Shakespeare has recognized the genius of an Elizabethan writer.

But this stormy, irregular genius, compound of Alsatian ruffian and Arcadian singer, whose sudden death, in the height of his glory and his pride, seemed to threaten the early English drama with irreparable loss, was to be succeeded in his own walk by the greatest Englishman, by the greatest man, that ever made the theatre or literature his medium of communication with the world. To some thoughts on this man — need we say it is Shakespeare? — we shall invite the attention of the reader in a succeeding number.

* Beard, in his “*Theatre of God’s Judgements*” (1597), makes his death the occasion to point a ferocious moral. He speaks of him as “by practice a play-maker and a poet of scurrilitie, who, by giuing too large a swing to his owne wit, and suffering his lust to haue the full reines,” at last “denied God and his sonne Christ, and not onely in word blasphemed the Trinitie, but also (as it is credibly reported) wrote bookes against it, affirming our Sauour to be but a deceiuer, and Moses to be but a coniurer and seducer of the people, and the Holy Bible to be but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a deuice of policie. But see what a hooke the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dogge! So it fell out, that, as he purposed to stab one whom he ought a grudge vnto,

with his dagger, the other party percciuing so auoyded the stroke, that withall catching hold of his wrist, hee stabbed his owne dagger into his owne head, in such sort that, notwithstanding all the meanes of surgerie that could bee wrought, hee shortly after died thereof; the manner of his death being so terrible (for he euen cursed and blasphemed to his last gape, and together with his breath an oath flew out of his mouth), that it was not only a manifeste signe of God’s judgement, but also an horrible and fearefull terror to all that beheld him. But herein did the iustice of God most notably appeare, in that hee compelled his owne hand, which had written these blasphemies, to be the instrument to punish him, and that in his braine which had deuised the same.”

GEORGE BEDILLION'S KNIGHT.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

TARRYTOWN is a market village in Western Pennsylvania.

It rained in Tarrytown. All the world was wet. The September day, when the farm-horns blew for dinner, had been pulseless with heat; the air, if you walked through it in the stubble-fields and orchards sloping down the hills, seemed to be full of sunshine, like motes of gold-dust; and the sweet, muggy smell of the corn, and the clean, fruity smell from the vats near the vineyards, followed you as if you had stirred them out of the heat. As evening came on, however, the sky paled. The winds stood still and waited. So did the two low, humpbacked wooded hills between which the little village cuddled down like a blackbird in a huge osprey's nest; — the Sloan Creek, in the gap below, sliding and shining over its blue stone bottom. So did the indistinct, melancholy shadow which marked the far Alleghany range, and the sweep of open country which made up the space out to it, — flat and bright green arable land, dotted here and there by clumps of underbrush or dusky orchards.

At sundown there was a sure sign of rain: clouds of opaque, dark purple, with a gap between them and the yellow sky, ramparting themselves around the horizon in towering peaks, and then closing down and in, until village and open country and mountain range grew near and distinct, each part to part, as in a photograph.

Quickly a damp wind struck out from the cloud, the royal purple faded into muddy brown, creeping over the sky, and downwards, until the rain began to fall, slow and persistently.

Nobody, at first, seemed much the worse for it. The sun gave a sudden, red, good-humored wink as he went

out; the birds chirped comfortably at home, under the dry side of the forest leaves; and people who were coming up the darkening village street could catch the scent of suppers cooking, or of the full-uddered cows in the barnyards, shivering in the rapidly clogging air. But after these protests, farms and village and hills gave themselves up to a rainy night. Tarrytown and the world were not only wet: in an hour or two they were soaked, pulpy; the stars went out miserably; barn-yards reeked; the clay road gaped into slimy chasms; a belated Conestoga wagon, coming through the forest, sunk into a rut below Kearns's place and remained there until morning; (it was the grocer Aikens's load in it; he was reported to have lost a matter of twenty dollars in sugars alone;) in all the farms, from Squire Daniel Barker's to the Dunkards', under the mountains, they slaked down the kitchen fires, and went to bed by seven o'clock.

Tarrytown rebelled against the general depression. People just now had too much to talk of, in the approaching crisis about Kearns's will, to go to bed because of a murky night. Besides, Judge Atwater, the executor, from Philadelphia, was expected to arrive that night. Leonard Bedillion had gone to U——, with Barker's buggy, to meet and bring him over. Everybody was on the *qui vive*, as Sharpley, the innkeeper, remarked, to catch the first look at him. Sharpley had lit the candles behind the yellow and green papered panes of the front window, which had been arranged for last Fourth of July. It would have been a sharp eye, indeed, which could have told them from stained glass.

There was quite a crowd in at Sharpley's that night, discussing the affair, — four young men, at least, besides

Barnes the storekeeper and old Pollard. Squire Barker and Mr. Watson, the clergyman, were at the drug-store. The inn meeting had a disreputable flavor about it, which they shunned, although, to be just, Sharpley's *was* a temperance tavern.

However, the current of talk ran pretty much in the same channel in both places; and in both it lingered over the rain, and foreboded all the evil it would bring. It was a hard night at sea, they said; and Pollard, whose nephew, Joe, was part owner of the vineyard, suggested that it would injure the flavor of the late grapes.

"Then there 'll be a double quantity of your sherries and the rest of them foreign wines run in," chewing tobacco, spitefully. "It's cursed hard to get ahead of these old countries of Europe, sir. We're a young people, — young."

It did not occur to any of them that outside of the half-moon made by the mountains yonder the ground might be dry. When it rained at Tarrytown the world was wet.

When Sim Wicks, the watchmaker, dropped in at both places of rendezvous, eager and bustling as ever, people looked at him with new interest; for by this time it was no longer a secret that Judge Atwater was to occupy one of the spare rooms which Wicks rented out over his shop.

As the night wore on towards nine o'clock, the hour when all law-abiding citizens usually closed their houses, it was proposed, and the proposition was received with acclaim, that, as the buggy might be looked for in an hour, no one should retire until it came. Sharpley trimmed the kerosene-oil lamps freshly; the young fellows furtively unbuttoned their coats to show the sprigged terry-velvet waistcoats beneath, rushed tumultuously to the door, and stood poking each other in the ribs, and joking about Jenny Aikens, who had just gone up stairs; the two older men gravely filled and lighted their pipes. But all were conscious of indulging in a certain reckless dissipation, which it would not be wise to

carry too far. Presently, at Sim Wicks's suggestion, Sharpley took them out to see the supper that Bedillion had ordered for the Judge and himself on their return.

"Pa'tridges, and briled turkey devil, and spiced oysters," said Sharpley. "Nothing niggardly there, gentlemen!" shutting up the Dutch oven with a triumphant nod. The young fellows nodded back significantly.

"There's nothing mean about Leonard Bedleon," said Phil Barker.

"Len always was a free-handed one," said another.

So the word went round, to Sharpley's delight; for none of them was as loyal to Len as the old fellow himself.

Wicks had stolen out from them, and went back to his shop, as usual, not joining in the laudation of Leonard, which the boys noticed. The village was jealous of any slight put upon its hero.

However, it could not have been dislike of that young gentleman that kept Sim's tongue quiet; for his first job of work, on going home, was to rebuild Len's fire, and sweep up his hearth again. Bedillion occupied the room next to that reserved for the stranger, over the shop.

Sim came down the stairs again, whistling "Wind your horn," shrill and clear, as he went about his nightly work of tidying up his shop and the little cubby closet of a chamber inside. It was already specklessly neat, for Sim was as orderly as any old maid. He was a little stout fellow, with a bald spot on the top of his head and a fringe of reddish hair and whisker about his round, good-humored face. When all was done, his night-shirt laid out, and shoes blacked for morning, he pulled on his green knit-yarn sack, and, putting one hand on each knee, sat down before the fire, still whistling, but taking the alto now, so as to be able to catch the sound of the buggy wheels through the noise of the pelting rain. For the rain drove heavier than before against the shutters of the shop, and shook the door on its hinges. The Cannel coal burned and flashed

more fiercely in the open grate, shooting out jets of clear yellow flame. It was pleasant to see it brighten the queer little triangular shop, with its whitewashed walls, its bit of counter covered with green leather and brass nails, the shining case of tools, the shining cheap rings and brooches, the half-dozen turnip-shaped watches that hung on the wall, brought in for repair, their cases shining red and round, and Sim's face in the midst, hot from the fire and brighter than any. A brown earthen pitcher, in front of the grate, sweated out some spicy fragrance. Two glasses beside him, on a little tray, waited for it; for nobody had so many guests as the little silversmith, from morning till night. Somebody was sure to drop in, after a while, and drink a good-night cup with him.

Apparently there was some one whom Wicks especially looked for: the toddy had an extra dash of Jamaica rum in it, and the roasted apples, brown and juicy, bobbed up and down in the pitcher, as the rich, spicy liquid bubbled and frothed with the heat. Sim Wicks's apple-toddy was famous in Tarrytown. He stopped whistling now and then to listen, polishing the tumblers and stirring the toddy. But so sharp was the splash of the rain against the windows that the buggy dashed up unheard through the mud to Sharpley's door, and two muffled figures hurried in, out of the dark and wet, to the cheerful little bar-room and its zealous-mouthed spectators; and the first thing that roused him was the abrupt opening of the shop door, and Len Bedillion's face thrust over the counter with a loud "Hillo!"

"Hillo! Back a'ready, Mr. Bedle-on?" Sim turned, spoon in hand, towards the frank, handsome face, framed by brown curly hair and beard, and wet with the rain.

"Yes. You're up late, Sim. The Judge has gone up to his room, to change his wet clothes, and I ran over to tell you we were home safely."

"And" — he hesitated — "and — all right, Mr. Bedle-on, eh?"

"Surely, surely!" But Leonard's face clouded with the words. He knew well enough that every man and boy in the village knew that the next day or two would be a crisis in his life, and that they all felt a sort of tender sympathy for him, — he being, in a manner, a demigod amongst them. It annoyed him. He would have put his shoulder to the wheel to help Black Joe, the hostler, or Sim here, through the mire; but that Sim or Joe should want a helping finger in his trouble was a different affair.

Probably Sim caught his look; for he asked no further questions about the ride, but stooped, whistling, over the jug until his face was in a blaze.

"Yer room's well het, Mr. Bedle-on; and I took up a pail of hot water, in case you'd like to soak yer feet. Nothin' like a soak for keepin' off a cold, — except grog," — pouring out a mugful of toddy, and holding it out over the counter.

If there had ever been anything racy in Sim Wicks's queer little figure and gossip for Len, his afternoon's talk to the town-bred stranger had dulled his taste for it. He listened with a forced smile.

"Many thanks, Wicks, — many thanks," with a somewhat lordly wave of the hand. "But I'll only take time to run a comb through my hair, and then back again. Sharpley has a neat little supper gotten up for us. And I've asked a half dozen of fellows I found there to join us. Atwater expressed a wish to meet some of the people, — taking them just as he found them. It's a new section of country to him; so I asked them to join us."

He stopped short, coloring. Wicks was a good, handy fellow, friend to everybody in Tarrytown, invaluable at weddings or funerals. Leonard had done like the rest, — made a half companion, half servant of him. But surely nobody would look for this! How could he ask Atwater to sit down with an ex-barber and cow-doctor? — for out of all of these depths had Wicks arisen. But if Sim was hurt, no hint of it ap-

peared in the red, round face smiling across the counter.

"So I'd best be off," said Len, pulling down his shirt-cuffs nervously. "It's a cursed bore. Though Atwater is a man who has seen the world. Great information,—immense resources. But he wants a central poise. He is a man without a theory of life,—without a theory." Then, remembering that Sim Wicks was his sole auditor, he coughed and stopped abruptly. "I'll go now. Don't sit up for me, Simeon."

"No. I'll leave the dead-latch down."

Bedillion wondered as he crossed the muddy street, the rain driving down his umbrella, why Wicks had not offered him the toddy again. Was it because he felt for his confusion, and would not add to it by forcing his own kindness upon him? Pish! Women might have fancies so delicate; but hardly cow-doctors, in Tarrytown.

Sim, barring the shutters, saw the jovial little party assembled in Sharp-ley's dining-room, through the window,—Len as host, at the head of the table, the black-coated stranger (whose clothes, even at this distance, revealed a new and marvellous cut to his eyes) at his right. Sim had nursed most of those fellows in their fall agues, off and on; he knew every crook and by-path in their sheepish love-affairs or shrewd bargains; it was no wonder if he should feel a bit solitary here, alone, his eyes fixed blankly vacant on Len's face. However, there were differences. Wicks understood them.

He began to whistle "Wind your horn" again, and, remembering that Peck would call for his watch in the morning, put it up in a paper box, the tune growing lively as a jig as he neatly tied the last knot of red tape, with his mouth pursed complacently. But after he had drawn off his green *wamus*, and shoes and socks, he sat a long time toasting his bare feet, and looking into the fire with serious gray eyes, while the glasses of untasted toddy grew cold behind him.

CHAPTER II.

JUDGE ATWATER, going to bed that night in Wicks's snug little chamber, smiled to himself quietly more than once. He had thoroughly enjoyed his journey out in the stage-coach across the mountains, and this odd primitive little hamlet in which it had terminated. His artist's eye had been gratified by novel and fine combinations in the hill-scenery; yet even more than that he relished the new "effects" in human nature which he already saw among these people.

The whole affair had the zest of an escapade from the somewhat stately routine of home; it brought up the free, racy flavor of the sketching tours which he and one or two Bohemians used to make on foot, before he was married. After all, there was a boyish relish in leaving wife and children quite out of the day's programme.

And the Judge looked quizzically at his shrewd, kindly face in the glass, before he laid aside the iron-gray scratch with which he covered the bald top of his head. He meant to make the best of his holiday. He only was sorry that the nature of his business would throw him so much in contact with the young college whelp who had driven him over. The Judge was a little sore under the inflection of a whole afternoon of Len's company. Poor Leonard, like most ungenerous boys fresh from college, was drunken with his new knowledge, and the glimpses which his youth gave him of a broader religion and politics than that taught in the schools. So, as they all are, he was ready to dribble out his opinions to the first comer with a vanity and gasconade disgusting enough.

"Raw wine! raw and muddy!" the Judge muttered, as some of Len's oracular sentences came back while he undressed and turned into the neat little bed. The fire-light flickering over the red calico counterpane brought to his mind just such a quilt, which used to be his boyish admiration. It was in the house of Len's grandfather, down on

the head-waters of Sloan Creek. For the Judge had been born in the backwoods, here ; Leonard's father, Knapp Bedillion, and he had been school-boys and young men together. He remembered seeing Knapp once after his marriage, and his wife and son. But the boy's name was not Leonard, — how was that ? There were two children then. Surely, when Knapp and his wife died, a few years later, he had heard that there were two children left orphans and penniless ? Why was Len the only claimant under this will then ? He must inquire into it in the morning ; and with that the pattern of the red calico began to tangle itself into the matter, and he soon was asleep.

When the cold mountain air crept through the cracks of the window in the morning, the quiet about him surprised him wide awake. He got up and threw open the shutter. Instead of rumbling milk-carts, screaming fish-women, and muddy pink clouds in gaps of sky above solid blocks of brick houses, here was a great colorless space between him and heaven, in which there was nothing but the cold winds, and a tinge here and there of clean, pearly gray ; off to the east, a nebulous white light behind the black mountain line ; down the long valley to the mountains, a wavering sheet of mist, dyed violet, where it rose in ragged bits of vapor up the hillsides ; far off, coming through the mist, the lowing of cows going off to pasture ; the cheery sound of a farm-horn breaking the silence and dying out of it, frightened ; close at hand the half-dozen village houses, sleepily wakening, cocks crowing, smoke creeping shivering away from the warm kitchen hearths off into the frosty air ; but the dew still sparkling untouched on the cornfields about each house, and the dahlias and orange tiger-lilies in the gardens with their flowers still closed and hanging limp.

The Judge loitered near the window until the day was clear. He had not seen a sunrise (except in some of Hamilton's marine views) for years. It recalled some of the boyish days

in his life, which had begun for him with dawn, when he and Knapp Bedillion had risen with the first break of night to finish their day's work, and so have time for the ride with the girls to the apple-paring or quilting in the afternoon. It brought up Knapp more vividly to his mind than all the annoyance of this business had done, and made him determine that justice should be done to his sons, if it was in his power to obtain it. It was little enough, he felt, for him to resolve. The truth was, the Judge and Bedillion had sworn friendship at the age which, in Len, he now called crude and frothy ; but when they separated, one man was shrewd and practical, the other visionary and a dyspeptic ; as usual, the clock of the world was set back or forward apparently to suit the purposes of the one ; it hurried the other through his useless, miserable hours, and made haste to ring his death-bell before he had reached the noon of his life. Atwater, when he heard that the children of his old crony were left beggars, had determined to help them ; but they were out in the backwoods ; every day and hour was crowded with work for him ; the matter had easily escaped him.

There was an old Scotch pedler, — Kearns by name, "Beeswax Jim" by nickname, — who had gone up and down the country since the memory of man began with his wagon and horse ; himself dirtier, yellower, and older than any part of the concern, — a silent, miserly old boor, with neither kinsfolk nor friends, — putting out a claim to humanity, however, when he died, in an odd morbid gratitude which he had cherished to the memory of Knapp Bedillion.

"What he done for me," he told Squire Barker, "concerns nobody. But I was a man, and he treated me as such. I don't forget. More than money stuck to 'Beeswax' ; every good or ill word I got, I held on to. His children shall not be kept on charity long, it's my resolve."

The pedler had invested his savings

in a little farm on the outskirts of the village. It grew in value. Now when Leonard was of age, and ready to enter into possession, it was of sufficient value to give him a place among the heaviest landholders in the county. Atwater, who had been made executor, had made the matter a pretext for his first visit to his old home. Bedillion yesterday had hinted at some obstacle in the way to his obtaining possession of the property, which he would explain to the Judge to-morrow.

While the old gentleman was yet busied with nail-brush and towels, there was a tap at the door, and Len came in, with his smiling morning face and outstretched hand. He had his salutation ready to cover his uneasiness; it would not do to suffer the Judge to suspect him of loutish diffidence. "Shakespeare himself could not wish you 'fairer good-morrow,'" seating himself easily on a trunk near the open window. "I thought I would call in and have a few words on business while the morning air cleared our brains."

"Unmannerly cub!" thought the Judge, thrusting his spectacles on his nose. "Go on, Leonard. I am willing to serve your father's son as far as I can."

Len, whose breeding had furnished him with no reasons to suspect that any man should court privacy while only dressed in trousers and shirt, crossed his legs with careless grace, and curled the end of his mustache.

"We have a beautiful Nature here, sir?"

"Did you get up at this hour in the morning to talk to me about Nature, eh?" said the old man, viciously tugging at his shirt-collar. "Has that town cant come out here? Young people read Byron and Tennyson, and prate about Nature, when they can't tell a hemlock from a horse-chestnut, and don't care a curse whether a spider runs or flies,—which does it, eh?"

"I don't know," said Bedillion with a mild look of amazement.

"Let Nature alone. Never boast

of the friendship of people whom you don't know by sight. Listen, Bedillion. I'll start fair with you. I'll give you advice when you need it. You're your father's son, or I would not take the trouble. Turn your back on poetry. There is not a sign of the poet in an angle of your face or head; you are only poetical. There's not an atom of the hero in your nature, yet you can just understand when a man has made a ten-strike in the world. You have not a minute to lose; you'll have to fight yourself, till your death, to make a useful, practical man of yourself, or you will spend your days pining and whimpering for what you never will be. Now, to business," buckling his suspenders tighter.

Len did not reply. He bit his lower lip until the blood came. He had not time to find the old man rude or coarse, —first came the fear that his words were true. They put some old suspicions of his own into shape. There is no college boy who does not hope to be a something in the world.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, getting up irresolutely and trying to laugh. "You were my father's friend, and have a right to speak plainly. If a man is a shallow-brained fool, the sooner he knows it the better."

"Not so bad as that. Not so bad," half shutting his protruding eyes to see better. "There's better stuff in you than I thought, or you would not have answered in that fashion. Better stuff. We'll know each other better by and by," prancing from trunk to looking-glass uneasily in his bald head and shirt-sleeves, pushing the spectacles up and down. He began to think that, if he had had his wig on his head and breakfast in his stomach, he would not have been so sharp with the boy.

"But to business," brushing the scratch as he held it up on his left fist. "What do you mean to make of yourself? I'd like to give you a push if I could. And I've got influence, —influence. But first, how does it come that you are the only claimant for old Kearns's property. You had a brother."

At the word a curious change came over the young fellow, and Atwater, on whom nothing was lost, saw how the conceit suddenly dropped off, and how keen and eager his face grew with some fine emotion in it which he could not understand.

"I have a brother. Older than I am. George."

"How? eh? Why don't he enter a claim, then?"

"It is a long story," his face growing hot and cold with excitement. "Have you time to hear it now?"

"Yes. I'll hear it now." Thinking that when it was told he would know all that was in this fellow. He had touched the pith, somehow, now.

"When my father died, we were literally beggars, you know?"

The Judge growled assent.

"I was raised by charity. Old Joe Blenkers, God bless him, gave me my bite and sup until I was ten years old. I learned to plough and fodder stock with his own boys. George had better luck. He was a clear-eyed, curly-haired little fellow. A Spanish merchant from New Orleans happened to see him and adopted him. I have never seen him since."

Leonard's eyes grew bigger and fuller of meaning. The boy might be weak-brained, but the words brother, friend, enemy, would import much to him. Atwater saw.

"Adopted child.—nobody's child. What did the Spaniard make of him?"

"A gentleman," raising his head and looking out of the window. "I think my brother George must be different from any man I have known or read of. More of a man."

"How's that?" sharply looking up from the book he was drawing on. "That is a girl's fancy. You have never seen him, you say."

"No; nor do I want to see him yet. I must make something of myself first. I tell you, sir."—vehemently, getting up and coming towards the old man,— "I have had nothing to look forward to in life but the meeting with George,— nothing to hope for or to give me a

motive for struggling to be other than the boors about me. I *have* struggled, I've studied hard. But since I was a boy I never learned a lesson, or tried to catch a hint about manners or dress, that it was not with the hope of making myself a man of whom he would not be ashamed when we met. God knows how it will be when he sees me," looking down, resting his hands on his knees.

"Tut! tut! Well, barring a little conceit—Judicious advice would help you most. I'm willing to do my share. But how had you the chance for study and college, eh? Blenkers's boys are farmers, you told me."

Bedillion's face glowed. "I thought I had told you. Through George. When I was ten years old Squire Barker began to receive sums of money for my use from my brother; trifling at first, but enough even then to buy me books. I studied at night. Afterwards they increased in amount. They have been enough for five years to clothe and board me, and enable me to go down to Jefferson College in the winter sessions. If I ever am a man, I shall owe it to him."

The Judge's curiosity was roused. "Where is your brother now? When are you to go to him?"

Leonard's face clouded. "I don't complain. He does not know how I have thought of him all my life, or perhaps I would know more. The letters have always been postmarked at New Orleans; they contain very few words, written in a constrained manner and hand, as if by a person unfamiliar with the language. He has deferred coming to see me from year to year. But he has his reasons, doubtless,"—with a half-defiant air.

"Yes," with a puzzled look. "That is all you know?"

"I know," with some heat, "that George is a man of curious refinement and tenderness. I see it in every word or act of his. There have been other gifts than money,—books, new music, little articles of *virtu*, engravings,—such things as never find their way

here, and would be of little purpose if they did. But the selection betrays a critical taste skilled and delicate. I know, too," his voice falling, "I am nearer to George than any other living man. His few words tell me that."

"Well, well!" said the Judge, putting a finishing stroke to the bow of his cravat. "I am glad you have a brother of whom you can be so justly proud, Leonard."

Bedillion colored high with pleasure. "I am glad. It has saved me the trouble of making an ideal model of a man, as other young fellows do. Mine was given to me."

"But Kearns's property?"

Leonard stood up, a sort of triumph dilating his figure. "You will understand what George is, when I tell you that on last Christmas he sent me a release, properly signed and witnessed, of his share of the estate."

"I understand," coolly, "that he either has no need of money, or is a fool to part with it until he knows into whose hands it will fall."

"Men define folly differently," haughtily. "My brother is a pure man, in a pure social atmosphere, I fancy. He has judged me on his own level."

Judge Atwater stared, and then laughed, clapping Len on the shoulder. "Save me from the silly innocence of youth," he said; to which Bedillion made no reply.

"To breakfast now. This mountain air has set my very teeth on edge. How do these people bring in a steak? Fried, I'll warrant."

"I ought to have told you," stammered Leonard, "that Barker fears some want of legal technicality in the transfer, which will render it void. That was the point I spoke of yesterday."

"Oho!" stopping short. Now the Judge, in his secret soul, believed this brother who flung fortunes into Christmas boxes, and for whom Bedillion cherished a reverence like that of a Catholic woman for the Virgin, was no better nor worse than a New Orleans

"leg," who was about to play some sharp game on poor Len. "But he will scarcely blind Phil Atwater's eyes," he mumbled.

"Where is the transfer?"

"In the safe below, belonging to the silversmith. I have it there for safety."

"Very right. I'll look at it, after breakfast."

They turned again to go, when the old man, passing the window, glanced down into the yard, and stopped with a quick "Eh?" of surprise. "Who 's that? Belong to the village?"

Len's face grew scarlet. He put his hand up to his mustache uneasily.

"Oho!" said the Judge again, with a different tone.

"She belongs to the village," said Bedillion with needless gravity. "She is the orphan daughter of old Barr the carpenter. She lives in the little house next to this, and supports herself and her brother by dyeing faded stuffs, — women's wear. That is her brother with her. There 's nothing classical in her face, I think," — hesitating, with a look of alarm at the Judge's admiration.

"Classic! Pshaw! But it's a face a man would like to see at his breakfast-table every day," jogging Bedillion in the ribs.

"Classic! What a prig the fellow is!" said the old man, as he went carefully down the shaking wooden stairs. "The girl is too good for him. Such quiet and comfort in her face!"

Len had left him to go over to breakfast alone; something in the last few words had discomposed him; he had turned into his own room, and shut himself up.

The Judge stumbled by mistake into Sim Wicks's triangular little shop; and when he was once in, he shut the door behind him, and took off his hat, with his old-fashioned bow, smiling queerly.

The morning sunshine came in all over the white, cheery little room, and the tray on the counter of tools and silver wire where Sim had been at work; there was a red fire in the grate,

the jolliest for its size ever made; the frosty October wind blew the smell of the garden herbs, sage and sweet-marjoram, in at the window, and shook the purple and crimson morning-glories vining all about the sill. There was a little table near the fire, with a white cloth and dark blue delft cups and plates on it. Hetty Barr was placing a coffee-pot and rasher on it, and Sim Wicks stood by, looking on.

"Upon my soul," said the Judge, "I've not seen so heartsome a place since I was a boy. My landlord, hah? Mr. Wicks?"

For Atwater was a ward politician, and never forgot a name. While he shook hands with Sim, his protruding eyes took in all the room, especially Hetty, with her blue gingham dress, and soft brown hair tucked up under a black ribbon.

"My landlord, eh?" and then the eyes made a focus of Sim's face with an odd, startled look. "*Wicks?* Mrs. Wicks?"

"I am only a neighbor," said little Het, seeing how strangely Sim stood staring at the carpet, and boorishly silent. "I help Sim with his cooking a bit," blushing, and putting down a plate as if it burned her.

"Don't tempt me nearer the coffee by telling me that you made it, little girl. The smell alone is too much for a breakfastless man." The Judge's face lost its smile as it turned from Hetty to Sim, and gathered again an obvious bewilderment. "Yonder lies my way to the tavern?"

"Unless you will come nearer and try Hester's cookery? You don't look rugged for as sized a man as you are; mebbe it 'ud be as will not to face the hill fogs so early in the mornin'." The little ex-barber was himself again. He came up to the Judge with the ugly friendly face and uneasy finical manner that made him the butt as well as the favorite of Tarrytown. He stood holding by one hand on the back of a chair, while he balanced himself, heel and toe, sopping the top of his bald head with a red bandanna handkerchief as

he spoke, an honest, sincere smile brightening the mawkish insignificant features.

Atwater acted oddly for a man invited to share another's meal. He put on his spectacles, and looked fixedly at him. The truth was, he thought he had a clew to this man's former life, and that he was a cursed humbug. It might suit the fellow's purposes to pass himself off simply as an honest mechanic in this out-of-the-way corner of the world; but he knew him otherwise. He was determined that justice should be done. He would grapple with him at once.

"Wicks," he said, "did you ever chance to know a man named Billy Furness? You bear a strong resemblance to him,—a curious resemblance."

The color went out of the little man's face, leaving the sandy eyebrows more strongly marked, and the upturned nose pinched at the nostrils. He put up his hand, began to speak once or twice, but the words choked in his throat.

The Judge's lips moved, uttering some word, and Sim's eyes fell. The whole man seemed to wilt and shrink. If ever conscious guilt stamped itself on every line of a figure and face, it did upon the figure and face of the little silversmith. He muttered, "Give me time," without lifting his eyes from the floor; and the Judge nodded.

All of this by-play had occupied but a minute.

"Yes, I will eat with you," said the old man, after a moment's pause, affecting a sudden heartiness of manner.

Hetty, who had seen none of the by-play, flushed. Judge Atwater was the lion of Tarrytown; this little matter would confer distinction on her friend Sim.

So much distinction, that Leonard Bedillion stood aghast when he entered the door five minutes later and saw the Judge and Wicks sitting opposite each other, drinking the hot coffee apparently at ease, while Hetty Barr bustled in from the spring-house to the table, in a

pretty motherly way she had, bringing crisper biscuit or additional pats of yellow butter. Somehow one never thought of little Het as a girl, but always as a young mother with a baby in her arms.

Len sat down by the fire, a little cowed, remembering last night. Yet he thought Sim, under all his attempted carelessness, looked ill and pale.

"A new-laid egg now is somethin' you ken't buy for money in town," he said, and forthwith was off to the stable, and in a minute a couple of milk-white balls were put in the hot water, with the color faintly showing through them.

So the breakfast went on. Once, when the door made a noise, slamming in the wind, Len thought he overheard the Judge say sternly, swearing a great oath.

"By —, you bear it off well."

"What can I do?" muttered Wicks, his lips colorless.

After that he sat crumbling his bread, laughing shrilly at the Judge's jokes to Leonard and Hetty.

But they might have seen a pitiful eagerness in his watchful eyes, and a curious fine pain under all his ludicrous fantastic grimaces, when he looked at them as if he feared some gulf which the next hour might open between himself and them. They might have seen it, if they had cared to watch him. But Leonard and the girl, as the old man noted, were miserably conscious of each other's presence, growing cold when the air stirred between them, as if it had brought their flesh in contact. It hindered them from remarking the close scrutiny which, through all the joking and eating, the Judge never lifted from the little man opposite to him, sipping his coffee with shaking fingers. He scanned the squat, solid figure, from the ragged edging of red hair and whisker, to the suit of fresh-looking, snuff-colored clothes. The fantastic liftings of the eyebrow and gestures which Sim made when speaking, the drawling country accent, the old-fashioned earnest honesty in his round glassy eyes, moved Atwater's wonder

as an exquisite bit of acting might do. He could restrain it no longer.

"How long have you lived in Tarrytown, Mr. Wicks?" he said at last, with an amused smile.

"Ten years come next sheep-shearing. I travelled round considerable before that, cow-doctoring."

"Outside of this watch business, what occupation can *you* find here?" with the same significant twinkle.

Len laughed patronizingly. "Our friend Sim is the most useful personage in Tarrytown, Judge. He orders all weddings, funerals, or picnics: he is adviser-general; he hears all love-affairs and disputes about pig-trespasses; and he keeps a register of the births and deaths in the village since the time of Jacob Beeabout, eighty years ago, to Polly Aikens's boy, who was born last week."

"It 's toler'ble accurate, I guess, that register," said Sim, gravely. "Only it was Jacob Beebout was the first settler. Leonard. Droppin' the *a*."

"Wicks is a precise antiquarian in names," replied Len, with an annoyed laugh. "He docks my name of a syllable."

The Judge turned sharply to Sim, who reddened with a surly frown.

"I 've a prej'dice in favor of 'Bed-leon.' It 's the old way, — yer father's. You kin alter it ef you choose, Mr. Leonard. There 's none called by it but you."

"Except the head of the family, George. That poor fellow has a head full of hobbies," he said, as Sim hurried out into the garden to close the gate after Hetty, who had gone out.

"Yes, — hobbies."

"An ignorant fellow, but well meaning. The people here are strangely attached to him," — intending to humor this whim of Atwater's about the silversmith.

Sim coming in at the moment, he asked him for his safe-key. "I put a paper there lately, Wicks."

While Leonard turned to open the safe, Sim, keeping a troubled eye on him, sidled up close to the Judge. "I

must see you alone," he said, in a piping whisper. "I have not been safe these twenty years to bear findin' out now quietly. I—"

"Your secret is safe for to-day. But it is my business to see that justice is done."

They had time for nothing more. Len turned with the paper, and he and the Judge bustled out. What with their shiny black clothes, and the old man's portentous chain and seals, and Len's easy swagger and cheap perfume, they seemed quite to absorb the air when they were in the room, and to leave it vacant when they went out, with only Sim gathered up into the corner by the fireplace, looking as limp and imbecile as a child's rag-doll. Leonard, glancing back at him, nodded kindly. It flashed on him how paltry and meagre the little silversmith's aims and life were, compared with his own, rounded and impelled as he felt them to be by education and heroic impulses. Then, as he walked with the Judge down the village street in the brilliant early sunshine, he forgot poor Sim in thinking how, when this money and firm footing were assured to him, he would show to these poor villagers what a truly noble life was,—how fixed in purpose and generous in extent. The soft, straightforward, brown eyes of little Hetty Barr rose before him then, and made his blood tingle hotly. They walked out into a quiet field where there was nothing to disturb them, except a few red and brown sleepy cows wading through a pool below, or standing knee-deep in the uncut grass; and then Atwater suddenly jerked out the paper. Leonard watched him eagerly.

"Well, sir?"

"It is illegal, owing to the ignorance of the conveyancer who drew it with our State forms. It has been done in Louisiana. Your brother must attest it, and put his name here," pointing to a place in the paper.

"It will involve a long delay?" said Leonard, vexed.

"Perhaps. He makes over the whole property? No reservation?" glancing over it, hastily.

"None."

"Well, well. Leave the paper with me. I'll look it over again, and see if nothing can be done. I will take a saunter down the Race now. I remember it when I was a boy, and I'd like to stretch my legs a bit."

Bedillion, understanding himself dismissed, bowed, coloring a little. The boy had not meant to be intrusive, and resented the snubbing, boy-like.

"And, Bedleon. Bedillion.—how do you call yourself?—send that fellow, Wicks, down here to me, when you go back. I want a word or two with him."

The old man, after Len's retreat, improvised a line and hook, dug for worms, and fished for minnows quietly, until he heard the queer, jersing step of the little silversmith coming up behind him. Then he thrust the hook and line in his trousers-pocket, washed his fingers clear of bait, and, turning, bowed to him gravely.

The little brown-coated man, standing on the edge of the creek, with his hands clasped behind him, balancing himself in his usual fashion on his heels and toes, roused the look of curious wonder on the Judge's face again. He drew out the deed which Leonard had just given to him, and unfolded it, still peering at Wicks from under his glasses as he did so.

"You've played out this farce as a good actor, Mr. Bedleon," he said. "I never knew a cleverer stroke of work, unless it was the finding of it out," with a chuckle.

Sim was in no mood for chuckling; the gray, glassy eyes flashed. "You've found out my secret. What are ye goin' to do with it?"

"I'll tell you,—I'll tell you. Patience. You never saw your uncle, old Billy Furness? That was my first clew. Billy and I ran together as boys,—and a stirring team we were! When I saw you, there 's Furness's ghost or his bastard, thinks I. Then it come on me like a flash! Here was young Bedleon's Spanish hero under his nose, blacking his boots for him. I never turned up such a joke in my life. Never. I've a

rod in pickle for the young cub that will make his back smart."

"You mean by that, that you will tell him that I am his brother?"

Something in the tone made Atwater lower the paper and turn his round, big eyes on Sim. It was that of a hurt animal or woman.

Neither spoke for a moment. The old man's face dropped its grin, and grew grave and earnest. Sim put out his big, freckled hand deprecatingly.

"It 's allays been bitter to me to think that the worst news I could tell Leonard was that I was his kin, — most of all, the brother he sets such store by. He 's got sech a picter made out of George, and he 's struv fur years to be like it. Now, to find it 's nothin' but old Sim! I 've done all I could to better myself, for fear it 'ud be found out. I quit barberin' and cow-doctorin'. But there 's some things as ain't in me. Only I 'm fond of Leonard, and — and one or two more."

"Is it possible that you do not see the difference between yourself and that boy yonder, Mr. Bedleon?"

"Yes. I allays seen it. It was that started me on keepin' hid."

"What could have induced you to keep up such a deception?"

"It was part by accident. I did n't mean to do it; lies is like a hornet's nest, — when you let one slip, there 's no knowin' how many 'll foller it. It was this way it begun. You see, Mr. Leroux kerried me as fur as the Mon'gahela with his plan of adoptin' me; but by that time, I s'pose my temper showed itself, or some'at, for he got rid of me at a toll-house-keeper's, named Streed. I grow'd up there into a big lout of a boy, farmin' and the like, and then I made my way to Tarrytown to hunt out Len; for he 'd been in my mind all the time. He was all I hed to keer for, you see. I had tight papers of it at Streed's. Well, I took a different name, so 's to surprise the boy, an' then I found out how his heart was set on this rich brother down in Orleans. There was a fellow I knew, Joe Jordan, on the Mon'gahela, who 'd gone down to Or-

leans as raftsmen, meanin' to stay; so it occurred to me to send some money I 'd saved, and hev' it sent back to Len from ther'. When it delighted the boy so, I hed n't the heart to say differently at fust; so it went on from one thing to another, till it 's got to be what it has. The books and bits of marble, you understand, Joe got a friend of his to choose down ther'. Some of them Len never showed me, an' them he did seemed triflin' things to me. But they pleased him."

"You have sent him a great deal of money?"

"Puttin' one time with another, yes. But I 'm tough, and work does me good."

"And this?" tapping the deed with his finger, and coming a step nearer to hear better. "This is a fortune, according to the way things go out here."

The silversmith grew uneasy, pulled nervously at his ragged red beard. "It does seem a lot. But I give it to Len with good will, God knows. Ef Kearns, who was a miserly old pedler, left it to us for a good turn my father did him, why should n't I give it to my brother?"

The old man looked meaningly at the younger one. "But have you no plans for yourself? Most men at your time of life look forward to a house of their own, a wife, children. You give up the chance of much solid comfort, if these things should ever be yours, with this money."

"I know that."

He stood with his hands clasped behind him, looking down into the edge of the water lapping the shore. The unshapely hands trembled, hold them tightly as he would; and the small, insignificant features grew stern and set with pain. Looking up at last, and forcing a smile, he said: "Let that pass. I'll never have wife or child of my own. Len will have them with the rest. If that had been different, — if I had been able to marry, — it would hev been the same about this money. He 's got wants and tastes I don't keer for; I 've been responsible for that in a measure.

His bringin' up suits money; mine don't. But there's another reason now why I 'll give it. Ef he had it, he 'd ask the girl he loves to marry him, and they would be happy together. I 'd like them to owe that to me, — unbeknownst."

"That can hardly be," turning his eyes from Sim's face to the paper. "The wording of Kearns's will will force you to attest this instrument in Pennsylvania, this State. If you insist upon your gift, it will be impossible to make the transfer and keep your secret. I want you to take to-day to consider the matter."

"That is not needed," in his slow, monotonous way. "The money must go to Leonard, cost what it will. Mebbe the boy 'll not resent it on me; though he 'd rather keep the brother he 's fancied than hev ten times the money I kin give. But he must marry. *Len* must hev wife and children of his own."

"I intended," said the Judge, folding up the paper and returning it to his pocket, "to tell the fellow the truth this evening. Barker, your squire, has asked us there to supper; and there will be your leading men there too, as I suppose you call them. I mean to clear up the matter there. Stop! it's my business, Bedleon, to see justice done to both of your father's sons, and justice don't lie altogether in the dividing of money. But I want you to consider the matter over, as I said; and if you persist in it, let me know your decision before dark."

"S ye please, Judge. There's a chore to be done in the matter yet. But, day or nightfall, my mind's made up."

"I 'll stop before I go to Barker's with the deed. Take your time. I — I wish you saw Bedillion with my eyes."

But Sim had turned hastily away.

COMIC JOURNALISM.

I TAKE it to be a matter generally admitted by all who have tried on the mask of comic journalism, that it is no velvet one, but rather suggestive than otherwise of that iron visor behind which a certain mysterious character in history was compelled, for so many years, to put the best face he could upon circumstances. Great assiduity is a thing almost incompatible with humorous writing. The strain of always trying to be witty and epigrammatic on the surface, without losing grasp for a moment of the weightier considerations involved, is one against which few minds could contend successfully for long, continuous periods; and hence the desultory mode of working so generally characteristic of writers who make a specialty of this kind of literature. Contributors to comic papers may be divid-

ed into two classes, — the brilliant ones, and the reliable ones; and it is very rare to find in one person a combination of the characteristics belonging to these respectively. Of all the writers with whom I have travelled, from time to time, along the highways and by-ways of comic literature, I have known but two or three really sparkling ones whose aid could be relied upon, to a certainty, for any given day or week. The electric sparks thrown out by some of them, when in full glow, seemed to fall back upon them in ashes, and smother their too sudden fires. A thorough Bohemian, for the most part, is the very brilliant contributor, — a bird difficult to catch and not always available when caught, seeing that, in nine cases out of ten, his habits are no more under his control than his moods. And herein

lies one of the chief impediments to making a real success of a comic periodical. The reliable contributor, whose principal value lies in his punctuality, is usually what may be termed an even writer, seldom rising to the pitch of brilliancy, nor often sinking below the level of respectable burlesque; so that, however valuable he may be as a "stand-by," he is unequal, at his very best, to establishing an unmistakable *average* for the paper that takes him for better or for worse, — whichever of the two it may be. Were it only possible to treat these two types of contributors as the juggler does a couple of rabbits, — roll them both into one, and then divide them by dozens, — the thing would be complete. Then might the editor of the comic paper not always remind one of the famous "down-town" merchant described in the advertising columns of the serious journals as the hero of "many sleepless nights" and the expectant watcher of the times might reasonably hope for the coming of a successful American "Punch" — a thing so long *in petto* that it ought to be very good when it comes at last.

It has been frequently suggested, that the most feasible plan for the permanent establishment of a comic paper would be to engage all the world as leading contributor to it, and, if possible, all the world's wife and interesting family as well. There is a certain fascinating massiveness in this idea, it must be admitted; but, — as the writer of one of a bushel of old letters now before me says, in reference to a prelix conundrum offered by him, — "Will it wash?" To this I reply, without hesitation, that it will not. There is no doubt that useful suggestions are sometimes forwarded to editors of comic papers from the outside world, but experience compels me to state that the hints for squibs, caricatures, and articles generally, whether political or social in their bearing, thus tendered, are, in the great majority of cases, utterly worthless and impracticable. I have somewhere read or heard of a story told by the late John Leech, who used to be

occasionally favored with such hints from anonymous sources, and who once had a communication from a person desirous to map out his idea for a scorching political cartoon. The leading object in the picture was to be a railway train coming along at a smashing pace, freighted with certain political character; and the artist was to draw another train rushing from the opposite direction, but (now mark you this well) not yet in sight! I will venture to assert that every person who has essayed the task of editing a comic paper has been pestered, from all quarters of the country, with scores, nay, hundreds, of suggestions equally impracticable with the above. Among the curiosities of this branch of literature which I received in other times and retained for future reference, many are of a safely esoteric and permanent character. "A Borderer" — a man of average of civilization to which he belongs, not accessible on post-mortem grounds, to say that it would be a good way to extinguish the postmaster of his place, and to further the abolition of that unmanly provincial, he encloses ten cents, with a copy of verses in which impeachment for having "robbed a trunk" is felicitously set to music by means of rhyme with the disagreeable epithet "smoke." Another person, apparently writing from a place of decision for adults of weak intellects, forwards a number of anagrams, — one upon the name of Florence Nightingale, and another upon that of General Lafayette. The same writer suggests a host of distinguished persons upon whose names the editor would do well to immolate himself anagrammatically. Kossuth figures among these, as likewise does a local citizen whose name is given as Pericles W. Beazley, and who, according to the suggester, is a personage so filling to the eyes of the world that a favorable twist upon his name would at least double the circulation of the paper in which it might appear. A poetical contributor favors the editor with a parody upon Hood's "Song of the Shirt," feelingly wrought out with a view of influencing

the market-value of a particular sewing-machine, the name of the patentee of which is ingeniously stitched into the wonderful stuff. This troubadour modestly states that he does not look for any pecuniary recompense for his contribution, but he requests that it may be printed with his name to it, in full, and that twenty-four copies of the paper containing it may be forwarded to his address. Another bard sends in a little poem not devoid of merit, although by no means adapted for the requirements of a comic paper. It has an old, familiar air about it, and consultation with sage pundits reveals the fact that it originally appeared in a volume of poems published by a lady about seventy years ago. To secure copyright upon it, as well as to display his acquirements as a linguist, the sender has put the refrain of the song—English in the original—into the French tongue. Wholesale piracy of this kind is very commonly resorted to by persons aspiring to be contributors. Ideas for social caricatures come in, copied, almost literally, from pictures to be found in old volumes of "Punch" and other humorous periodicals, so that it is necessary for the editor to be pretty thoroughly acquainted with what has been done in that branch of literature during past years. I can point out, in volumes that now lie upon my table, sundry scraps—sometimes of prose, but oftener of verse—which were frauds upon the editor, being slight variations of productions that had long previously appeared elsewhere as the work of writers more or less known to fame. One of our correspondents is apparently a well-brought-up young man who disdains the idea of saying the thing that is not. He sends a packet containing fifteen "poems" in manuscript, all of which, he virtuously avows, have already appeared in the columns of the "Granite Playmate," or a paper exulting in some such name. He has rewritten them, he says, and thinks they would make a great hit if published with illustrative wood-cuts by the artist who does the grotesque head-

pieces "with such charming fancy." Then there is the lady correspondent from the fashionable watering-places, who begins her letter coaxingly with "Dear Sir,—You who are supposed to know everything," &c., &c., and encloses a diagram for an elaborate caricature of a flirtation going on between the married Major A—and the Misses B—and C—, who are scandalizing the chaste bathers on the beach with their "goings-on." To secure attention, her ladyship also sends *carte-de-visite* likenesses of the obnoxious parties, with a request that the artist will be very true to them. A common and very terrible type of the aspiring contributor is the one who forwards by express a great roll of manuscript written upon law paper, which, on being opened, conveys the impression of a five-act tragedy, but proves to be nothing worse than a serial tale of village life, couched in the kind of disrupted English usually attributed to Pennsylvanian Dutchmen. Collateral to this person is the lady who sends in a batch of anecdotes about the negroes on her husband's plantation, all the funny bits of which have circulated for a quarter of a century among the artists in "burnt cork." But it would occupy more space than I may appropriate for this article, to dilate upon the variety of distant correspondents who seem to fancy that the fate of the comic paper addressed is absolutely dependent upon the acceptance of their contributions.

More difficult to deal with than these are the aspirants who call in person to see the editor, and bring their "fire-works" with them. Enter to that arbiter, for instance, an "awful swell," who has written a satire in seven cantos, and wants to read it now, at a sitting. He does not require compensation for his work, which he originally intended to publish in pamphlet form, but would rather see it "set in the coronet of your brilliant and admirable paper." The editor politely shirks the reading, but begs that the manuscript may be left for his perusal. On dipping into it in the still watches of the

ensuing night, and discovering its utter worthlessness, he returns it next morning, by mail, to the writer, — “with thanks.” In a week or so, enter once more the slashing satirist, irate, yet triumphant, for he has called to crush the editor by informing him how the rejected manuscript had since been received with roars of laughter and applause at “the club,” before which august corporation it had been duly read and acted by the author of its being. The crushed editor subsides, of course ; but, before he has half recovered his usual serenity of mind, a sail appears upon the threshold, a splendid three-decker in silk and *guipure*, followed in her fluted wake by a bark of lighter tonnage, — a tender, in fact, if, to sustain the nautical metaphor, I may so term her. The stately craft introduces herself with a little speech, thickly studded with handsome compliments to the paper, “a subscriber to which,” she says, “she has been from the first, — would not be without it for the world,” — and a good deal more blandishment of the same electrotyped stamp. Now she presents the younger lady, who is her niece, and has developed a specialty for inventing funny things, examples of which she has brought with her in an enamelled portfolio. The fair young humorist is really pretty. Sweet as nitro-glycerine is she, but fraught with danger, like that agent, and ready to make havoc of the stony editorial heart. “Has she designs ?” inquires the editor, with a desperate attempt to be witty in the face of danger. She has brought a few with her, — fancies of the comic Valentine sort, consisting of groups of flowers very nicely painted on Bristol-board, with the petals converted by dots and dashes into grotesque human faces. But the point of each joke is dependent upon the color of the particular flower, the lines under one of vivid ultramarine hue, for instance, running thus : —

“ ‘Why lookest thou so blue, to-day ?’

‘O, I slept, last night, i’ the dew,
And the wind blew all my hair away,
And therefore I look blew !’ ”

Herein the editor discerns a famous opening for escape, of which he is not slow to avail himself. He goes through the whole collection, thoughtfully, passing lavish encomiums upon the wit, the fancy, the eccentricity, the ingenuity, and the many other subtle elements discerned by him in each conceit. “But they can be of no use to us, you know. We don’t print our paper in colors, and more’s the pity, since it debars us from making use of such charming original ideas as these. Chromo-lithography, my dear young lady, — if you will allow me to say so much, — is yet in its infancy ; but there’s a good time coming, and we may be happy yet.” And, having thus disposed of the matter, the editor recommends his fair visitant to try her luck with an eminent manufacturer of toy-books, to whom he gives her a line of introduction written upon the perfumed official note-paper.

The fact is, that at no one time, nor in any country, do there ever exist more than a very few writers and artists capable of stamping a comic paper with wit and humor of the sharpest, and yet most refined quality. Thackeray, Gilbert à Beckett, Douglas Jerrold, and others whom it would be needless to name here, have not been equalled by later members of the “Punch” staff, — neither has John Leech’s place been yet acceptably filled. Of artists, more especially, the remark made is true. I have at hand a letter received years ago from a humorous *littérateur*, then of much mark in the London circles, and of yet more promise, but who has since passed away. Speaking of the difficulty of establishing a good comic paper, even in London, he said : “*Comic* power is the thing wanted. Of artists — considered as artists — we have a terrible surplus ; but humor is a much rarer commodity.” What was true in this respect a dozen years ago is no less so now. There are not, at the present time, in England, six artists gifted with humor in the highest degree ; nor does France appear to be a whit more productive of the genuine

material. Social caricatures, or, rather, views of real life and character seen through the medium of an eccentric fancy, are the very spinal column of a humorous paper, which in these days, it may be assumed, would be nothing if not illustrated. But something more than humorous fancy is necessary to absolute success. In the texture of a first-rate comic artist, dramatic power is not to be dispensed with. His faculty of observation must be acute and untiring, and he must be able to seize upon incidents and situations as they pass before him, and out of these to construct, without undue exaggeration, scenes of the sparkling comedy sort, with epigrammatic legends attached to them to give the point of the story. Then, in addition to this, he must have a falcon eye for the subtleties of individual character, and the power of expressing this upon the boxwood block with the same freedom and dash with which he would throw off a pen-and-ink sketch upon paper. Execution has been a great snare to most artists engaged upon the best comic papers that have run their brief and checkered careers in this country, mere prettiness of drawing being too often looked upon as compensation for poverty of idea in the design. The kind of humor generally characterized as American, and of which "Artemus Ward" must be considered as the most successful exponent at the present time, is not of a quality practicable for the pencil; neither is it, whatever its originality and greatness, fitted, in any sense, to be the staple of a comic journal. A spice of it is a capital thing to have, though, and such, it seems, is the opinion to-day of the heads that inspire the "London Charivari."

Taking it altogether, the pictorial department of a comic paper is the most difficult one with which the editor has to deal. The "cartoon," or large illustration embodying some leading topic of the day, is a feature now considered indispensable to a publication of the kind. Those who have not tried can hardly imagine the difficulty

of hitting on, at certain times, a smart idea for this hebdomadal clincher of current events. A "congress of heads" is the only means by which the thing can be managed with certainty and success. It is at the weekly dinner of "Punch" that the important matter of the cartoon is discussed and decided upon; and few will be so uncandid as to deny that good cheer is an efficient prompter of wit. But comic papers have, ere now, been driven over stony roads, without ever a chance of pulling up to seek for inspiration at the festive board. Midsummer is usually a dreary time for the few brains that are left to invent the mirthful cartoon. Nobody, who can help it, remains in town during the dog-days. The suggestive contributor—and an invaluable functionary is he—is fishing for trout and blaspheming black-flies by the margin of some highland stream. The brilliant paragraphist is usually too much straitened, financially, to fly to the rural districts, but his town engagements with Bacchus, Silenus, and Company are of a pressing and imperative kind, and he cannot be relied upon in the hour of need. Under these circumstances feebler spirits have to be conferred with; but the brunt of the situation has generally to be borne by the editor, at last.

The effects of comic journalism upon the editorial mind offer a nice little subject for analysis and dissection. I was acquainted with one who had had experiences in the conduct of such vehicles for pleasantry as those under notice, and he used to relate harrowing things about the visions that disturbed his slumbers on the nights preceding the days for "making up." Box-wood had become a deadly upas for him. What the red-cedar is to the moth, what the black-ash is said to be to the rattlesnake, such was the yellow-box to him. His dreams were horrible illustrations of demon life and character, drawn upon box. His phantasm would loom up as a stupendous funereal pile, composed of layers of box-wood blocks, of all sizes, from the large

ones used for cartoons to the smallest, upon which initial fancies are usually cut. These were pencilled all over with grotesque figures of things hideous beyond human conception; and the originals of the portraits were there, too, moping and mowing about the pyre, upon which they were preparing to immolate the supine dreamer of the dream.

Few things are more acceptable to persons anxious to bring, or to keep, themselves before the public, than to have notice—little matter how unflattering—taken of them by squib or caricature in the pages of a comic journal. A note will come to the editor, for example,—a naughty-looking little *billet-doux* with frilled edges,—and with it a *carte-de-visite* of the correspondent, haply some provincial actress of the muscular school, who wants to make a metropolitan sensation, and is anxious to have a broad caricature of herself in an early number of the paper. Should no notice be taken of this, the next thing, in all probability, is a call from the managing agent of the lady, who hints that money can be realized by the transaction, and, in some cases, even goes so far as to prompt the editor to name his price. I have known instances in which good round sums were offered to secure the desired notice. Sometimes a paragraph bearing reference to an individual who believes in advertising himself or his enterprises tickles the vanity of that person so greatly, that he will write to the editor, saying that a box of cigars, or a complete outfit of new clothes, is at the service of the writer of the gratifying pasquinade, if he will only send to or call at such and such a place for it; and I once heard a sagacious public character say that a certain satirical article in which he figured prominently was worth at least a thousand dollars to him.

Were people at large only half as liberal in subscribing to comic papers as they are in tendering advice with regard to the best course to be taken by the directors of them, success in that

branch of journalism would be secure. Among the comic-editorial experiences, the receipt of letters of advice forms a very prominent item. It is no unusual circumstance for several letters to arrive at the same time from different quarters, all of them giving the views of the writers as to how the paper should be conducted to satisfy the public and insure success, and each one of them taking up a position diametrically opposite to some of the others. Could the writers but hear the roars of “inextinguishable laughter” with which their productions are greeted, while being compared and criticised by the editorial staff, they would doubtless be surprised to find how funny they had become, unknown to themselves. One writer tells you, that you must let a certain well-known political character alone, or else your paper will “expire the vital spark within a month.” In the next letter opened you find a recommendation to devote at least a page a week, your leading satirical poet, and your most personal comic artist, to the chronic irritation of the individual in question, who is described as having “a skin as thin as his heart is black and his moral character revolting.” In time the judicious editor does not trouble himself with reading letters of advice, but consigns them to their proper limbo, on discovering their drift in the first lines.

The threatening correspondent is another scribbler, who sometimes wastes his feeble ire upon the management of a comic paper. Of course he writes anonymously, or under a *nom de bâton*, and in a style and handwriting elaborately tortured into disguise. He tells you, in English adopted by him for the nonce, that you “are getting to personal in your remarks and pictures about A and B, who will be remembered long after you are forgotten.” Then he hints at violence, and adds that “you may consider this a idle threat, but may find yourself mistaken by a crowd walking into your office sum day if you continue in the same track.” It is needless to say that no

harm ever comes from these silly fire-crackers.

No satisfactory conclusion has yet been arrived at as to the reason why a really first-class comic paper has never yet been successfully established in this country. I will not attempt to sift the question here, though I have an idea that the excess to which party spirit is carried may have something to do with the matter. As with other journals, so with that of the humorous character, the political ingredient is one that cannot be left out. Next, it

would be impossible for a paper to take a middle bearing; and if it becomes partisan, it has, of course, battalions of foes to contend against. The necessary wit and humor for comic journalism must exist *somewhere* amid the large and mixed communities of the country, but they have not yet been developed by encouragement and culture; though, like the recreant meteorors that failed to come to time in November last, they may yet make their appearance in the literary firmament.

ELIZABETH'S CHAMBER.

I ENTERED her half-opened door,—
 A presence, voiceful as of seas
 When overland their mellow roar
 Comes homeward on the summer breeze,
 Gave greeting to my listening heart.
 In vain I crossed the echoing room;
 The voice was still a voice apart,
 Though memories ripened into bloom,
 Touched by the sacred presence there,
 Pervading perishable things;
 A grace that filled the common air
 With sense of overshadowing wings.
 The pendent blossoms fading breathed
 Into new life to speak of her,
 The gathered autumn boughs hung wreathed
 To welcome their lost worshipper.
 But still she came not: silence dwelt
 And solitude where she abode;
 Their dumb lips told the truth I felt;
 Though lonely be the place she trod,
 Earth is her radiant chamber now;
 Her spirit gilds the morning cloud
 And the bright sun, until his brow
 Sinks in the sea's circumfluent shroud.
 But in the heart of love a bed
 Is laid, whereon her sleep is sweet:
 There lives she whom the world calls dead.
 There we may kiss her gracious feet.

KATHARINE MORNE.

PART IV.

CHAPTER X.

THE gray ponies plied to and fro with me repeatedly that autumn, between our old house and Barberry Beach. Dr. and Mrs. Physick said to me, I thought very logically, "If Miss Dudley likes to have you, and you like to go, then why should n't you go?" Miss Dudley professed to like to have me with her; and not only was there no reason why she should make any false professions to me, but I soon saw how unlikely she was to make false professions to any one. She spoke "the truth," not only "in love," but in lovelessness. She had so much presence of mind and resource that she could usually avoid unwelcome answers to inconvenient questions. But not even by a mother who asked her whether an ugly child was not pretty, nor by an author who inquired of her what she thought of his failure of a book, was she to be surprised or entrapped into a falsehood.

"Who should speak the truth, if not I?" said she, on one occasion when her truth had been tried before me, and not found wanting. "It is one of the solemn privileges of my state to live as if in the very anteroom of God's presence-chamber."

I pressed her hand and looked her in the face. She appeared, indeed, like one meet to stand and wait there.

"Dear child," said she, "I see you feel for me and with me; but you can never fully know, till you are in a situation like mine, what a comfort it is to have some one who understands your situation, with whom you can talk of it, when your heart might otherwise be overfull. My brother is too disinterested and too firm to check me with a word, when I would speak of it with him; and the recollection of his tenderness and encouragement, when I have done so, make me long to do so

often; but his lips grow so white that I cannot bear to see the pain that I am giving him, and the same sharp, drawn look comes over his features that they had when his wife died, when his hair, from being a perfect golden crown like Rose's, turned in a single night as snowy as you see it now, — as white as her shroud. Ah! my dear girl, that is the bitterest bitterness of death, — is it not? — to leave such grief to those you leave behind you."

Then I thought again of my musings on the cliff; but I ventured to say only, "Are they" — the blessed dead — "not all ministering spirits to us?" Sometimes I think it has been easier to me to try to do right since I lost sight of Fanny and mamma. In their world, that lasts so much longer than this, perhaps they care more to see us good than happy here." With tears in her eyes, but a smile shining through them, she took my face between her hands and kissed me on the forehead. "O Miss Dudley!" cried I, — she looked so seraphic, — "if you should go first, you will be a ministering spirit to me, will you not?"

"If I may," answered she, with the same unearthly smile; "and you will be one to my little orphans."

It was strange in what different lights I seemed to appear to her and to my poor Nelly. Miss Dudley, though she would, as I have just described, turn to me occasionally for sympathy under the pressure of her own trial, seemed — in spite of my naturally good animal spirits, and of the effort which I made to comport myself as usual, when they chanced to fail me — to see in me, though not a mourner making a noise, one who had suffered, and whom she would gladly cheer and soothe to the utmost of her great power. Nelly, on the other hand, treated me as a strong, not to say a rather insensible supporter. Yet each did me good in her dif-

ferent way, — it might have been hard to say which, the most. Nelly served me now as an outward counter-irritant for my inward trouble, now as a mirror in which to see some of the attitudes and hues of my own soul. Our own weaknesses when we see them in others look so doubly weak, and it is so much easier to be wise for our neighbors than for ourselves! I was often fain to take notes of my lectures to her for my private benefit. But I hardly know that I should have found courage and spirit to bear the pain that the one friend sometimes gave me, had it not been for the pleasure I received from the other.

One dismal day in November, I ran in to see Nelly. She had a cold, she said, and had not been out. Miss Dudley had lately given me a volume of Longfellow's poems. I had been reading in it some of the "Voices of the Night," over and over, until I knew them by heart, that I might repeat them to myself, in my walks or at my work, as charms against despair, — as, I imagine, many a struggling mortal has done, and many a one after another will do, perhaps as long as the English language lives. The book I had with some difficulty made up my mind to part with to Nelly for a few days, that she might copy into her copious album "A Psalm of Life" and "The Light of Stars." She had written instead, on the pages lying open before her, the lines beginning with

"What most I prize in woman, is the affections,"
and

"Do I not know
The lot of woman is full of woe?" &c.

and below them still the following (she told me they were anonymous; but I never could find them in any other collection of poems, and I suspect they were her own): —

"Once on the sands beside the sounding sea,
I wrote, 'I love my love, — My love loves me.'
Up ran the fickle waves. In cruel play
They washed the dear 'My love loves me' away,
But left — the reach of tides and times above —
To stiffen into stone, 'I love my love.'"

She was now sitting like a statue of Despondency, with my little furry namesake asleep in her lap.

"That's the way," commented Mrs. Cumberland, "she keeps a settin' and a settin', and a holdin' that creatur'; an' I tell her she'll give it fits, if she don't git 'em herself."

"O, that won't do!" said I. "Kitty Mornes require a great deal of exercise. Put her down, Nelly, and get me a newspaper, cork, and a string; and I will make her a toy."

Nelly obeyed listlessly; and I proceeded to combine the materials in the manner which my experience had convinced me to be that best adapted for extracting the maximum of innocent amusement from, and imparting it to, a worthy kitten. I tied a bunch — about the size of my hand — of strips of paper to one end of the string, and the cork to the other. The middle of the string I tied to the back of an old chair, — with several bars between the legs, — at such a height that the pendants swung gently within easy reach of the kitten's paws. Her attention was at once caught. She gazed, crouched, shook her hips, gave up her spring in some alarm as the cork made a pass at her, went into ambush behind a bed-post where the toy could not see her, rushed forth again, and, by a masterly surprise, captured and scratched and bit the paper. The cork, swinging round to the rescue, gave her a box on the ear. She hissed like a teapot boiling over on a hob, and, leaving the paper, flew at the cork for reprisals. The paper then brushed her over the back. The upshot of all which was, that, in sixty seconds or rather less, cork, kitten, and paper were fully engaged and pursuing one another in a series of hot, incessant, and most irregular skirmishes to and fro, up and down, over and under the bars of the chair; until the kitten, quite beside herself, freed herself for an instant from her other antagonists, and, like a conquered hero falling upon his own spear, fastened in a paroxysm of self-dissatisfaction upon her own tail. The toy swung defiantly, however; and in an instant she was up and at it again.

Mrs. Cumberland set her arms akim-

bo, and laughed till she cried ; I laughed till I had to sit down to get over it ; and Nelly was forced to laugh too ; until, as her aunt left the room to see after the cake in the oven, and shut the door, she burst into a passion of tears, and exclaimed, "O Katy, Katy ! how can people be always expecting me to be amused as a child, after I have suffered and sinned as a woman ?"

I was so shocked and confounded, that my first impulse was to rush from the room and the house, never to enter them again. But the next instant brought me other thoughts. Was it thus that our Saviour dealt with sinners ? If she was a sinner, what real harm could this poor weak child do to me ? But was she in any peculiar sense a sinner at all ; and was not this merely one of her frequent morbid exaggerations ? With an inward prayer for help, I nerved myself to draw her hands from her face, and to speak to her, though I trust still with gentleness, with a firmness which I never put forth towards her before. "Nelly, you call yourself a woman ; I shall speak to you as a woman ; and you must now behave like a woman. Such words as you have used are not to be used lightly. You must explain them !"

"What have I said ?" asked she, quieted in a moment at finding herself taken at her word, but bewildered.

I repeated her speech.

She evidently winced at hearing it, and said : "Well, I did n't mean that exactly, — not sinned, perhaps, — but oh ! I did such a dreadful thing ! How can I ever be happy again ?"

"If people have done dreadful things, they must own them, and do their best to make amends for them, before they can expect to find peace. If they have not done anything really dreadful, but merely suppose that they have, because they are out of health and fanciful, only think of the relief they might find by simply taking courage to own frankly what the matter is, and being told that it is nothing."

"I can't ! O Katy, don't ask me ! I can't !" repeated she, wringing her

hands and staring at the floor, as if seeking some crack to squeeze through. But for very pity I was pitiless.

"If you *will* not, from my heart I feel for you ; but I am afraid I cannot do you any good, while you will keep this burden on your mind. It is just as if you had swallowed poison, and would not take an emetic because it was disagreeable, and I were to keep trying to cure you with herb-tea and nursing, while we were only wasting time and throwing your life away. If you will but follow advice, I mean, by God's help, to do the very best I can for you ; but, if you will not, I don't see any use in my coming here, and I don't see how I can come any more."

"O Katy, will you give me up, too ?"

"I never mean to, if you will not give yourself up ; but till you are ready to help me to help you, my trying to help you is only like trying to swim to shore with a drowning person who keeps diving under. I don't ask you to tell *me*, and I'd rather you would n't tell me, if there is any one else whom you could better tell ; but you must promise me to tell somebody without any more loss of time, and have it over. Fearing a thing is almost always worse than bearing it."

"O dear Katy, don't talk so ! I could n't tell anybody ! How could I ?" cried she, trembling all over.

"Perhaps you could tell me the rest more easily, if you knew that I know something already. I know," continued I, looking away from her and speaking as soothingly as I could, "that Mr. Sam Blight was attentive to you, and that you liked him."

Upon that, choking with a great outbreak of sobs, she gasped forth, "When he came to bid me good by, I burst out crying right before him ! O Katy, Katy ! Let me die !"

Drawing her head to rest on my bosom, I said encouragingly, "There, that is right ! You see you can tell me. Now what more ?"

"What more ?" repeated she vacantly between her sobs, as if trying in vain to take in the meaning of the words.

"Was *that* all?" cried I.

"That *all*?" She started bolt upright as she sat, and faced me full, with eyes that grew round with astonishment and indignation. "That all! Was n't it enough? O Katy, Katy! I thought if I *did* tell you, you would feel for me! How would you feel if it had been you instead of me?"

How indeed? thought I.

"O, what can he think of me! How he must despise me!" she hurried on incoherently. "Where can I go? What shall I do?"

"My dear little Nelly," said I, putting my arm round her again, and laying my hand on her forehead, for there was no use as yet in my wiping her eyes, "I do feel for you with all my heart; but don't be angry with me if I feel more relief and thankfulness at first than anything else, to find that you have not done anything dreadful at all,—anything that you can't live down,—in a short time, I hope,—so as to be a happy, useful woman, respected and loved. You have sat up here day after day, alone, with your attention all concentrated upon this trouble of yours, till you can't judge of it in the least for yourself. You know what happens when we fix our eyes too long upon any small object; its outlines grow blurred till we can't see them, nor see anything else either distinctly. What you tell me was unfortunate certainly, and I know it must make you unhappy whenever you think of it; but that is only an excellent reason that you should think of it no more. It was weak, but not wicked. If you had been a good, strong, hearty girl, you would have had more self-control. Take pains to become a good, strong, hearty girl, and you will have more self-control."

"But do you think he will ever forget it? Do you think he can ever get over it? Do you think he will ever like me again? He has never written me a single line."

"What did he say?" returned I. It seemed to me that I might as well possess myself fully of the case once for

all, at the outset, as my guardian would have said, and treat it afterwards.

"O, he was kind and consoling, of course; but I was afraid I could see contempt through it all."

Conceit, no doubt, you could have seen through it all, if you had only had your poor little eyes open, was my inward commentary.

"It seemed as if he had had enough of me, and meant to have no more. He said he hoped that I should soon find some one else capable of filling his place in my heart; or, if I could not, that it was a woman's true life to sit at home and feel and remember, but a man's to dart forth into the world, and pursue and achieve his heroic selfhood in a free, untrammelled course. If I should hear in after years of his success and fame, he was sure I should feel it to be a glorious reward for all I might have suffered, to have been permitted to contribute anything, at any sacrifice of my own peace, towards a great and noble man's development."

"Pretty well for sanguine Sammy!" I should certainly have said, if I had been Paul. As I was not, and could think of nothing more appropriate to say, I said nothing; and Nelly went on.

"Only his language was always so beautiful! I cannot make it sound as he did. But it only made me—love him more," sighed she, bowing her head into her pale hands and blushing between the fingers. "Since you know so much, you may as well know all. I must love him, even if he cannot love me. Is not that horrid,—horrid?"

"Nelly," said I, stroking her fair hair, "I may speak to you, quite frankly, as to a woman, and not as if I had a child to *manage*?"

"Yes, please!" answered she eagerly.

"I think, then, that we grown people are sometimes a good deal like little Phil, the other night, when you heard him scream so, because he could not be allowed to take the flame of the lamp between his finger and thumb. We cry because we cannot have things which might make us cry much longer

if we had them. I think there is one thing that would be more horrid than to be the jilted friend of Mr. Sam Blight; and that is, to be his wife."

"Why, do you know him? And do you not love him?"

"Not much," said I, scarcely able to suppress a smile. A scene at a children's picnic flew up before my mind's eye, in which an attempt to subject me to scientific analysis had been made by Mr. Sam; and in which Katharine, aged fifteen, had evinced about as much *complaisance* as might be expected of a catamount in the lecture-room of Magendie.

"Well, I can't make you out, or get at you at all," had the would-be demonstrator of spiritual anatomy, after several unsuccessful experiments, at length said to the subject, perhaps in order to put her off her guard.

"So much the better for me!" was the rejoinder of Katharine (*ought* I to add, the Shrew?). "What should I let you for? I turn into a shut oyster for very self-preservation's sake; and I always mean to, to philosophers like you, if unfortunately there are any more of the kind. 'Both sides of my nature,' that you talk about, join to present a sharp edge to you, and you can't get it open without a knife or a hot gridiron. I don't want to be dissected, thank you; and even if, upon a full view of what is within me, you were to be ready to eat me up, it would be for your own sake, — not for mine."

Katharine must have stood in much need of a good deal of "time to mellow"; but her early acerbity had stood her in better stead against a wasp than all poor Nelly's sweetness.

"O, how could you know him," she pursued, "and not love him?"

"Why, I thought him — not good — and —"

"Are you choking?"

"No, I've got over it," said I out of the depths of my pocket-handkerchief. "Nelly, don't you think, if you had been even as old as you are now when you first knew him, you would have thought him rather silly?"

"Silly! — Sam silly? No indeed, I don't! I'm sure it's the last thing I ever should have thought of him, or that anybody could, who knew him as I do."

"I did not know him very well, to be sure; but I thought him silly, because he seemed to think his fol — eccentricities — better than other men's good sense, and his demerits better than their merits. But let that pass. Nelly, if he had been good, do you think he could ever have treated you as he did?"

"I was not worthy of him."

"Then, pray, why did he not let you alone?"

"Why — well — you cannot think how much he had to alienate him and keep him from coming to the point. He complained, long before he went away, that we none of us showed any confidence in him, and he never could get any chance to pour forth his soul." The idea of Mr. Blight's pouring forth his soul tickled my fancy again to such a degree that I had the utmost difficulty to keep myself from joining Nelly, and performing a laughing accompaniment to her crying, in a partnership fit of hysterics. "Uncle Wardour never allowed me to walk out with him, or to talk with him with any security against interruption. We couldn't see each other in the best parlor even, without the door wide open, for everybody else who called to walk right in and see him too."

Kind Uncle Wardour! "Do you think he *was* good, then, Nelly?"

"He was everything else, at any rate; and you know, as he said, all great men have been wild in their youth."

"I can't say that I do know it," answered I; or that he was great either, reflected I.

"Well, he may grow good; I am certain he must. O Katy, how little you know about love! It makes you see what is good in the object of your affections, and forget, or fancy, or foresee all the rest. If he *were* only good, no man on earth," proceeded the experienced Nelly, "could be half so fascinating, or make a woman half so happy."

"*If* and *if*, my dearest child!—young woman, I mean,"—rejoined I, playfully; for now that the ice was once broken between us, Nelly, soothed by talking on her favorite subject again with one who, as she believed, could "understand" her, was fast becoming more composed,— "we are not children any more; and so we must look on things not as they might be, but as they are. We must have done with *ifs*, or own that *if* any one insuperable obstacle lies, in one direction, in the way of our welfare, we must seek our welfare in some other direction. A man may really be the very most fascinating person in all the world, and you may be sure that he will make the very most delightful husband; but if, for instance, he were your brother, you would give yourself little trouble about his abstract pre-eminence. You would accept the fact of his unfitness for you as a matter of course, and peacefully take the next best or none. Now a want of conscientiousness and disinterestedness in a husband is almost certain to be as great an obstacle to any steady happiness in marriage, as too near relationship to marriage itself; and you will see it to be so, I hope, now that you have somebody who loves you as I do to look at the realities of your case with you, and help you to wake out of your dreams. Many of our worst mental burdens, I rather think, are like nightmares; we need only to open our eyes with a resolute effort, and turn over to the other side, and they will be gone."

"Katy, I do wonder how much you would require in anybody, before you could get your own leave to love him!"

"I should require a good deal, I hope," said I evasively. These were *not* favorite topics of conversation with me.

"You would want him to be great?"

"If it was convenient to him."

"What more?"

"Congenial to me."

"Of course. What more?"

"Such that, if I were with him in the company of high-minded, true-

hearted men and women, I should not be ashamed of him; that, if I heard him talked of by them, I might expect to hear things to his honor; and that, if any parts of his past history accidentally came to my knowledge, they should only make me love, admire, and trust him more and more."

"Well!" said she a little impatiently, "anything more?"

"And in love with me, of course. Heart for heart,—I would accept no less."

"Ah, yes, if you could but get that; but if you could not?"

"I would leave—try to leave—off loving him."

"But suppose you could not?"

"I would try—I trust—till I could. I heard a funny little woman say once,—like Master Barnabas,—that nothing would ever make her submit to be hanged. 'She would n't! She would *fight*!' I would fight. Man or woman, there is nothing that I would not do sooner than consent to waste my life sitting, even in thought, at any human being's feet, and suing for the love that was not given to me."

"It is the lot of woman."

"Of which woman? and who made it her lot? It must be the lot of good wives of bad men, and *may* be the lot of any woman who chooses it, no doubt, Nelly; but we will have a better, or if I do not, at any rate, it shall not be for want of trying."

"You are so proud, Katy! I heard somebody say, the other day, that you walked like a queen, and he could see how proud you were just by a way you had of setting down your feet, as if you would tread down the world at every step."

"I only wish I could," said I, laughing.

"But surely everybody knows, and you must own, that men are worth much more than women."

"I doubt about unworthy men's being worth much more than worthy women," said I, still laughing; and then I went on, more gravely, "I will and must own, that men are worth much more than women for many things;

but the earthly fathers whom I know seem generally to care quite as much about their daughters as they do about their sons; and so, therefore, I suppose our Heavenly Father does."

"But the Bible itself always sets men above women. Sam said it did. Don't you think so?"

"Now we are getting beyond our depth, I am afraid. I do not know enough about the Bible to talk about it much. But I do not think the Apostles set Simon Magus, for example, at all above Anna the prophetess, or Phebe, deaconess of the church in Cenchrea. They said that women should not go with their heads uncovered, nor speak in the churches; but I have heard a Quaker minister declare that the churches then were very different from the churches now, and all the customs there from the customs here; and at any rate I do not want to take off my bonnet and speak loud in our meeting-houses even, nor, I rather think, do you. They said that wives should obey their husbands; but they said also that husbands should cherish their wives even as they did their own bodies. When they do cherish them after that fashion, I think that obedience to their commands will in most cases partake of the nature of self-indulgence quite as much as of self-denial. They said, too, that children must obey their parents. Does not that mean that sons must obey their mothers, as well as daughters their fathers? St. Peter even went so far as to say, 'Yea, all of you be subject one to another,' as if a religious obedience and wise humility were too good things for any of God's children to forego. But when we come to the words of our Saviour, (which were meant, I suppose, not so much for one time, like the epistles, as for all times,) I have thought it was really wonderful to look and see how he bore women in his mind, how often he drew his illustrations even from their work, and, not contented with including them in his general discourses, how particularly and frequently he used to

speak of them in prophecies and parables. Out of the four friends that he 'loved,' two were women; and even the virtues which he urged on all mankind were in large part those which mankind are apt to enforce peculiarly on womankind, and to call the womanly virtues. At any rate, Mr. Blight may read the Bible through and through,—his best friend could wish him no better employment, if he would but make a good use of it and give up some of his other reading for it,—he will nowhere there find it enjoined on Christian women to suffer themselves to be trifled with for his 'development,' nor to languish and pine themselves to death, like flowers thrown away, for his triumph."

"His triumph!" cried Nelly, starting and turning pale. "O Katy! could he be so cruel as to triumph over me?"

"I do not know him quite well enough to be sure what he could not do, if he had a chance. He *cannot* very long, I think, if he hears of you out again among the other young people, looking pretty, well, and merry. However, his opinion, good or bad, is not the most important thing, you know, darling; so we will say no more about it, and try not to care too much. He is not your master, thank God! and you are in no way accountable to him. See here; your little Bible gives us other and far nobler things to care about." I took it from her bureau, turned over the leaves, and read, "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, how she may be holy both in body and in spirit."

"Mark it—will you please, dear Katy?—with the date. 'Holy in spirit,' repeated Nelly, very thoughtfully,— "that must mean a great deal."

"Full of faith, hope, and charity, at the very least; and when we have the right faith in God, and in His love for us, I suppose the simple fact of His denying us a thing will satisfy us of its being a thing which we are better without."

"'Charity!'" said she, with a glimmer of archness in her smile, that

looked as if she had already come by a little hope at least. "Does not that involve good works? I'm afraid I don't like doing good, do you?"

"I'm afraid not — so well as having done it."

I rose to go. I was tired for once, before nine o'clock at night.

"You *have* done it now!" exclaimed she, springing up. "God bless you, good, kind Katy! He will and must and does bless you, I am sure, for your own sake, if not for mine! But you will come again? — for I *have* told. And you really think it is not so very dreadful, and I *can* live it down?" whispered she, clinging round me, and going with me to the door.

"I am sure you can. 'If God is for us, who shall be against us?'" said I, kissing her. "Pray — for yourself and me!"

I took the longest way home, to cool my cheeks. "Well," I soliloquized, "at this rate I am in a fair way to be cured for life of every predisposition to sentiment, homœopathically, — except that it must be owned that I am treated with it in anything but infinitesimal doses. Nelly would hardly be so ready to treat a topic which I, her senior, never discussed with any one before, and desire that I never may again, if she had not had the benefit of those lessons from Mr. Sam."

Next, I thought that, even if I should still be for some time subject to relapses, it was still a very bright side that my object was not Mr. Sam, and was moreover quite unaware of my folly. Next, I saw that even my object's being as bad as Mr. Sam would be a less insurmountable barrier between him and me than his being the betrothed of another. The latter disqualification, indeed, put him much more upon the footing of a brother than could the former. Next, I considered that he was — as I had told Nelly of her object — not my master, and that I was not accountable to him; in which consideration also I found a balsam; for I had lately sometimes been troubled with wondering whether

he would not think me cold and ungrateful in leaving Emma's letters so long unanswered. They always contained kind, honest messages from him, which brought the kind, honest fellow up before me, and, in spite of me, renewed feelings which it would be wrong to cherish; and therefore I was sure that it was right to let the correspondence languish and drop. It had never on my part been constant or very frequent. Emma knew that I had little time or taste for writing. He would not be made unhappy by my silence; and in the other world he would understand and approve of it, even if he misunderstood and disapproved of it in this. But because I was still very young, that other world did seem then "very far off."

Milton says that anger and laughter are the two most rational passions of the human mind. Now I cannot say that I am always most rational when I am angry, nor have I been able to perceive that my neighbors are; but I really believe that I often am when I laugh. Accordingly, on reaching home and putting away my bonnet and shawl, I made an attempt at something like an audible smile, as, summing up the lessons of the day, I said to myself, that, after all that could be urged on the side of Gloom, Vapors, and Company, Miss Katy Morne was of all human beings the one whose continued regard and respect were the most important to me; that by the help of a good Providence there was good hope of my being able to manage myself and my affairs in such a manner as to secure her regard and respect; and, finally, that matters were therefore by no means so bad as they might be.

Then I tried Sydney Smith's specifics against feminine despondency, put a new ribbon into my hair, and a ripe pear — by instalments — into my mouth, read over again a kind little note I had a few hours before received from Miss Dudley, containing directions about some illustrations and commendations of others, and then found myself, after all the trials of the morn-

ing, in a very fair condition to take out my paint-box and refresh myself further with a little hard work.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE morning, some time after, I was sitting, finishing the last of the illustrations ordered, in the warm south-parlor. Mrs. Physick was out with her husband, for an airing. Little Pill in the pill-box slept obligingly at my side, with no further attentions from me than an occasional mechanical strophe of the commercial cradle-song, "Buy, buy, baby!" Thus I was at full liberty to drown my abstracted soul in cobalt and carmine.

Thus again it must have been that I did not hear when the door-bell rang, nor notice the tones of a remarkably gentleman-like voice, when the never very fleet-footed Rosanna opened the front door, and that, when I did at last hear a knock at the parlor door, I only emitted an indifferent "Come in," and never thought to turn my head, till the door was opened, and the voice came in by itself, saying doubtfully, "I beg your pardon; did you say come in?"

Then, indeed, I looked round and started up, rejoicing that my fingers were no *peintier*; for the voice was Mr. Dudley's, and so was the fine, tall, athletic person that stood, hat in hand, waiting at the threshold where he had been left without a guide by the unskilful portress.

I welcomed him, set him a chair, and dipped my fingers in the old-fashioned finger-bowl, and wiped them on the napkin, which I always kept by me when I painted. He took it all very quietly, and looked so unembarrassed and abstracted that I hoped he did not see the slight confusion into which my own absence of mind had thrown me.

"I called," he began, when he saw me ready to give him my attention, "partly on my own business, and partly on my sister's. She wishes for the pleasure of your company for a good long day on Saturday; and as I had

not time to wait for a note, she intrusted me with a verbal message. You will be able to gratify her, I hope?"

"Thank you, Mr. Dudley; I shall be very much pleased to come."

"Then she will call, or send for you, soon after ten. Will that be too early?"

"Not for me."

"She never thinks it too early for you to come, nor too late for you to go; and that brings me to the other part of my business. Dr. Physick tells me that you are thinking of returning to the school-room."

"Yes; I am waiting only to find one open to me in this town. If I cannot before many more months, I shall probably go elsewhere."

"Have you a preference for the occupation of a teacher?"

I could hardly suppress a smile as I answered that I had not.

"Then I need have no hesitation in proposing to you, with your guardian's consent, another?"

"None, certainly."

"Then I will propose, though certainly not urge upon you, another, which I heartily hope you will not think too arduous at least for a trial. My sister, in the state of health in which she is now, needs a friend constantly at hand. Bonner, her maid, is worse than nobody in any emergency; and she does not like the idea of having a professional nurse. Then my children need daily companionship and assistance in their lessons. I have been in the habit of giving them this myself, since my sister has been so unwell; but she is often too feeble to hear it going on now, I am sure, without too much fatigue, and if I take them to a room apart, I leave her alone just at the time when she is most in want of me. Then I need for myself a competent draughtsman and secretary. My plan is, — so far as I can be said to have a definite plan, and supposing that you incline to it, — that you shall employ yourself for my sister, in reading, walking, and driving with her, and so forth, — or for me under her oversight in writing or painting, — from about nine till about one every morning, and

that you should devote to my children—or when I am with them, to her—one hour before tea, and one after, through the week. The remainder of each week-day, and the whole of Sunday, I should wish to leave at your own disposal. But I trust you understand, that what I am seeking now to obtain for my family is by no means either a nurse or a governess, but a spirited and lady-like *friend*,” he repeated with emphasis, “and a rather Protean supernumerary,” added he, with a smile, “who can fill my sister’s place when she is too unwell, or my daughters’ when they are too young, or my own when I am too busy.”

Live with Miss Dudley! Live at Barberry Beach! Go there and not have to come away! Leave my guardian, and Julia, and the baby! Leave our dear old house! Go away and have to stay! I had not breath, even if I had had decision enough to say whether I would or not; and little Phil woke up and protested loudly, and had to be taken up and given to Rosanna.

“I must not hurry you by surprise into an answer,” resumed Mr. Dudley, mildly, after a pause that had already lasted too long and was growing awkward.

“Does Miss Dudley desire it!” returned I, still more awkwardly.

The speech was an involuntary exclamation, rather than a question; but he naturally took it literally. “Desire the arrangement? Yes. Dream of it? No!” said he. “That is to say, she supposes you, as I did when I left her this morning, a fixture here; but I have often heard her envy Mrs. Physick the possession of you, and wish that she could find your duplicate; and I will be her surety for her thorough delight, if I can secure you for her. She is an almost unchangeable person—in her likings.”

He was rising to go.

“I may take time to consider?”

“Certainly, certainly,—and to consult your friends—in confidence. I should not wish the negotiation, while pending, to come by any chance to my sister’s ears. I wish to spare her dis-

appointment if it falls through; and, even if it succeeds, any suspense is bad for the sleep of an invalid.”

“I may take a week or two?” I rejoined. He was moving towards the door; and I was afraid that I might be appearing very pertinacious; but I was indeed taken by surprise, and still quite bewildered.

“‘A week?’ Certainly. ‘Two?’ Why, a fortnight from to-day will be my sister’s birthday,” said he, with an almost boyish expression of eagerness and animation, which contrasted strikingly enough with his snowy hair. “I must have something ready for her then that she will like. Miss Morne, it would be very pleasant if I *could* tell her in the morning, on that day, that she might have you!”

“O, then I will surely decide and let you know before that, Mr. Dudley,” said I, feeling as if he had used a strong argument in favor of my consent; and so we parted.

When my guardian came in, he found me sitting with my hands folded for once on a week-day.

“Well, Katy,” said he, “have you had a call from Mr. Dudley?”

“Indeed I have!”

“What did you say to his terms?”

“Why, now I think of it, he did not mention any!”

“He did to me,—hundred dollars a year!”

“Why,” exclaimed I, springing up and feeling as if I were springing up into a nabob, “I can’t be worth nearly so much!—am I?”

“By Julia’s appraisal and mine you are, and more,” said he, affectionately, “if we were only in circumstances to afford ourselves the monopoly of such luxuries. According to prices current, you are not, I believe; but Mr. Dudley’s conscience does not appear to be exactly regulated by prices current. He said that that was no more than he should be obliged to give to the young man who would accept the place, if you refused it; that he believed you might soon become nearly as useful to him as the young man would be, and that he

knew you could be much more useful to Miss Dudley and the children. Of course, it was not for me to dispute the point with him."

Julia, after a hasty look at the baby in the kitchen, came in and caught me by the hand with a swimming smile. "Well, Katy," cried she, "shall you go?"

"I don't know. I am so astonished. Had I better?"

"We can't advise: we are interested parties," said she, turning her face away and hurrying out of the room again.

"You see how it is," said her husband, sitting down in front of me, as if for an examination and prescription. "Julia hates the thought of parting with you; and, for that matter, so do I. But it is my duty to look to your interests. At present, if I should die, there is almost no provision for you. You are strong enough to work for yourself now; but no mortal strength is to be reckoned upon further than we can see it. There is really no chance of your getting either of *the* schools here, I find; and a school would n't pay. You want to clear off the mortgage?"

"Why, yes. So I could, could not I, soon, with such a salary as that?"

"Yes. It is a better one than you would be at all likely to get anywhere as a teacher; and you would be close by, where you could see us whenever you liked, and where I could see to you, if anything was the matter. Then, keeping school did not appear to agree with you, and being with Miss Dudley always does."

"So it does; but going away from all of you, at a minute's notice, does not quite so well." I was afraid he was not quite sorry enough, and meant to make him so. He held his tongue, and served me right.

"It seems almost like a caprice in them to take such a sudden fancy to me," said I, quarrelling with my bread and butter, as a kitten growls at and shakes her meat for the very reason that she is so delighted with it. "They are so very little acquainted with me!"

"Don't trust to that to play any of your tricks with them, pussy. I heard Master Paul say, the last time I paid my respects to his arm: 'You know this was quite a wild place when we first colonized it? Well, one day when Aunt Lizzy walked out, she met with a lynx and changed eyes with him.'"

"What can they really know about me?" persisted I perversely.

"Set your heart at rest. They know quite enough about you," said he, setting up his eyebrows with a queer look. "Before Miss Dudley ever saw you, I told her the worst she had to expect. It was painful; but I thought it my duty; and I did not shrink from it."

"Ah, now, Doctor, what did you tell her?"

"Ah, what did I?" repeated he with a meditative air of self-examination. "If you ask her, perhaps she will tell you."

"No matter; you'll tell Julia; and I can get it all out of her just as well."

"No; I sha'n't tell Julia," said he, getting up and walking off,—and I never could find out that he did.

He had counselled me against his pleasure, I believe,—against his interest, I am sure. Real estate was rising every day in Beverly; and he would have been glad, on every account but mine, to own our house.

George was very angry when he heard how cheap it had been sold, and came down to Beverly, and talked of prosecuting Dr. Physick for a fraud. But the lawyer whom he consulted—an honest man, and well affected towards my mother and all her children—told him that he was well known to have himself forced the property into the market against advice and entreaty; that everything had been done fairly and openly; and that nothing but mortification and further loss could come of his carrying his cause into court.

My guardian reminded George of the letter my mother had sent him. He treated the whole story as a fabrication of ours, and denied that any such document had ever been signed by her, seen by him, or sent by me. The

attested copy was then produced. He looked confounded, blushed very deeply, and said no more. The Doctor thought he had received the letter. I suspected that, owing to the distress of mind in which I was when I thought I sent it, I might have forgotten to put it into the envelope with my own, though I was not apt to be so careless. At any rate, there the matter dropped. Fanny, warned by our early experience, had taken care in the outset of her illness to make her will in form, leaving George my mother's Bible, and me residuary legatee of everything else except some trifling keepsakes. Thus he had no further legal claim upon me; and, though I thought it my duty to write to him from time to time, I seldom saw or heard from him for years.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next day I called for Nelly to take a long walk with me. She had usually seemed much more cheerful since the last conversation between us which I have repeated; and I had often been able to draw her out to talk with me about books she had read, and other topics of general interest, which I thought far better for her, as well as pleasanter for me, than a constant harping upon herself and her ruling idea. She had much more cleverness than she was wont to show to strangers; and when her mind could be diverted, her bright little sayings often made both of us merry. On this afternoon, however, the ground was snowy and the sky cloudy; and she seemed to be *under the weather*, and glided at my side mute as a winter robin.

I indulged her mood. I was myself full of dumb thoughts and feelings. Emma had written me another letter, urging me to be present at her wedding,—which was to take place, as it happened, upon Miss Dudley's birthday,—and inviting me to be her bridesmaid. I had been obliged to answer her this time, of course, without delay, and to send such an answer as it was

painful to me to send, and would be to her, I feared, to receive.

I assured her of my interest in the occasion, and begged her to believe, as I did, that, from the morning to the night of the day, it would scarcely be out of my mind, and that I did and should pray that it might be a most happy day, and followed by many happy anniversaries to her and her husband; but that there were difficulties in the way of my accepting her invitation which it would be useless to state, as it was impossible to remove them. O, it was a hard letter to write!

But it was written now and gone,—gone, I said to myself, as much as it would be a thousand years hence; and so was the white *catch-all*, which I had trimmed with bridal satin ribbons, and painted with orange-blossoms and green leaves for Emma. And the rush of days that was now hurrying me on so fast to her wedding-day would soon be hurrying me on as fast away from it; and then the worst would be over, and my living dread would be converted into only a dead certainty.

In the mean time, it was a bright side not to be forgotten, that now again a change was offered me, and in many respects such an inviting change! Therefore I turned my mind with all my strength to the proposal of Mr. Dudley.

My mother used to say to me, "When you desire strongly to do anything, first consider strongly whether there is any good reason why you should not do it; and then, if there is none, thank God and do it." I have often thought, as I have gone on in life, how much more innocent society might be, on the one hand, and, on the other, how much more spontaneous, various, and joyous, if more persons followed her simple and obvious rule. How many congenial and harmless, not to say praiseworthy things, do many of us sooner or later refrain from doing, because our neighbors either do not do them, or say they do not see how we can want to do them, or else *might* say that it was strange that we should do them.

None of these stumbling-blocks came

much in my way this time. Notwithstanding,—I hope I *was* not proud, and I am sure I did not mean to be; but I will not say whether I think I was or not, because I have never found that people's statement of their own opinion with regard to their own qualities threw much light upon them,—I had some doubts about the effect which my entering the service of Miss Dudley's family might have on the nature of that intercourse with them, and especially with her, which had lately been the chief entertainment and joy of my life. It was so long since I had felt myself under orders, that I could scarcely remember *how* I had felt under orders. My mother settled with me so far back in the dark ages the point, that when she said I must, I must, that she scarcely ever within my recollection had any occasion to say it at all; and a guardian of thirty-four or thirty-five found little opportunity or temptation to exert his authority over a ward of seventeen or eighteen. In the pay and service of this family, should I be able to behave myself agreeably to them? and would they continue to behave themselves agreeably to me?

I hoped so. I believed so. The original little shrew seemed at present to have been pretty nearly chastened and disciplined out of the Katharine; and if

“E'en in her ashes lived their wonted fires,”

I could hardly conceive of anybody's ever being pettish or saucy to any one of the denizens of Barberry Beach,—except, perhaps, to Master Paul, whom Nature had admirably qualified for self-defence,—

“There's such divinity doth hedge a *Dudley*!”

as I once heard Dr. Edward Arden say. On the other hand, their own courtesy to all their dependents according to the degree of each, was so perfect, that their orders sounded not unlike orders of dignity conferred. I should probably improve and enjoy myself in many ways among them, if I went, and have many a chance to be of use and give pleasure to the dear lady of my heart. Perhaps

I should have one of those lovely little chambers that looked out on the water! “If Miss Dudley likes to have you, and you like to go, then why should n't you go?” I could find no good reason why I should not. I would “thank God and do it.”

“What are you stopping for, Nelly? You'll take cold if you don't walk, dear. Come!”

“I want to ride,” cried she, gazing wistfully back up the pale road.

“What?” said I, thinking I had perhaps heard wrong out of my brown study. “There's nothing for us to ride in. Don't you see?—That's a hearse!”

“I want to ride!” she repeated, staring miserably up into my face. “O, I *want* to ride!”

Without another word or thought but of appeasing her, I beckoned to the old driver. He drew up and stopped, looking surprised. “Can you take us a little way with you? My companion seems tired of walking.”

“Wal, yes,” answered he in a piping, whistling voice; “I cal'late I ken, ef you hev n't no objections to the kind o' the kerridge. Most folks hez. I hev n't; nor I don't know why nobody should. We've all on us got to take a cast in it some time or 'nother, from them that takes their rides in the barouge now, to them that rides in the jail-cart; an' I expect to some it's the most easin' kind of a ride ever they gits. Jest you clamber over, young miss, an' set on the coffin,—and you too 'm; there ain't no more room here 'n I hev to hev. What you 'feard on? It's strong enough to hold ye. You'll hev a better place in there nor I hev here. The curtains keeps out the sharp wind, an' the glare o' the snow to the eyes. My passenger won't say nothin' to ye, nor mind ye none nother. He's a work'us chap, an' never was in such pleasant company afore in his life.”

Nelly was in, in a moment. I did not know how to resist. I was under a nightmare. It was as if I had been hurried out of one dream into another,—an awful other,—that yet was not all a

dream. The coffin received us. The black curtains flapped around us like the wings of a brooding bat. We went on almost noiselessly with the silent dead towards the graveyard. It was dark and cold. I thought of those I loved, who had lately travelled that road already, not to return,—of those who might be doomed soon to follow. I could not speak; but the low murmuring tones of Nelly, talking in her dreamiest way with the driver, fell on my ear like the voice of my own soul.

"You bury many people, I suppose, every year?"

"O' course we doos,—all we ken."

"People of all ages?" (She would sometimes, when she was in one of these moods, ask questions which a child eight years old might answer. For this she was charged by some persons with affectation; but I thought it came rather from an instinctive effort made by her groping mind to catch hold of some tangible assurance of realities from without the world of shadows amidst which she lived.)

"O' course we doos. It don't make no difference to us. The heft o' none on 'em ain't gin'rally sech as to break down our team, by the time they comes to take their passage in it. They dies, an' the friends pays; an' we buries 'em, an' there's a end on 't."

"Which do you bury the most of,—young people or old?"

"Youngsters, nat'rally. They is n't so many old uns left to bury."

"Did you ever bury anybody about my age?"

"I guess I never buried nobody that asked me sech a lot o' silly questions."

Nelly shrank into herself, as she always did at a rebuff. We glided on like a party of mutes. The stillness was more harrowing than the speech had been. Hoping that she was satisfied, or that at least a sufficient change had been given to the current of her thoughts, I was feeling for my purse to fee the driver and escape from the situation, when he, relenting, as if soothed by the accustomed silence, spoke again: "Come to think on it,

now, I buried a miss, that didn't look no great older'n you be, somewhere about the beginnin' o' the fall, from Dr. Physick's; an' that ar' looks like her very pictur' come to life ag'in a settin' by ye."

Nelly turned sharp round upon me as if struck by a sudden thought. "Katy, Katy, what makes you look so? Are you dying? You look as if you were dead! O, let us get out!"

"O, let us get out!" gasped I after her.

"Want to know, now!" said he in a tone of condolence, reining in his slow horse, and stiffly climbing down himself to help me. "I never thought nothin'."

"Pay him, Nelly," said I, thrusting my purse back to her, as I tottered up the snow-bank to lean on the stone wall at the side of the road.

"Bless ye!" cried he, climbing in again to drive off, "I'll let ye off from payin', if ye'll excuse me for speakin' without thinkin'."

I sat down for a moment on a frosty stone, that had rolled from its place. The fresh air was doing me good; but I was dazzled and dizzy.

Nelly fell on her knees upon the snow before me, and threw her arms around my waist. "Katy, Katy," cried she, "what have I done to you! After all that you have done for me! Never to think of you! O, what a selfish wretch I was! I hope this will be a lesson to me for life!"

"And to me, too!" said I, as well as I could. The world began to stand still, and I stood up.

"You are too sick to stand! O Katy, forgive me!"

"I will lean on you for a few steps; you'll take cold if we stay here. O Nelly, how little we shall care for what lies behind us,—how much will lie before us,—the next time we ride in a hearse!"

"God is merciful," said she, turning paler.

"Yes, He is merciful; but in His mercy He offers us holiness so much beyond what most people reach,—so awfully far above what we have won!

It would be such a miserably different thing, just barely to be dragged into heaven as penitent sinners, from what it would be to be borne in, in triumph, as glorified saints."

"Saints! Could I be a saint? I never thought I could be anything after I found I could not be a happy—Katy, *how* you looked when you said that!—as if your face caught the reflection of a ready glory that hung over your head! Don't die! Forgive me."

"I thank you," answered I, rallying more and more; "thanks to you, we have, each of us, had a lesson we can never forget. Certainly every hearer ought to have written upon it, for a motto, the words 'This I say unto you, The time henceforth is short, in order that those who weep may be as though they wept not, and those that rejoice as those that rejoice not, and the using this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.' You know what the undertaker said?" I continued, smiling through a few tears that would come; "he expected a ride with him was to some the most *easin'* kind of a ride that ever they had. I *expect* it has been so to me. I shall think of it henceforward as an antidote, whenever passing things make me unhappy."

"You unhappy, Katy! O, how sorry I am! I was too selfish to imagine anybody could be unhappy but I. Are you unhappy?"

"Sometimes;—everybody is."

"And I have made you more so."

"You will make me less so another time; and then it will be even."

"I ought. You have made me less so a great deal, for these last few weeks, and, on the whole, ever since I knew you. You must not think you have failed altogether because I have behaved so to-day. I can't guess what got into me. I never mean to do so again. I have been better, and I will be better."

"If the disorder has assumed the intermittent form," said I, profession-

ally, mimicking my guardian, "it ought to go off upon a course of bark. What do you say to trying a little hard, real work by way of bitters?"

"I do not care. After what I have done, you cannot ask of me anything but what I will do."

"Then let us keep a sewing-school once a week for some of the poor little waifs and strays about the streets. We can read them a story, and give them a cake, and make it a little treat to them."

"I will, and begin with the dirtiest and the naughtiest."

Thus prosaically our grim adventure ended. I had been revolving the plan of the sewing-school in my own mind for some time before, especially for Nelly's benefit; but she was generally indisposed to active exertion, and averse to practical matters. Therefore I had been obliged to watch for a favorable *opening*, which her penitence afforded me. As I did not wish to put it to too hard a test, and for other reasons also, I discouraged, however, the idea of giving the precedence to the naughtiest and dirtiest children. We decided that I should ask Miss Trimmer of the town school, a worthy young woman with whom I was acquainted, to choose out the best six of the motherless poor little girls among her pupils to form the nucleus of our class, that we might train them for tame elephants to help us to break in the wild ones. In the mean time, I thought that, if we succeeded in making them enjoy themselves, their reports would make their mates eager to be admitted likewise, as they might be afterwards by instalments, bearing tickets of recommendation from their mistress as rewards for good conduct in the public school. I hoped also to be able, through Miss Trimmer, to get leave to teach them through the cold weather in the school-house, before the fires went out on Wednesday afternoon; and Julia cheerfully promised us the use of her arbor and garden in the summer.

A DRIFT-WOOD FIRE.

"This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
 Every nighte and alle,
 Fire and salt and candle-lighte,
 And Christe receive thy saule."

A Lyke-Wake Dirge.

THE October days grow rapidly shorter, and brighten with more concentrated light. It is but half past five, yet the sun dips redly behind Conanicut, the sunset-gun booms from our neighbor's yacht, the flag glides down from his mainmast, and the slender pennant, running airily up the opposite halcyards, dances and flickers like a flame, and at last perches, with dainty hesitation, at the mast-head. A tint of salmon-color, burnished into long undulations of lustre, overspreads the shallower waves; but a sober gray seems to steal in beneath the sunset rays, and will soon claim even the brilliant foreground for its own. Pile a few more fragments of drift-wood upon the fire in the great chimney, little maiden, and then couch yourself before it, that I may have your glowing childhood as a foreground for those heaped relics of shipwreck and despair. You seem, in your scarlet boating-dress, Annie, like some bright tropic bird, alit for a moment beside that other bird of the tropics, flame.

Thoreau thought that his genius dated from an earlier period than the agricultural, because he preferred woodcraft to gardening; and I am content to fancy that mine appertains to the period when men had invented neither saws nor axes, but simply picked up their fuel in forests or on ocean-shores. Fire is a thing that comes so near us, and combines itself so closely with our life, that we enjoy it best when we work for it in some way, so that our fuel shall warm us twice, as the country people say, — once in the obtaining, and again in the burning. Yet no work seems to have more of the flavor of play in it than that of collecting drift-wood on

some convenient beach, or than this boat-service of ours, Annie, when we go wandering from island on to island in the harbor, and glide over sea-weed groves and the habitations of crabs, — or to the flowery and ruined bastions of Rose Island, — or to those caves at Coaster's Harbor where we played Victor Hugo, and were eaten up in fancy by a cuttle-fish. Then we voyaged, you remember, to that further cave, in the solid rock, just above low-water-mark, a cell unapproachable by land, and high enough for you to stand erect. There you wished to play Constance in *Marion*, and to be walled up alive, if convenient; but as it proved inconvenient on that day, you helped me to secure some bits of drift-wood instead. Longer voyages brought waifs from remoter islands, whose very names tell perchance the changing story of mariners long since wrecked, — isles baptized *Patience* and *Prudence*, *Hope* and *Despair*. And other relics bear witness of more distant beaches, and of those wrecks which still lie, sentinels of ruin, along *Brenton's Point* and *Castle Hill*.

To collect drift-wood is like botanizing, and one soon learns to recognize the prevailing species, and look with pleased eagerness for new. It is a tragic botany indeed, where, as in enchanted gardens, each specimen has a voice, and, as you take each from the ground, you expect from it a cry like the mandrake's. And from what a garden it comes! As one walks round *Brenton's Point* after an autumnal storm, it seems as if the passionate heaving of the waves had brought wholly new tints to the surface, hues unseen even in dreams before, greens and purples impossible in serener days.

These match the prevailing green and purple of the slate-cliffs ; and Nature in truth carries such fine fitnesses yet further. For, as we tread the delicate sea-side turf, which makes the farthest point seem merely the land's last bequest of emerald to the ocean, we suddenly come upon curved lines of lustrous purple amid the grass, rows on rows of bright muscle-shells, regularly traced as if a child had played there, the graceful high-water-mark of the terrible storm. It is the crowning fascination of the sea, the consummation of such might in such infantine delicacy. One feels it again in the summer, when our bay is thronged for miles on miles with inch-long jelly-fishes, — lovely creatures, in shape like disembodied gooseberries, and shot through and through in the sunlight with all manner of blue and golden glistenings, and with tiny rows of fringing oars that tremble like a baby's eyelids. There is less of gross substance in them than in any created thing, — mere water and outline, destined to perish at a touch, but seemingly never touching, for they float secure, finding no conceivable cradle so soft as this awful sea. They are like melodies amid Beethoven's Symphonies, or like the songs that wander through Shakespeare, and that seem things too fragile to risk near Cleopatra's passion and Hamlet's woe. Thus tender is the touch of ocean ; and look, how around this piece of oaken timber, twisted and torn and furrowed, — its iron bolts snapped across as if bitten, — there is yet twined a gay garland of ribbon-weed, bearing on its trailing stem a cluster of bright shells, like a mermaid's *chatelaine*.

Thus adorned, we place it on the blaze. As night gathers without, the gale rises. It is a season of uneasy winds, and of strange, rainless storms, which perplex the fishermen, and indicate rough weather out at sea. As the house trembles and the windows rattle, we turn towards the fire with a feeling of safety. Representing the fiercest of all dangers, it yet indicates security and comfort. Should a gale tear the

roof from over our heads and show the black sky alone above us, we should not feel utterly homeless while this fire burned ; — such a feeling of protection at least I can recall, when once left suddenly roofless by night in one of the wild gorges of Mount Katahdin. There is a positive demonstrative force in an open fire, which makes it a fit ally in a storm. Settled and obdurate cold may well be encountered by the quiet heat of an invisible furnace. But this howling wind might depress one's spirits, were it not met by a force as palpable, — the blast within answering to the blast without. The chimney then becomes the scene of contest, — wind meets wind, sparks encounter rain-drops, they fight in the air like the visioned soldiers of Attila ; sometimes a daring drop penetrates and dies hissing on the hearth ; and sometimes a troop of sparks make a sortie from the chimney-top. I know not how else we can meet the elements by a defiance so magnificent as that of an open hearth ; and in burning drift-wood, especially, we turn against the enemy his own ammunition. For on these fragments three elements have already done their work. Water racked and strained the hapless ships, air hunted them, and they were thrown at last upon earth, the sternest of all. Then fire took the shattered remnants, and made them into an adequate defence for us against all three.

It has been pointed out by botanists, as one of Nature's most graceful retributions, that, in the building of the ship, the apparent balance of vegetable forces is reversed, and the herb becomes master of the tree ; when the delicate blue-eyed flax, taking the stately pine under its protection, spreads over it in cordage, or expands in sails. But more graceful still is this further contest between the great natural elements, when this most fantastic and vanishing thing, this delicate and dancing flame, subdues all these huge vassals to its will, and, after earth and air and water have done their utmost, comes in to complete the task, and

be crowned as monarch. "The sea drinks the air," said Anacreon, "and the sun the sea." My fire is the child of the sun.

I come back from every evening stroll to this gleaming blaze; it is a domestic lamp, and shines for me everywhere. It seems to burn visibly through the dark houses, lighting up the whole of this little fishing hamlet, which forms the outer edge of the fashionable watering-place. I fancy that others too perceive it, and that certain visitors are attracted, even when the storm keeps neighbors and friends at home. For the slightest presage of foul weather is sure to bring to the opposite anchorage a dozen silent vessels, that glide up the harbor for refuge, and are heard but once, when the chain-cable rattles as it runs out, and the iron hand of the anchor grasps the rock. It always seems to me that these unwieldy visitors are gathered not about the neighboring lighthouse only, but around our ingle-side. Welcome, ye great winged strangers, whose very names are unknown. This hearth is comprehensive in its hospitalities; it will accept from you either its fuel or its guests; your mariners may warm themselves beside it, or your scattered timbers may warm me. Strange instincts might be supposed to thrill and shudder in the ribs of ships that sail toward the beacon of a drift-wood fire. *Morituri salutant.* A single shock, and all that magnificent fabric is perhaps mere fuel to prolong the flame.

Here, beside the roaring ocean, this blaze represents the only receptacle more vast than ocean. We say, "unstable as water." But there is nothing unstable about this flickering flame: it is persistent and desperate, relentless in following its ends. It is the most tremendous physical force that man can use. "If drugs fail," said Hippocrates, "use the knife; should the knife fail, use fire." Conquered countries were anciently given over to fire and sword; the latter could only kill, but the other could annihilate. See how thoroughly it does its

work, even when domesticated: it takes up everything upon the hearth and leaves all clean. The Greek proverb says, that "the sea drinks up all the sins of the world." It is the most capacious of all things, save fire only. But its task is left incomplete: it only hides its records, while fire destroys them. In the Norse Edda, when the gods try their games, they find themselves able to out-drink the ocean, but not to eat like the flame. Logi, or fire, licks up food and trencher and all. This chimney is more voracious than the sea. Give time enough, and all which yonder depths contain shall pass through this insatiable throat, leaving only a few ashes and the memory of a flickering shade, — *pulvis et umbra*. We recognize this when we have anything to conceal. Deep crimes are buried in earth, deeper are sunk in water, but the deepest of all are confided by trembling men to the profounder secrecy of flame. If every old chimney could narrate the fearful deeds whose last records it has cancelled, what sighs of undying passion would breathe from its dark summit, — what groans of guilt! Those lurid sparks that whirl over yonder house-top, tossed aloft as if fire itself could not contain them, may be the last embers of some written scroll, one rescued word of which might suffice for the ruin of a household, and the crushing of many hearts. "Behold," shrieks the blast, "it is the last opportunity." Withhold thy secrets, fearful witness, and treasure not wrath against the day of wrath.

But this domestic hearth of ours holds only, beside its drift-wood, the peaceful records of the day, — its shreds and fragments and fallen leaves. As the ancients poured wine upon their flames, so I pour rose-leaves in libation; and each day contributes the faded petals of yesterday's wreaths. All our roses of this season have passed up this chimney in the blaze. Their delicate veins were filled with all the summer's fire, and they returned to fire once more, — ashes to ashes, flame

to flame. For holding, with Bettina, that every flower which is broken becomes immortal in the sacrifice, I deem it more fitting that their earthly part should die by a concentration of that burning element which would at any rate be in some form their ending; so they have their altar on this bright hearth.

Let us pile up the fire anew with drift-wood, Annie. We can choose at random; for our logs came from no single forest. It is considered an important branch of skill in the country to know the varieties of fire-wood, and to choose among them well. But to-night we have the whole Atlantic shore for our wood-pile, and the Gulf Stream for a teamster. Every foreign tree of rarest name may, for aught we know, send its treasures to our hearth. Log-wood and satinwood may mingle with cedar and maple; the old cellar-floors of this once princely town are of mahogany, and why not our fire? I have a very indistinct impression what teak is; but if it means something black and impenetrable and nearly indestructible, then there is a piece of it, Annie, on the hearth at this moment.

It must be owned, indeed, that timbers soaked long enough in salt-water seem almost to lose their capacity of being burnt. Perhaps it was for this reason, that, in the ancient "lyke-wakes" of the North of England, a pinch of salt was placed upon the dead body, as a safeguard against purgatorial flames. Yet salt melts ice, and so tends to warmth, one would think; and one can fancy that these fragments should be doubly inflammable, by their saline quality, and by the unmerciful rubbing which the waves have given them. For see what warmth this churning process communicates to the clotted foam which lies in tremulous masses among the rocks, holding all the blue of ocean in its bubbles. After one's hands are chilled with the water, one can warm them in the foam. These drift-wood fragments are but the larger foam of shipwrecks.

What strange comrades this flame

brings together. As foreign sailors from remotest seas may sit and chat side by side, before some boarding-house fire in this seaport town, so these shapeless sticks, perhaps gathered from far wider wanderings, now nestle together against the back-log, and converse in strange dialects as they burn. It is written in the Hectopades of Veeshnoo Sarma, that, "as two planks, floating on the surface of the mighty receptacle of the waters, meet, and having met are separated forever, so do beings in this life come together and presently are parted." Perchance this chimney reunites the planks, at the last moment, as death must reunite friends.

And with what wondrous voices these strayed wanderers talk to each other on the hearth! They bewitch us by the mere fascination of their language. Such a delicacy of intonation, yet such a volume of sound. The murmur of the surf is not so soft or so solemn. There are the merest hints and tracers of tones, phantom voices, more remote from noise than anything which is noise; and yet there is an undertone of roar, as of a thousand cities, the cities whence these wild voyagers came. Watch the decreasing sounds of a fire as it dies,—for it seems cruel to leave it, as we do, to die alone. I watched beside this hearth last night. As the fire sank down, the little voices grew stiller and more still, and at last there came only irregular beats, at varying intervals, as if from a heart that acted spasmodically, or as if it were measuring off by ticks the little remnant of time. Then it said, "Hush!" two or three times, and there came something so like a sob that it seemed human; and then all was still.

If these dying voices are so sweet and subtle, what legends must be held untold by yonder fragments that lie unconsumed! Photography has familiarized us with the thought that every visible act, since the beginning of the world, has stamped itself upon surrounding surfaces, even if we have not yet skill to discern and hold the image.

And especially, in looking on a liquid mirror, such as the ocean in calm, one is haunted with these fancies. I gaze into its depths, and wonder if no stray vestige has been imprisoned there, still accessible to human eyes, of some scene of passion or despair it has witnessed ; as a maiden visitor at Holyrood Palace, looking in the ancient metallic mirror, starts at the thought that perchance some lineament of Mary Stuart may suddenly look out, in desolate and forgotten beauty, mingled with her own. And if the mere waters of the ocean, satiate and wearied with tragedy as they must be, still keep for our fancy such records, how much more might we attribute a human consciousness to these shattered fragments, each seared by its own special grief.

In their silence, I like to trace back for these component parts of my fire such brief histories as I share. This block, for instance, came from the large schooner which now lies at the end of Castle Hill Beach, bearing still aloft its broken masts and shattered rigging, and with its keel yet stanch, except that the stern-post is gone,—so that each tide sweeps in its green harvest of glossy kelp, and then tosses it in the hold like hay, desolately tenanting the place which once sheltered men. The floating weed, so graceful in its liberty, seems a pathetic symbol there. On that fearfully cold Monday of last winter (January 8, 1866), with the mercury at -10° , even in this mildest corner of New England, this vessel was caught helplessly amid the ice that drifted out of the west passage of Narragansett Bay, before the fierce north-wind. They tried to beat into the eastern entrance, but the schooner seemed in sinking condition, the sails and helm were clogged with ice, and every rope, as an eyewitness told me, was as large as a man's body with frozen sleet. Twice they tacked across, making no progress ; and then, to save their lives, ran the vessel on the rocks and got ashore. After they had left her, a higher wave swept her off, and drifted her into a little cove, where she has lain ever since.

There were twelve wrecks along this shore last winter,—more than during any season for a quarter of a century. I remember when the first of these lay in great fragments on Graves Point, a schooner having been stranded on Cormorant Rocks outside, and there broken in pieces by the surf. She had been split lengthwise, and one great side was leaning up against the sloping rock, bows on, like some wild sea creature never before beheld of men, and come there but to die. The wreck appeared so alive, that when I afterwards saw men at work upon it, tearing out the iron bolts and chains, it seemed like torturing the last moments of a living thing. At my next visit there was no person in sight ; another companion fragment had floated ashore, and the two lay peacefully beside the sailors' graves, (which give the name to the point,) as if they found comfort there. A little farther on, there was a brig ashore and deserted. A fog came in from the sea ; and, as I sat by the graves, some unseen passing vessel struck eight bells for noon. It seemed as if it came from the empty brig, a ghostly call, to summon phantom sailors.

Yonder burning brand, which seems to bear witness in its smouldering lustre of the strange wreck from which it came, I brought from Price's Neck last winter, when the Brenton's Reef Light-ship went ashore. Yonder the oddly shaped vessel rides at anchor now, two miles from land, bearing her lanterns aloft at fore and main top. She parted her moorings by night, in the fearful storm of October 19, 1865 ; and I well remember, that, as I walked through the streets that wild evening, it seemed dangerous to be out of doors, and I tried to imagine what was going on at sea, while at that very moment the light-ship was driving on toward me in the darkness. Let me tell the story.

There had been a heavy gale from the southeast, which, after a few hours of lull, suddenly changed in the afternoon to the southwest, which is, on this coast, the prevailing direction. Beginning about three, this new wind had

risen almost to a hurricane by six, and held with equal fury till midnight, after which it greatly diminished, though, when I visited the wreck next morning, it was hard to walk against the blast. The light-ship went adrift at eight in the evening; the men let go another anchor, with forty fathoms of cable; this parted also, but the cable dragged, keeping the vessel's head to the wind, as she drifted in, which was greatly to her advantage. The great waves took her over five lines of reef, on each of which her keel grazed or held for a time. She came ashore on Price's Neck at last, about eleven.

It was utterly dark; the sea broke high over the ship, even over her lanterns, and the crew could only guess that they were near the land by the sound of the surf. The captain was not on board, and the mate was in command, though his leg had been broken while holding the tiller. They could not hear each other's voices, and could scarcely cling to the deck. There seemed every chance that the ship would go to pieces before daylight. At last one of the crew, named William Martin, a Scotchman, thinking, as he afterwards told me, of his wife and three children, and of the others on board who had families, — and that something must be done, and he might as well do it as anybody, — got a rope bound around his waist, and sprang overboard. I asked the mate next day whether he ordered Martin to do this, and he said, "No, he volunteered it. I would not have ordered him, for I would not have done it myself." What made the thing most remarkable was, that the man actually could not swim, and did not know how far off the shore was, but trusted to the waves to take him thither, — perhaps two hundred yards. His trust was repaid. Struggling in the mighty surf, he sometimes felt the rocks beneath his feet, sometimes bruised his hands against them. At any rate he got on shore alive, and, securing his rope, made his way over the moors to the town, and summoned his captain, who was asleep in his own

house. They returned at once to the spot, found the line still fast, and the rest of the crew, four in number, lowered the whaleboat, and were pulled on shore by the rope, landing safely before daybreak.

When I saw the vessel next morning, she lay in a little cove, stern-on, not wholly out of water, — steady and upright as in a dry-dock, with no sign of serious injury, except that the rudder was gone. She did not seem like a wreck; the men were the wrecks. As they lay among the rocks, bare or tattered, scarcely able to move, waiting for low tide to go on board the vessel, it seemed like a scene after a battle. They appeared too inert, poor fellows, to do anything but yearn toward the sun. When they changed position for shelter, from time to time, they seemed instinctively to crawl along the rocks, rather than walk. They were like the little floating sprays of sea-weed, when you take them from the water and they become a mere mass of pulp in your hand. Martin seemed to share in the general exhaustion, and no wonder; but he told his story very simply, and showed me where he had landed, though the feat seemed to me then, and has always seemed, almost incredible, even for an expert swimmer. He thus summed up the motives for his action: "I thought that God was first, and I was next, and if I did the best I could, no man could do more than that; so I jumped overboard." It is pleasant to add, that, though a poor man, he utterly declined one of those small donations of money by which we Anglo-Saxons rather incline to express our personal enthusiasms; and I think I appreciated his whole action the more for its coming just at the close of a war, during which so many had readily accepted their award of praise or pay for acts of less intrinsic daring than his.

Stir the fire, Annie, with yonder broken fragment of a flag-staff; its truck is still remaining, though the flag is gone, and every nation might claim it. As you stir, the burning brands evince a remembrance of their

sea-tost life, the sparks drift away like foam-flakes, the flames wave and flap like sails, and the wail of the chimney seems a second shipwreck. As the tiny scintillations gleam and scatter and vanish in the soot of the chimney-wall, instead of "There goes the parson, and there goes the clerk," it must be the captain and the crew we watch. A drift-wood fire should always have children to tend it; for there is something childlike about it, unlike the steadier glow of walnut logs. It has a coaxing, infantile way of playing with the oddly shaped bits of wood we give it, and of deserting one to caress with flickering impulse another; and at night, when it needs to be extinguished, it is as hard to put to rest as a nursery of children, for some bright little head is constantly springing up anew, from its pillow of ashes. And, in turn, what endless delight children find in the manipulation of a fire!

What a variety of playthings, too, in this fuel of ours; such inexplicable pieces, treenails and tholepins, trucks and sheaves, the lid of a locker, and a broken capstan-bar. These larger fragments are from spars and planks and knees. Some were dropped overboard in this quiet harbor; others may have floated from Fayal or Hispaniola, Mozambique or Zanzibar. This eagle figure-head, chipped and battered, but still possessing highly aquiline features and a single eye, may have tangled its curved beak in the vast weed-beds of the Sargasso Sea ere now, or dipped it in the Sea of Milk. Tell us your story, O heroic but dilapidated bird, and perhaps song or legend may find in it themes that shall be immortal.

The eagle is silent, and I suspect, Annie, that he is but a plain, home-bred fowl after all. But what shall we say to this piece of plank, hung with barnacles that look large enough for the fabled barnacle-geese to emerge from? Observe this fragment a little. Another piece is secured to it, not neatly, as with proper tools, but clumsily, with many nails of different sizes, driven unevenly and with their heads battered

awry. Wedged clumsily in between these pieces, and secured by a supplementary nail, is a bit of broken rope. Let us touch that rope tenderly; for who knows what despairing hands may last have clutched it, when this rude raft was made. It may, indeed, have been the handiwork of children, on the Penobscot or the St. Mary's River. But its condition betokens long voyages, and it may as well have come from the stranded "Golden Rule" on Roncador Reef, — that picturesque shipwreck where (as a rescued woman told me) the eyes of the people in their despair seemed full of sublime resignation, there was no confusion or outcry, and even the professional gamblers on board, with their female companions, looked death in the face as nobly, for all that could be seen, as the saintly and the pure. Or who knows but it floated round Cape Horn, from that other wreck, on the Pacific shore, of the "Central America," where the rough miners found that there was room in the boats only for their wives and their gold, and, pushing them off, with a few men to row them, the doomed husbands gave a cheer of courage as the ship went down.

Here again is a piece of pine wood, cut in notches as for a tally, and with every seventh notch the longest; these notches having been cut deeply at the beginning, and feebly afterwards, stopping abruptly before the end was reached. Who could have carved it? Not a school-boy awaiting vacation, or a soldier expecting his discharge; for then each tally would have been cut off, instead of added. Nor could it be the squad of two soldiers who garrisoned Rose Island; for their tour of duty lasts but a week. There are small barnacles and sea-weed too, which give the mysterious stick a sort of brevet antiquity. It has been long adrift, and these little barnacles, opening and closing daily their minute valves, have kept perchance their own register, and with their busy fringed fingers have gathered from the whole Atlantic that small share of its edible treasures which suf-

ficed for them. Plainly this waif has had its experiences. It was Robinson Crusoe's, Annie, depend upon it. We will save it from the flames, and when we establish our marine museum, nothing save a veritable piece of the North Pole shall be held so valuable as this undoubted relic from Juan Fernandez.

But the night deepens, and its reveries must end. With the winter will pass away the winter-storms, and summer will bring its own more insidious perils. Then the drowsy old seaport will blaze into splendor, through saloon and avenue, amidst which many a bright career will end suddenly and leave no sign. The ocean tries feebly to emulate the profounder tragedies of the shore. In the crowded halls of gay

hotels, I see wrecks drifting hopelessly, dismasted and rudderless, to be stranded on hearts harder and more cruel than Brenton's Reef, yet hid in smiles false than the fleecy foam. What is a mere forsaken ship, compared with stately houses from which those whom I first knew in their youth and beauty have since fled into midnight and despair?

But one last gleam upon our hearth lights up your innocent eyes, little Annie, and dispels the gathering shade. The flame dies down again, and you draw closer to my side. The pure moon looks in at the southern window, replacing the ruddier glow; while the fading embers lisp and prattle to each other, like drowsy children, more and more faintly, till they fall asleep.

REAL ESTATE.

THE pleasant grounds are greenly turfed and graded;
 A sturdy porter waiteth at the gate;
 The graceful avenues, serenely shaded,
 And curving paths, are interlaced and braided
 In many a maze around my fair estate.

Here blooms the early hyacinth, and clover
 And amaranth and myrtle wreathe the ground;
 The pensive lily leans her pale cheek over;
 And hither comes the bee, light-hearted rover,
 Wooing the sweet-breathed flowers with soothing sound.

Intwining, in their manifold digressions,
 Lands of my neighbors, wind these peaceful ways.
 The masters, coming to their calm possessions,
 Followed in solemn state by long processions,
 Make quiet journeys, these still summer days.

This is my freehold! Elms and fringing larches,
 Maples and pines, and stately firs of Norway,
 Build round me their green pyramids and arches;
 Sweetly the robin sings, while slowly marches
 The owner's escort to his open doorway.

O, sweetly sing the robin and the sparrow!
But the pale tenant very silent rides.
A low green roof receiveth him, — so narrow
His hollowed tenement, a school-boy's arrow
Might span the space betwixt its grassy sides.

The flowers around him ring their wind-swung chalices,
A great bell tolls the pageant's slow advance.
The poor alike, and lords of parks and palaces,
From all their busy schemes, their fears and fallacies,
Find here their rest and sure inheritance.

No more hath Cæsar or Sardanapalus!
Of all our wide dominions, soon or late,
Only a fathom's space can aught avail us;
This is the heritage that shall not fail us:
Here man at last comes to his Real Estate.

Secure to him and to his heirs forever!
Nor wealth nor want shall vex his spirit more.
Treasures of hope and love and high endeavor
Follow their blest proprietor; but never
Could pomp or riches pass this little door.

Flatterers attend him, but alone he enters, —
Shakes off the dust of earth, no more to roam.
His trial ended, sealed his soul's indentures,
The wanderer, weary from his long adventures,
Beholds the peace of his eternal home.

Lo, more than life Man's great Estate comprises!
While for the earthly corner of his mansion
A little nook in shady Time suffices,
The rainbow-pillared heavenly roof arises
Ethereal in limitless expansion!

HOW MR. FRYE WOULD HAVE PREACHED IT.

MR. FRYE and his little wife live at our house. They took a room for themselves and their little girls, with full board, last December, when the Sloanmakers went to Illinois. This is how it happened that one Sunday, after dinner, in quite an assembly of the full boarders and of the breakfast boarders also, all of whom, except Mr. Jeffries, dine with us on Sunday, Mr. Frye told how he would have preached it.

What made this more remarkable was, that the Fries are not apt to talk about themselves, or of their past life. I think they have always been favorites at the table; and Mrs. Frye has been rather a favorite among the "lady boarders." But none of us knew much where they had been, excepting that, like most other men, he had been in the army. He brought out his uniform coat for some charades the night of the birthday party. But till Sunday I did not know, for one, anything about the things he told us, and I do not think any one else did.

Every one had been to church that Sunday in the morning. Mrs. Whittemore gives us breakfast on Sunday only half an hour late, and almost all of us do go to church. I believe the Wingates went out to Jamaica Plains to their mother's, but I am almost sure every one else went to church. So at dinner, naturally enough, we talked over the sermons and the services. The Webbers had found Hollis Street shut, and had gone on to Mr. Clarke's, where they had a sort of opening service, and a beautiful show of fall flowers, that some of their orphan boys had sent. Mr. Ray is rather musical. He told about a new *Te Deum* at St. Peter's. The Jerdans always go to Ashburton Place. They had heard Dr. Kirk. But it so happened that more of us than usual had been to the new church below Clinton Street. We had not found

Dr. Warren there, however, but a strange minister. Some said it was Mr. Broadgood, one of the English delegates. But I knew it was not he. For he said, "If you give an inch they take an ell," and this is a sentence the English delegates cannot speak. The sexton thought it was Mr. Hapgood, from South Norridgewock. I asked Mr. Eels, one of the standing committee, and he did not know. No matter who it was. He had preached what I thought was rather above the average sermon, on "The way of transgressors is hard."

Well, we got talking about the sermon. My wife liked it better than I did. George Fifield liked it particularly, and quoted, or tried to quote, the close to the Webbers; only, as he said, he could not remember the precise language, and it depended a good deal on the manner of the delivery. Mrs. Watson confessed to being sleepy. Harry said he had sat under the gallery, and had not heard much, which is a less gallant way of making Mrs. Watson's confession. The Fries were both at church. They sat with me in Mrs. Austin's pew. They were the only ones who said nothing about the sermon. Mrs. Frye never does say much at table. But at last the matter became quite the topic of after-dinner discussion; and I said to Frye that we had not had his opinion.

"O," said he, "it was well enough. But if I had had that text, I should not have preached it so."

"How would you have preached it?" said Harry laughing.

Oddly enough, Frye's face evidently flushed a little; but he only said, "Well, not so,—I should not have preached it that way."

I did not know why the talk should make him uncomfortable, but I saw it did, and so I tried to change the subject. I asked John Webber if he had seen the Evening Gazette. But Harry

has no tact; and after a little more banter, in which the rest of them at that end of the table joined, he said: "Now, Mr. Frye, tell us how you would have preached it."

Mr. Frye turned pale this time. He just glanced at his wife, and then I saw she was pale too. But whatever else Frye is, he is a brave man, and he has very little back-down about him. So he took up the glove, and said, if we had a mind to sit there half an hour, he would tell how he would have preached it. But he did not believe he could in less time. Harry was delighted with anything out of the common run, and screamed, "A sermon from Mr. Frye!—a sermon from Mr. Frye!—reported expressly for this journal. No other paper has the news." Poor Mrs. Frye said she must go up and see to her baby, and she slipped away. A gentleman whom I have not named said, in rebuke of us all, that we might be better employed, and he left also. He is preparing for a Sunday paper a series of sketches of popular preachers, and it is my opinion that he spent that afternoon in writing his account of the Rev. Dr. Smith. I do not know, but I used to think he was a correspondent of the *New York Observer*, for I noticed once that he spoke of Jacqueline Pascal as if Jacqueline were a man's name, and as if she wrote the *Pensées*. When they were gone, Mr. Frye told us

HOW HE SHOULD HAVE PREACHED IT.

"I SHOULD have said," said Mr. Frye, "that when Jenny and I were married, fourteen years ago, at Milfold, there was not so good a blacksmith as I in that part of Worcester County. To be a good blacksmith in a country town requires not only strength of arm, and a reasonably correct eye, but a good deal of nerve. And when I first worked at the trade, and afterwards here, once when I worked in Hawley Street for good Deacon Safford, I got the reputation of being afraid of noth-

ing. And I think I deserved it, as far as any man does. Certainly I was not easily frightened. So it happened that I was at work for the Semple Brothers, in Milfold, at the highest journeyman's wages, and with lots of perquisites for shoeing the ugly horses. For a circle of fifteen miles round, there was not a kicking brute of the Cruiser family who, in the end, was not brought to our shop for Heber Frye to shoe. I have shod horses from Worcester, who came down with all four of their shoes off because nobody dared touch them. Now in the trade all such work is well paid for. As I say, I had the highest journeyman's wages. And in any such hard case I was paid extra; and as likely as not, if they had had trouble, I got a present beside. The Semples liked the reputation their shop was getting; and so, though I was a little fast, and would be off work at working hours sometimes, they kept me; and if I had chosen to lay up money, I could have made myself—what I never did make myself—a forehanded man.

"Well, I fell in with Jenny there. And while we were engaged, she took care of me, and made me stick to work, and kept me near her. I did not want any other excitement, and I did not want any other companion. She would not go where I could drink, and I would not go anywhere where she did not go. And for the six months of our engagement, I was amazed to find how rich I was growing. When we were married, I was able to furnish the house prettily,—as nicely as any man in Milfold,—though it was on a baby-house scale, of course. But, as Tom Hood's story says, we had six hair-cloth chairs, a dozen silver spoons, carpet on every room in the house, and everything to make us comfortable."

But here Mr. Frye stopped and said: "This is going to be a longer sermon than I supposed, and those of you who are going to meeting had better go, for I hear the Old-South bell." But nobody started. Even Mrs. Whittemore held firm, only moving her chair so that Isabel might take the dirty plates. The

rest of us moved up a little way, and Mr. Frye went on.

"We were married, and we lived as happily as could be,—a great deal more happily than I deserved, and almost as happily as my wife deserves, even. But, I tell you, there is nothing truer than the saying, 'Easy earned, easy spent'; and I believe that perquisites and fees, unexpected and uncertain remunerations, are apt to be rather bad for a man. At least they make a sort of excuse for a man. I never could be made half as careful as Jenny is, or as I had better be. I spent pretty freely. I liked to spend money on her. And then I would get short; and then I would find myself hoping some half-broken, kicking beast would be brought in, which nobody could manage but me. And if one came, and I managed him, and shod him, instead of feeling proud of the victory, as I fairly might, I would feel cross if the owner did not hand me a dollar-bill extra as he went away. Then I knew this was mean; and then I would be mad with myself; and then, as I went home, I would stop at Williams's or Richards's, and get something to drink; and then, when I got home, I would scold Jenny; and after the baby came, I would swear at the baby if she cried; and then Jenny would cry, and then I would swear again; and I would go out again, and meet some of the fellows at Edwards's, and would not know when I came home at night, and would be down at the shop late the next morning, and, what was worse, had not the nerve and grit which had given me the reputation I had there. Dutch courage, for practical purposes, ranks with Dutch gold-leaf or German silver.

"Well," said Frye, rather pale again, but trying to laugh a little, "perhaps, my beloved hearers, you don't know what this sort of thing is. If you don't, lucky for you. When they asked that Brahmin, Gangooly, if he believed in hell, he said he believed there were a good many little hells, as he walked through Washington Street to come to the church that evening. If he had

come into my house, almost any evening, he would have found one. Poor Jenny did her best. But a woman can't do much. It is not coaxing you want. You know it's hell a great deal better than anybody can tell you. It is *will* you want. You can make good enough resolutions about it: the thing is to keep them. All this time the Semples were getting cross. At last they got trusted for my wages. And old Semple told me he would discharge me if it ever happened again. Then one day, Tourtellot's black mare got away from me, knocked me down, and played the old Harry generally in the shop; and the other hands said it was because I did not know what I was doing, which, by the way, was a lie. It was because my hand was not steady, nor my eye. What is it we used to speak at school, about failing brand and feeble hand? It was not that night, but it was some other night, when I was blue as Peter and cross as a hand-saw, that I stopped to take something on my way home. I remember now that Harry Patrick, who was always my true friend, tried to get me by the shops. He did get me by the hotel, for a strong man can do almost anything with a broken one; but after I had promised him I would go home, he was fool enough to leave me, and then I stopped somewhere else,—no matter where,—you do not know Milfold,—and when I got home, it might as well have been anybody else. I don't remember a thing. If the Prince Camaralzaman had gone there, I should now know as little what he did from my own memory. But what I did,—or rather what this hand and arm and leg and the rest of the machine did,—was, to kick the baby's cradle over into the corner; to knock poor Jane down with a chair, on top of it; to put the chair through one window, and throw it out of the other; then to scream, 'Murder! fire! murder! fire!' and then to tumble on the 'hair-cloth sofa,' which was to make us so comfortable, and go into a drunken sleep.

"This was what I learned I did, the next morning, when I found myself in a justice's court; and for this the judge sent me up to Worcester to the House of Correction for three months. It was a 'first offence,' or it would have been longer. As for poor Jenny and the baby, neither of them could come and see me."

By this time, Frye was done with pretending to smile. He stopped a minute, drank a little water from his tumbler, and said: "Now you would think that would cure a man. Or you would think, as the law does, that three months in the House of Correction would 'correct' him. That is because you do not know. At the last day of the three months I thought so. There is not a man here who dreads liquor as I did that day. Harry Patrick, who, as I said, was my best friend, came to meet me when I went out. Richardson, the sheriff, as kind a man as lives, took pains to come down and see me, and said something encouraging to me. Harry had a buggy, that I need not be seen in the cars. And as we went home, I talked as well to him as any man ever talked. Jenny kissed me, and soothed me, and comforted me. The baby was afraid of me, but came to me before night; — and so, before a month was over, we had just such another scene again, and went through much the same after-scene, but that this time I went to Worcester for six months. For now it was not a first offence, you see.

"Well, not to disgust you — more than I can help," — and the poor fellow choked for the only time in the sermon, — "not to disgust you more than I can help, — this happened three times. I believe things always do in stories. This did in fact. The 'third time' you go for twelve months. And one Sunday Harry had been over to see me, and had brought me a dear kind letter from poor Jenny, who was starving, with two children now, in an attic, on what washing she could get, and vest-making, and all such humbugs, — one Sunday, I say, we were marched out

to chapel, — they have a very good chapel in Worcester, — and a man preached; and he preached from this very text you talk about, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

"What the man said, I know no more than you do. I don't think I did then. Indeed, I do not think I cared much when he began. But it is a great luxury to hear the human voice, when you have been at work on shoes for a week in a prison on our Massachusetts system, which they call the Silent System, where you have heard no word except the overseer's directions. So I sat there, well pleased enough, — even glad to hear a sort of yang-yang they had for music, — and very glad to have some good souls who had come in sing. I remember they sang *Devizes*, which my father used to sing. So I got into a mood of revery as this preacher went on, and was thinking of Harry, and old Deacon Safford, and father, and Jenny, and what we would call the baby, when to my surprise the minister was finished. And he ended with the text, as some men do, you know. And he said, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' And I caught Wesson's eye, — he was my turnkey, — and Wesson half laughed; and, in violation of all order, I said across the passage to Wesson, 'Damned hard! Wesson.' Mrs. Whittemore, I beg your pardon, but I did say so.

"Wesson nodded, and looked sad. If he had informed on me, I don't know where I should be now. But he looked sorry, — and I have not touched liquor again.

"I was discharged the next Wednesday. Harry came for me again, as he always did. I told him I did not want to go on in Milfold. And the good fellow agreed. He brought me and Jenny and the babies down here to Boston. I'll tell you where we lived. We took two rooms in the third story in Genessee Street, and we began life again.

"Now any of you who are tired can go away. But this is only one head of the sermon."

Nobody went, — only Mrs. Whittemore made us leave the table, — and we moved up to the windows. Isabel took off the cloth, and put on the tea-cloth, and went off, I suppose, to the half-Sunday which was one of her “privileges.” Mr. Frye went on.

“People always have an excuse. Perhaps if we had not used the cars more or less, I should not have had this head in my discourse; I know it all began with these Metropolitan tickets. I would not work at shoeing any more. I got a place in that shop where your firm are now, Mr. Webber, — the Beals were there then, — as a machinist. I had no difficulty ever with tools and iron. Pay was good enough. Work was steady, though rules were much stricter than at Milfold. But I had not got away, I have not till this hour, from that passion for extras. It is so much easier to earn an extra than to economize; and it is a great deal easier still to plan how you will earn one, — and to think that is the same thing. I was tearing a strip of Neck car-tickets in two, one day, to give Jenny half, when it occurred to me that there was a great moth of money. We spent twenty or thirty dollars a year on these tickets, and should be glad to spend twice as much. I think the fun of the thing at first, and then curiosity about it, set me on the business. I know I did not tell her. And before I had got my little hand-press started, and had succeeded in my electrotypes to my mind, and had spoiled a dozen blocks of wood in cutting my pattern, I had spent as much money five times over as all the car-tickets I ever printed would have cost me.”

“You printed car-tickets?” said Mrs. Webber. “I don’t understand.”

“O,” said poor Mr. Frye, blushing. “I forgot that all people do not look on things as a machinist does, to see how they were made. Yes, Mrs. Webber, for two or three years, I printed all the Metropolitan tickets my wife and I used in riding. And eventually we rode a good deal. I satisfied such conscience as I had, by

never selling any. And, as I said, I never told my wife. I tried to persuade myself it would be an economy after the plant was paid for. But it never was an economy. What was the worst part of it was, that I had the plant. I had this little handy printing-press. You did not think why I got it, Mrs. Whittemore, when I printed your cards for you. That is rather a tempting thing to have in the house. And that little Grove’s battery, that I gilded your silver thimble with, Mrs. Stearns, is more of a temptation. Both together, I can tell you all, they start a man on more enterprises than are good for him.

“There is no danger,” he added, rather meditatively, “of the kind people call danger, if a man will only be reasonable, and be satisfied with what is good for him. It is the haste to be rich which is dangerous in that way, to people who would never have been ‘detected,’ as they call it, if they were willing to be reasonable and comfortable. But it is not the detection and punishment which play the dogs with a man. It is the meanness and lying, after the first excitement of the enterprise is over. As I said, I never sold any car-tickets or stage-tickets. I just made enough for my own use and Jenny’s. I did give away a lot of concert-tickets one week at the shop; and I told the men that I had them for printing them. It was the off-part of the season, and the Music Hall was not half full, as it stood. I have sometimes thought the Steffanonis, or whoever it was, may have thanked me in their hearts for the audience. No. The trouble is, you see, you have to do things on the sly. I thought it would be a satisfaction to me to have five or six books out of the library at once; and I got up my own library cards, — easy enough to fill them out with the names of dead people. But I never took any comfort in those books. George Fiske went into the gift-concert business. He knew I had this battery up stairs, and I used to gild his watch-backs for him. Well,

George always paid me fairly, and I never told the lies at the counter and office and in the newspapers; but I never saw a man take out his watch in the street, but I felt I was lying. I should not have stood it long, I suppose, any way; but I got tripped up at last pretty suddenly."

"You were arrested?" said little Lucas.

"Arrested, my dear fellow? No! Whose business was it to arrest me. You do not keep your police to arrest people, do you? No. The first breakdown was all along of the war. Look at that quarter-dollar."

And Mr. Frye handed us a well-worn American quarter.

"I carry that for a warning to transgressors. But I never told its story before. Now see here."

And he lighted the gas at his side, balanced the quarter on his knife-blade, held it over the jet a minute, and the two silver sides fell on the table, while a little puddle of melted solder burned the "Living Age," which he held in his hand beneath.

"There," said he, "did you ever see a worse quarter than that? Yet five minutes ago you would all have said it was worth thirty-seven cents in currency. Now, do you think, I had deposited with that battery, night after night, at last, eleven hundred and fifty-two silver eagles like that, and eleven hundred and fifty-two reverses like that, — twenty-four to a frame; and I set the frames forty-eight times. I had just adjusted my lathe for polishing the backs, — if this thing was not so hot, I could show you, — when the banks suspended in 1861. And before I could get the backing in, and the soldering done, and the milling, and the tarnish well on, — you have to tarnish them, Mrs. Whittemore, in a mixture of lapis-lazuli and aqua-regia, — why, silver coin was at a premium of ten per cent. Not a quarter was offered by anybody in the shops; and if anybody got one, it was sent somewhere where it was weighed within twenty-four hours. So all that spec-

ulation of mine flatted out. I kept two or three as a warning, like this one. But for the rest, — I had to melt down my silver to pay my little bills for turning-lathes and acids and lapis-lazuli, Mrs. Whittemore."

And this time he laughed rather more good-naturedly.

"I laugh," said he, "because this is the beginning of the end. We were living in Tyler Street when this happened; and I had just enough persistency in me to say that if I could not have one quarter, I would another. But currency is a great deal harder. No! Mrs. Webber, you can't print bank-bills on a hand-press like that I have up stairs. It is not very easy to print them at all. But I was just so mad at my failure about the silver, that I went into my largest enterprise of all. I moved away my lathe to the shop; I fitted up the closet in the attic for my chemicals; I bought that pretty Voigtlander camera I showed you the other day, Mr. Barnes; I sent out to Paris for the last edition of Barreswil's book on Photography; and that was where my skill in portraits began. I had to give up my place in the machine-shop. You can mill silver quarters at midnight; but you need sunshine to photograph currency. And then I had to open a photographic establishment, to satisfy the butcher and baker, and Jenny's friends, and the mild police of the neighborhood generally, that I had something to do, and was entitled to have black fingers. I bought a show-case full of pictures of a man in Manchester, New Hampshire, — and horrid things they were. I hung that out at the door. Sometimes, to my rage and dismay, a sitter would come. I took care to be cross as a bear, to charge high, and to send them off with wretched pictures. They never came a second time. But I had to have some come, because of the mild police as I said; and I had to take Jenny's friends for nothing. A photograph man has a good many dead-heads, as well as one or two lay-figures. All this set me back. Then the gov-

ernment kept changing the pattern of its quarters. Worst of all, I had to let Jenny know this time, because it changed my life so entirely. I was, you see, roped into it by accident, I did not really know how. I promised her that, as soon as I was well out of debt, and the things all paid for, I would give it all up. But we were pretty badly in debt, and I should have to get more than two thousand dollars to make things square. And I had my pride up, and went on, till I did have, though it is a poor thing to boast of, as handsome a set of sheets of that second issue, and of their reverses, (they were printed for security on thin paper to be pasted together,) as Mr. Chase himself ever looked upon. Now, you need not look so frightened, my dear Mrs. Webber, for that was the end!"

"How was it the end?" said she.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Webber, as the minister said this morning, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.' That comes into my sermon as it did into his. I had these lovely sheets,—they were lovely, though I say it,—three thousand sheets, twelve bills on a sheet, and the reverses too. I had just got up the gold sizing for the blotch round the face, when the door-bell rang. It was eight in the evening. Now we often had evening visitors; but it was arranged between Jenny and me, that, when they were all safe, Jenny should just touch a private bell that came up into the attic to my work-room. I heard the door-bell, but after the entry, no *ting* on my own.

"Who in thunder was it? I slipped down one flight, and could see and hear nothing. I bolted the double doors. I put those precious negatives into my coal-stove, and opened the lower draft. I took those precious sheets and laid them in the two full bath-tubs that stood ready. That saint, Jenny, still kept the officers down stairs. They must be searching the cellar. If I only could get three minutes more! The glass of the negatives ran out in a puddle in the ash-heap. So far so good.

The different piles of paper softened; and, pile by pile, I rolled them and rammed them into the open waste-pipe which for months had been prepared to take them in such an exigency to the sewer. I have not,—no, Mrs. Webber,—not one of those bills to show you. In seven minutes from that happy door-bell ring, the last shred of them was floating, in the condition of double refined *papier maché*, under ground, in Tyler Street, to the sea; and I walked down stairs to see where Jenny was, and the officers.

"Officers! there were no officers. Only her nice old uncle and his wife had missed the train to Melrose, and had come to take tent with us.

"Jenny saw that I was nervous. But what could I say? O dear! we talked about early squashes, and Old Colony corn, and the best flavor for farina blanc-mange; and then he and I talked politics, Governor Andrew, and the fall of Fort Henry, and what would happen to General Floyd. Till at last, after ten eternities, bed occurred to them as among the possibilities, and the dear old souls bade good night. His wife made him go. He had just got round to Jeff Davis; and his last words to me were, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

"'Hard, indeed,' said I, as I turned round to Jenny. I was too wild with rage to scold. She did not know what was the matter. I spoke as gently as if I were asking her to marry me. And she—all amazement—declared she had struck my bell!

"She had tried to. But as we tried it again, it was clear something had happened. It had been a piece of my own bell-hanging, and a kink in the wire had given way. Jenny had sent her signal, but the signal had not come. And I had sent my currency down to the sea for the sculpins to buy bait from the flounders with!

"'Jenny,' said I, as I took down the candle from the ceiling, 'you and I will go to bed. "The way of the transgressor is hard," beyond a peradventure.'

"And as I looked at Jenny, I saw she

was still too much frightened to begin to be glad. For me, I was not mad any longer. Do none of you fellows know what it is to feel that a game is played through, wholly through, and that you are glad it is done with? Well, I can tell you what you do not know,—that if that game has required one constant lie,—or, what is the same thing, a steady concealment of real purpose,—and if it has forced you to lead in some little saint like my poor wife into the lie,—the relief of feeling that it is through is infinite.

“‘Jenny, darling,’ said I, ‘don’t be afraid to be glad,—don’t be afraid of me. I was never so much pleased with anything in my life.’

“And she looked up—so happily! ‘Heber,’ said she, ‘the way of the transgressor is hard’;—and we went to bed.

“That is the end, brethren and sisters, of the second head of this discourse. Let us go into the parlor.”

So we went into the parlor.

Nobody said much in the parlor. But I noticed that all of them came in, which was unusual. Some of us lighted our cigars;—I did. But Frye said nothing; and I, for one, did not like to ask him to go on. But George Field, who, with a good deal of tenderness, has no tact, and always says the wrong thing, if there is any wrong thing to be said, blurted out, “Go ahead, Mr. Parson, we are all ready.”

“Does any one want to hear the rest of such madness?” said poor Mr. Frye.

“Not if it pains you to tell us,” said good Mrs. Webber. “But really, really, you were very good to tell us what you did.”

And Mr. Frye went on.

“If I had been preaching the sermon in my way,” said he, “I should have told you, what you could have guessed, that, having played that act through, I did not care to stay in Boston more than I liked to stay in Milfold. I had been married ten years, and I had learned two things: first, that a man can’t live, unless he keeps his body under; next, that he can’t live and lie at the same time,—that he can’t

live unless he keeps his ingenuity under, and his cunning and snakiness in general. To learn the first lesson had cleaned me out completely, and I hated Milfold, where I learned it. To learn the second had cleaned me out again, and left me two thousand dollars and more in debt,—so much worse than nothing. And, very naturally, I hated Boston, where I learned that too.

“What did I do? I did what I always had done in trouble. I went to Harry Patrick, who happened to be here on business at the time. Harry had fought for me at school. He had coaxed my father for me when I was in scrapes. He took care of me when I was an apprentice. I have told you what he did for me in Milfold. He established me here. He sent his friends to see my wife. He had me chosen into his Lodge. He lent me money to buy my tools with. He introduced me at the Beals’. When I wanted my cameras and things he helped me to my credit. So of course I went to him. Well, I thought I was done with lying; so I told him just the whole story. There was a quarter’s rent due the next Monday. All the quarter’s bills at the shops were due, and some of them had arrears behind the beginning of the quarter. My winter’s over-coat, my best clothes, indeed, of every name, were at the Pawniers’ Bank, where they keep your woollen clothes from the moths as well as those people on Washington Street do, but where they charge you quite as much for the preservation. Then I had borrowed, in money, twenty-five dollars here, five there, a hundred of one man, and so on,—old fellow-workmen at the machine-shop,—saying and thinking that I should be able to pay them in a few days. This was the reason, indeed, why I had hurried up the negatives, and printed off the impressions as steadily as I had,—because the 1st of October was at hand.

“No. I was glad I did not have to write to him. I told him straight through, much as I have been telling

you. If it has seemed to you that I was talking out of a book, it has been because once — though of course never but once — I have been all over this wretched business in words before. I told Harry the whole. They say a man never tells all his debt. I suppose that is true. I did not tell him of some of the meanest of mine, and some that were most completely debts of honor. I said to myself that I could manage those myself some day. But then I told no lies. I said to him that this was about all. And he, — he did, as he always does, the completest and noblest thing that can be done. He gave me three coupon bonds which he had bought only the day before, meaning them for a birthday present for his mother. He gave me three hundred and twenty dollars in cash, and he went with me to the office of the photographic findings people, with a note of introduction Mr. Rice gave to him, and gave a note, jointly with me, for the chemicals and the cameras. So I was clear of debt that night, except the little things I had not told; and I had near fifty dollars in my pocket.

“And what now?” said he, when I went to thank him again the next morning, — and he spoke to me as cheerily as if I had never caused him a moment’s care.

“Well, he wanted me to go on with the photograph room. But I hated it. I hated Boston. I hated the old shop. I hated the Tyler Street house. I hated the very color on my hands. I begged him to let me go with him to Washington. Perhaps I thought I should do better under his wing. I am ashamed to say that I had not then any special wish to serve the country, — God bless her! — though I knew he was serving her so nobly. Nor did I know the whole meaning of the way of transgressors. Simply I hated Boston.

“So he told me to leave the forty-three dollars with Jenny, and to come with him the next day to Washington. I had never been even to New York before. And at Washington not once

did he fail me. For two or three weeks that I was hanging round, living at his charges, and hopelessly unable to do a thing for him, seeming like a fool, I suppose, because I know I felt like one, not once did he forget himself, nor speak an impatient word to me. And when he came unexpectedly back to our lodgings one day, an hour after he had gone out, to say that the head of the Department had that morning given him an appointment for me, or the promise of one, in the Bureau of Special Supplies, he was more glad than I was, you would have said. Not really; but he was gentle about it, and took no credit to himself, and would have been glad if I could have believed that ‘The Chief’ had heard of me from my own fame, and had sent to him to find out where such a rare bird could be caught.

“So pleasant days began again. Jenny and the children came on. Washington is, to my notion, the pleasantest city in America, if you have only the where-withal. Always, you see, the great drama is going on before your eyes, and you are one of the chorus. You see it all and hear it all, before the scenes and behind, and yet are even paid for standing and hearing the very first performers in the world. Tragedy sometimes, comedy sometimes, farce how often! melodrama every day. If you only obey Micawber, and insure the ‘result — happiness.’ But I could not do that, you know. Jenny could, and would, if I had let her. But I would buy books, — and I would take her on excursions, — I don’t know, — Harry went off and I got in debt again. But I worked like a dog at the bureau. I brought home copying for Jenny. Always these odd jobs were my ruin. I was always hoping to help myself through. But I was early at work, and at night I screwed out the gas in the office; and so I got promoted. That helped, but it ruined too. Promotion, too, was an ‘odd job.’ I ran behind again, and I got promotion again. But when I ran behind a third time, no promotion came, and I —

"O, no! dear Mrs. Webber. I did not do as Floyd or those people do. I did what was a great deal worse,—as much worse as the sin of a being with a heart can be than the sin of a being with only a brain.

"In my new post I had the oversight of all the accounts from the Artificers' Department in the field. By one of the intricacies, which I need not explain, they were in the habit of sending over for us to use, from the Quartermaster-General's, the originals of all the reports they received, for us to see what we wanted by way of confirming our vouchers; and we then sent them all back to them. This was because we were ahead of them. They were some weeks behindhand, and we were 'fly,' as our jargon called it. So it happened that I used to see Harry's own official reports to their office, even before they read them themselves. They opened them, you know, and sent them to us,—we copied what we wanted, and sent them back again.

"Of course I was interested in what he was doing. I need not say that he was doing it thoroughly well. He loved work. He loved the country. He believed in the cause. And off there, at that strange little post, curiously separated from the grand armies, and in many matters reporting direct to Washington, he was *cadi*, viceroy, commissary, chief-engineer, schoolmaster, minister, major-general, and everything, under his modest major's maple-leaves. It was a queer post,—just the place one dreams of when he fancies himself fit for everything,—just the place for an honest man,—yes, just the place for him.

"Strictly speaking, I had no right to read his reports. But then I did read them. I liked to know what he was doing. At last, one infernal day, I happened to notice that he had misunderstood one of the service regulations about returns, which had made us infinite trouble when I was in the large room with Blenker. I knew all about it. But it had confused Harry. I was glad I observed it before they did, and

I wrote to him at once about it. I knew it might save him money to notice it; for they would stop his pay while they notified him. I wrote. But he never got the letter. The next week and the next this same variation in his accounts-keeping came in. Nothing wrong, you know; but—look here—if I had a blank I could show you. Well, no matter,—but just one of those things which you world's people call 'red tape.' Really, one part of it sprang from his not understanding where the apostrophes belonged in 'Commissaries' waggoners' assistants' rations.' I wrote to him again and again and again. Four letters I wrote; but Sherman and Hardee and Benham and Hayes, and I do not know who, were raising Ned with the communications, and he never got one of my letters. And when the sixth of these accounts of his came,—well, I was in debt, I wanted a change,—well,—your Doctor to-day would have said the Devil came. I wish I thought it was anybody's fault but mine. What did I do, but send over to the Quartermaster's for the whole series, which we had sent back; and then I went up to the chief, I sent in my card, and I said to him that my attention had been called to this obliquity in accounts,—that I had warned Mr. Patrick, because I had formerly known him, that he was not construing the act correctly,—that he persisted in drawing as he did, and making the returns as he did,—and that, in short, though strictly it was not my business, yet, as it would be some months before the papers would be reached in order, (this was a lie,—they had really come to the first of them,) I thought it my duty to the government to call attention to the matter. As we both knew, I said, it was an isolated post, and an officer did not pass under the same observation as in most stations.

"Yes, I said all that. It was awful. I can't tell you wholly how or why I said it. I did not guess it would turn out as it did. I did hope I should be sent out on special service to inspect. But I did not think of anything more. But a man cannot have just what he

chooses. The chief — not his old chief, you know, who appointed me, but a new Pharaoh, a real Shepherd King who did not know him or me — the chief was one of those chiefs who makes up for utter incompetency in general by immense fiddling over a detail, — the chief, I say, had his cigar, and was comfortable, and knew no more about this post than you do, and asked me, in a patronizing way, about it, not confessing ignorance, but as a great man will. That temptation I could not resist. Who can? You know a man's business better than he knows it himself; and he asks you to tell it to him, and sits and enjoys. I say, not Abdiel nor Uriel in the host of heaven would have been pure enough to have resisted that temptation, if the Devil had feigned ignorance, and asked advice about keeping the peace in Pandemonium. At all events, I could not resist. I stood, — I sat at last, when he asked me, — and told him the whole story, adorned as I chose.

"The next day he sent for me again; and I found more than my boldest hopes had fancied, — that he was thinking of displacing poor Harry, and putting me there as his substitute. Of course I blocked his wheels, you say, and explained. No such thing. I snapped at the promotion! Was not promotion what I must have? I played modest, to be sure. 'I had not expected — but if the government wished — there were reasons — our bureau — my own early training,' — this, that, and the other. Don't make me tell the whole: it was too nasty. The end was, that I was ordered to leave Washington with a colonel's commission, outranking Harry two grades, the right to name my staff when I got upon the ground, and a separate commission making me military governor of the district of Willston, Alabama, to report in duplicate to Washington and to the district head-quarters. Poor Harry was to report in person to the Department, in disgrace.

"Here was a prize vastly higher than I had sought for. I was not very hap-

py with it. But I had the grace to say to myself that I could pay my debts now, and would never go in debt again. I would even pay poor Harry, I thought; but then I had another qualm, as I remembered that there were near three thousand dollars due him, and that even a colonel's pay and allowances would not stand that, in the first quarter. I did not go back to my own office then. I went home and told Jenny. I did not tell her where I was going. I only told her it was promotion, and high promotion. I bade her take comfort; and that very afternoon I turned over my papers and keys and hurried away.

"I went on to Willston. I wish I were telling you how; but that is not a part of the sermon. I got there. I found Harry. He was amazed to see me. He was delighted. He took me right into his own little den, asked if there was bad news, asked what brought me, and — well, my friends, the worst thing of the whole, the worst thing in my life, was my telling him I had superseded him!

"And now, do you believe I had the face to say to him, that it was the saddest moment of my life? That was true enough, God knows! But I said more. I dared tell him that I had had no dream of what was in the wind. That I did not receive my orders till I had left Washington, and that I had not a thought or suspicion who could have been caballing against him at the Department! I told him this, when I knew I had done the whole!

"Good fellow! He cried. I believe I did. He said, 'I can't talk about it'; and he hurried away. I did not see him again till the war was done. I went out and found the gentlemen of his staff. Of course they hated me. By and by I had my own staff. They did not love me. The people hated me. Did you hear that man read to-day, 'The citizens hated him, and said, We will not have this man to reign over us'? But I am ahead of my story. It was Saturday night that I arrived. Sunday I dressed

up and 'attended religious worship with the garrison.' Do you believe, the chaplain, a little wiry Sandemanian preacher, chose to tell those men, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' And I had to stand and take it, without the consolation I am giving myself to-day.

"It was not he that told me,—what I found out the night before, when I quailed under Harry's eye,—that it is the *way* that is hard. I had always tried to think that it was a hard station that you got to,—a lock-up or a bankruptcy. But as I lied to Harry, and then as I met the staff, and now again behind this chaplain, I knew that what was hard was the *way*. And from that moment till I had to resign my commissions, I knew every second of life that the *way* was hard. I had good things happen, some, and lots of bad ones; but I never got that feeling about the way out of my heart. I said just now my own gentlemen did not love me. I don't know why I say so, but that I thought so. For I thought nobody liked me or believed in me,—just because I hated myself after I stood there with Harry, and did not believe in myself. I tell you it was very hard for me to go through the routine of life there. As for success,—why, if Vesuvius had started up next door to us and overwhelmed us, I should not have cared.

"I suppose you know what did happen. If you do, the sermon is ended. There never should have been any post at Willston. We were there to 'make Union sentiment.' In fact, the Rebels lived on us, laughed at us, and hated us. Harry did conciliate some people, I think, and frightened more. I conciliated nobody, and frightened nobody. I had begun wrong. 'Sinful heart makes feeble hand,'—and it makes feeble head too, Mr. Marmion; and, worse than that, a man can't make any friends of himself or anybody else with it. I tried a great diplomatic dodge. There was a lot of rice on a plantation, and I started a private negotiation with one Haraden who owned it,—not for my-

self, really, but for government. We wanted the rice. Then my chief woke up one day from a long sleep, and sent us a perfectly impossible string of instructions. Then I heard that Dick Wagstaff, one of the enemy's light-horse, was threatening my outpost at Walker. I did not know what to do. How should I? But I put on a bold face, and marched out the garrison, and went part way to Walker; and then I thought I had better go down to Haraden's; and then,—I tell you, it was just like a horrid dream,—then I remembered that the gunboats might have been sent up to help us, and I sent an express for them, and marched that way; but then news came that we had been wrong about Walker, and I thought we had better cross back there. But while we were crossing, there came an awful rain. We could not get the guns on, and had to stop over night, not only in the wettest place you ever saw, but in the only place we ought not to have been in at all. And there, at the gray of morning, before my men could or would start a cannon, down came Dick Wagstaff's flying squadron. What is worst is, that we found out, afterwards, there were but forty of them, and yet, in one horrid muddle of confusion, we left the guns, left what rice we had got, left ever so many men who had not time to tumble up, and, indeed, we hardly got back alive to Willston. If Dick Wagstaff had known his business half as well as he was thought to, not one of us would have seen the place again. But the queer thing of all this shame and disgrace to me was, that it almost comforted me. I remember my mother used to flog me when I was sulky, and say she would give me something to cry for. As we trailed back through the mud, it fairly pleased me to think that now, if I looked like a cursed hang-dog, people would not wonder. My outside was as bad at last as my in. I remember, as we came to the last bridge over the Coosa River, I, who was riding after the rear of the column, overtook McMurdy,—this chaplain I told you of. He was walk-

ing, leading his own horse, on which sat or crouched a man faint as death, so he could hardly hold on. I made *McMurdy take my horse and trudged* beside him for the rest of the way. 'This is pretty hard, Doctor,' said I.

"'Hard for us,' said the grim little man, 'but not so hard for us as for the Graybacks.'

"'I don't see that,' said I. But in a minute I saw that the little man was clear grit, and true to his cloth.

"He set his teeth, and said: 'Not so hard for us, because we are right, and they are wrong. Every dog has his day, Colonel. They are bound to come to grief when the clock strikes for them.'

"Poor little Doctor. He preached at me harder, when he said that, than the first day I saw him, when he was 'secondlying it,' and 'in conclusioning it,' to the men. I made my mouth up to say, 'The way of transgressors is hard, Doctor.' But the cant stuck in my throat. That would have been too steep. Who was I, to say it? I said nothing. He said nothing. But I trailed after him, up to my knees in that Alabama mud; and I said to myself, It is the way that's hard, by jove. It is not the consequence that is hard, nor the punishment. That is rather easy in comparison. And I spoke aloud: 'It's the way.' Just then a contraband's mule pitched into me, — almost knocked me down, — and the little nigger said to me: 'Beg pardon, massa; Jordan mighty hard road to trabbel to-night.' I did not swear at him. I stood by and let him pass. And I said to myself: 'Mighty hard. It is the way that's hard, and not the bed you lie on at the end of it.'

"Indeed, at that very moment of misery, utter failure, beastly defeat, I felt the first reaction from the misery that had galled me ever since I lied to Harry's face. This was the end at last. All that was the way.

"As soon as they heard of all this, of course I was relieved, in disgrace. I was bidden to report at Washington, just as Patrick had done. I swear to

you I was a happier man than I had been since the day he left me there."

Mr. Frye stopped. And then he walked up and down the room. It was long since he had smiled or pretended to. But he rested on a chair-back now, and said: "That is all the sermon. I shall feel better now I have told you. I shall never tell any one again. But one revelation of such a thing a man had better make, where it costs him something. So I am glad to have told you."

Mrs. Webber had her eyes full of tears. "You don't tell us all," said she, — "you don't tell how you came here."

"That hardly belongs to the sermon," said he. "Yes, it does. When I met Jenny, I told her the whole thing right through.

"'Poor boy,' said she; 'it is hard,' meaning to comfort me.

"'Jenny,' said I, 'it is hard. Drinking is hard; cheating is hard. You and I found that out before. And this infernal intriguing — politics, I believe they call it — is the hardest of all. It's a hard way, Jenny.'

"'Body, mind, and soul,' said poor Jenny: 'it is hard any way'; — and she cried.

"So did I. And then I went across, and sent in my name to Harry. He was all right again, and brevetted brigadier. And I said, 'Harry, ten times you have lifted me out of the gutter; ten times I have gone in deeper than before. This time I help myself. This time I have found out, what till now I have never believed, that I carried failure with me, — that I was therefore bound to fail, and had to fail. Harry,' said I, 'the very God in heaven does not choose to have a broken wire carry lightning, nor a lying life succeed. That's why I've failed. Now see me help myself.'

"Harry gave me both his hands, shook mine heartily, and we said good by. I came on here, because here I had been in the mud. I started this little patent about the clothes-brushes. I let the results look out for themselves. For me, all I care for now is the way.

I pay as I go; and I take care that Jordan shall be an easy road to travel. Harry came on last fall, and we ate our Thanksgiving together at Jenny's father's.

"That is all my sermon."

And now Frye lighted his cigar.

We agreed among the boarders that we would not mention this. But last Sunday, at a church I was at in Boothia Felix, the man led us through three quarters of an hour of what my grandfather's spelling-book would have called

"trisyllables on ality, elity, and ility," and "polysyllables in ation, ition, etion, and otion." It was three dreary quarters of abstract expression. When the fourth quarter began, he said, "History is full of illustrations of our doctrine, but I will not weary you by their repetition."

"Old Cove," said I, "I wish you would. If you would just take that lesson from Mr. Frye!" Or I should have said so, had the ritual and etiquette of that congregation permitted.

GLACIAL PHENOMENA IN MAINE.

I.

THREE or four years ago I began a series of papers in the "Atlantic Monthly," which, though they appeared as separate geological sketches, had, nevertheless, a certain sequence. These contributions have been unavoidably interrupted for more than two years; and, in taking up the thread again, my readers will excuse me if I recall to them the point at which we parted, by a rapid review of the subject then under discussion. There were two sets of facts which first awakened the attention of geologists to the ancient extension of glaciers, though at first no investigator connected them with the agency of ice. The first was the presence of boulders in Central Europe and England, which had their birthplace far to the north of their actual position; the second was the presence of similar detached boulders scattered over the plain of Switzerland, and on the slopes of the Jura, which, on the contrary, had travelled from the south northward, and had their origin in the Alps. Before they attracted the attention of scientific men, these dislodged masses were so generally recognized as strangers to the soil, that in Germany, among the com-

mon people, they went by the name of *Fündlinge*,—homeless children. They are indeed the wandering Bohemians, among rocks.

The first interpretation of these phenomena, which very naturally suggested itself, when they began to be systematically studied, was that of their transportation by water. It was supposed that irruptions of the northern oceans had swept the loose masses of Scandinavian rock over adjoining countries, and that large lakes within the Alps had broken their natural barriers, and poured down into the plains, carrying with them *débris* of all sorts, and scattering them over the lowlands. But soon it was found that this theory did not agree with the facts; that the valleys of the Alps, for instance, had sent out boulders, not only northward, but southward and westward also, and that their distribution was often so regular, and their position so isolated, on high elevations, as to preclude the idea that immense tidal waves, freshets, or floods had so arranged them. Nature is so good a teacher that, the moment we touch one set of facts, we are instinctively, and almost unconsciously, led to

connect them with other phenomena, and so to find their true relations. The boulders of the plains soon began to be compared with the boulders of the higher valleys; ice itself was found to be a moving agent; and it was presently ascertained that the transportation of loose materials by existing glaciers, and their mode of distributing them, corresponded exactly with the so-called erratic phenomena of Central Europe and England. With these results were soon associated a great number of correlative facts; — the accumulation of loose materials under the glacier, and upon its sides, as well as upon its surface, the trituration of the former until they were ground to a homogeneous paste, and the regular arrangement of the latter as they successively fell upon the glacier, and were borne along upon its back, retaining all the sharpness of their angles, because they were subjected to no pressure; the characteristic markings, furrowing, grooving, scratching, and polishing of the surfaces over which the glacier passed, as well as of the pebbles and stones held fast in its mass, and coming into sharp contact with the rocks beneath; the accumulation of loose materials pushed along by the advancing ice, or carried on its edges, and forming ridges or walls at its terminus and on its sides. The study of these combined results of glacial action now became part of the subject, and were sought for by geologists wherever the erratic phenomena were investigated. Out of these comparisons has gradually grown a belief that, as the Alpine glaciers were formerly more extensive, so did the northern ice-fields, now confined to the Arctic regions, once stretch farther south. I suppose there are few geologists now who would not readily give their assent to the glacial theory, expressed in this general form.

But while the wider distribution of glacial phenomena from mountainous centres in ancient times is now generally admitted, the theory in its more universal application, involving, that is, the existence of an ice sheet many

thousands of feet in thickness moving across whole continents, over open, level plains as well as along enclosed valleys, still meets with many opponents, the stanchest of whom stand high as geological authorities. If not openly said, it is whispered, that, after all, this great ice-period is a mere fancy, worthy at best of a place among the tales of the Arabian Nights; that no moraines have ever been noticed in North America; and that what has been ascribed to the agency of terrestrial glaciers, upon this continent, is simply the work of icebergs stranding against a coast which has subsequently been raised, so that the boulders first deposited by the floating ice along the shores now lie inland at a great distance from the sea. According to this suggestion all the erratic phenomena in North America, the extensive sheets of drift, the continuous and prominent ridges of drift materials, the larger scattered boulders, the scratched, polished, and grooved surfaces, are the work of floating ice, poured forth, then as now, from the Arctic regions. If this be so, we should expect to find all these so-called traces of glacial action running from the coast inward.

Let us see now how this agrees with the facts. I will not recapitulate the substance of my last article on this subject, "The Ice-Period in America." It gave a general summary of the glacial phenomena on this continent, as compared with those of Europe, stating at the same time my reasons for believing that immense masses of ice would move over an open plain nearly as rapidly as in a slanting valley, and from the same causes as those which determine the advance of the Swiss glaciers down the Alpine valleys. This article appeared in June, 1864. I had intended to follow it with one upon the appearances of the drift in this country; and in September I went to Maine in order to examine the drift phenomena on the islands and coast of that State, and compare them with those of the Massachusetts shore. It was my purpose to go directly to Mount Desert,

but the loss of a carpet-bag detained me at Bangor. What seemed at first a vexatious annoyance proved in the end to be a fortunate chance; for, while waiting at Bangor, I fell in with a friend, who, when he heard the object of my journey, proposed to me to pass the intervening day or two in a drive with him northward along the "horse-backs," in the direction of Mount Katahdin. I desired nothing better; for a previous glimpse of one horseback, in the neighborhood of Aurora, had already shown me their morainic character, and they therefore were immediately connected with my present investigation. It would give me, besides, an opportunity of carrying out my survey on a much larger plan. As I had already satisfied myself, in this and previous journeys from Portland to Bangor, that the traces of glacial action occurred over all that region, this excursion would enable me to follow them northward to a considerable distance, while on my return I could track them down to the coast in continuous connection. I dwell upon the character of this investigation, because, numerous as have been the local observations of this kind, I am not aware that extensive tracts of land have been systematically surveyed, compass in hand, with the view of ascertaining the continuity of these marks in definite directions. I gladly accepted my friend's offer; and to this incident I owe some of the pleasantest days I have ever spent in traveling, and the knowledge of some important, and I believe novel, facts in glacial phenomena, an account of which will be found in the present article.

It was late in September, just at the turn of the leaf; the woods were in all their golden and crimson glory, with here and there a purple beech, or a background of dark-green pines. Familiar as we all are with the brilliancy of the autumnal foliage in the neighborhood of our towns, one must see it in the unbroken forest, covering the country with rainbow hues as far as the eye can reach, in order to appreciate fully its wonderful beauty. A few words on this

change of color, which is as constant as any other botanical character, (each kind of tree having its special tints peculiar to itself, and not reproduced by other kinds,) may not be amiss. Indeed, not only does every species have its appointed range of color, but each individual tree has its history told more or less distinctly in the ripening of the foliage. A weaker or a younger limb may have put on its autumn garb, and be almost ready to drop its leaves, while the rest of the tree is untouched. A single scarlet maple or red oak often gives us the most beautiful arrangement of tints, from the green of midsummer, through every shade of orange and red; in the same way one leaf may ripen unequally, its green surface being barred or spotted with crimson or gold for days before the whole leaf turns. These differences give ample opportunity for studying the ripening process. In attempting to determine the cause of these changes, it ought not to be forgotten that they occur locally, and also make their appearance on particular trees much earlier than upon others; so early, indeed, as to show clearly the fallacy of the prevalent idea that they are caused by frost. The temperature remains ten or fifteen degrees above the freezing-point for a month and more after a good many of our trees have assumed their bright autumnal hues. The process is no doubt akin to that of ripening in fruits; especially in such fleshy fruits as turn from green to yellow, purple, or red, like apples, peaches, plums, cherries, and others. The change in color coincides with changes in the constitutive chemical elements of the plant; and this comparison between the ripening of foliage and fruit seems the more natural, when we remember that fruits are but a modification of leaves, assuming higher functions and special adaptations in the flower, so as to produce what we call a fruit. The ripening process by which the leaves take on their final colors is as constant and special as in the fruits. The cherries do not assume their various shades of red,

deepening sometimes into black, or the plums their purples, or the peaches their velvety-rose tints, or the apples their greens, russets, browns, and reds, with more unvarying accuracy than the different kinds of maples and oaks, or the beeches, birches, and ashes, take on their characteristic tints. The inequality in the ripening of the foliage alluded to above has also its counterpart in the fruits. Here and there a single apple or peach or pear ripens prematurely, while all the rest of the fruit remains green, or a separate branch brings its harvest to maturity in advance of all the surrounding branches. No doubt the brilliancy of the change in the United States, as compared with other countries, is partly due to the dryness of the climate; and indeed it has been observed that certain European flowers take on deeper hues when transplanted to America. But I believe the cause lies rather in the special character of certain American plants and trees. The Virginia creeper, for instance, which is much cultivated now in France and Germany, turns to as brilliant a scarlet in a European garden as in its native woods.

But let us return to our horsebacks. At the very beginning of our journey, we followed one of them for a considerable distance after leaving Bangor, on our way to Oldtown, besides which we saw a number of similar ridges running parallel with it.* The name is somewhat descriptive, for they are shaped not unlike saddles with sloping sides and flattened summits. They consist of loose materials of various sizes, usually without marked evidence of a regular internal arrangement, though occasionally traces of imperfect stratification are perceptible. Sometimes they follow horizontally, though not with an absolutely even level, the trend of a rocky ledge; again, they themselves seem to have built the foundation of their own superstructure, being

composed of the same homogeneous elements which cover the extensive flats over which they run with as great regularity as upon a more solid basis. The longest of these horsebacks — and they sometimes stretch, as I have said, for many miles — trend mainly from north to south, though their course is somewhat winding, seldom following a perfectly straight line. They are unquestionably of a morainic nature, and yet they are not moraines in the ordinary sense of the term, but rather ridges of glacial drift heaped up in this singular form, as if they had been crowded together by some lateral pressure. Had they been accumulated and carried along upon the edge of a glacier, they could not be found in their present position. They differ also from moraines proper in their rounded materials, containing many scratched and polished pebbles, while moraines are built chiefly of angular fragments of rocks. Neither can they have been accumulated by currents of water; for they occur in positions where any flood passing over the country, far from producing such an arrangement, must have swept them away, or at least have scattered them and destroyed their ridge-like character. They are, indeed, identical with the bottom glacial drift, that is, with the materials collected beneath the present glaciers, and ground to a homogeneous paste by their pressure and onward movement. I would call such accumulations *ground moraines*, that is, moraines formed completely under the glacier, and resting immediately upon the rock or soil beneath. Of course, masses of drift below a great sheet of ice, moving steadily in the same direction over uneven, rocky surfaces, cannot preserve the same thickness throughout. Here and there the incumbent weight will press more heavily in one direction than in another, thus crowding the loose materials together, rolling them into ridges following mainly the direction of the movement. Occasionally such uneven pressure may drive these materials up, from either side, along

* Those who wish to follow the localities indicated in this article should consult H. F. Walling's map of the State of Maine, published by J. Chace, Jr., Portland.

the summit of a rocky ledge, or heap them at any height upon its slope. We have seen that the horsebacks, though uneven and winding, usually run from north to south; but occasionally also they trend from east to west. This is the case where a morainic accumulation of loose materials may have been pushed forward, along the margin, in front of an extensive sheet of ice moving southward, and then left unchanged by the subsequent retreat northward of the whole mass. I conceive that such horsebacks, running east and west, may be compared to terminal moraines, which, as is well known, owe their origin to oscillations of the front end of a glacier, pushing forward a mass of loose materials, thus throwing it up into a transverse ridge, and then melting away to some point farther back. I have already shown, in previous articles, how such walls are constructed, often forming concentric ridges one within another, each of which marks a retreating step of the glacier. Sometimes the summit of the horsebacks is so broad and even that the country people consider them as natural roads, and build their highways along them. They are indeed occasionally so symmetrical that they have been taken for artificial Indian mounds. The most perfect one I have seen stretches through Lagrange township, between Bangor and Mount Katahdin, its direction being mainly from north to south.

Leaving the horsebacks and the open country on the second day of our drive, we entered upon a more wooded region, which brought us through the townships of Lagrange and Brownville, to the Ebeeme Mountains, at the foot of which the Katahdin Iron Works are situated. This is not only a very picturesque spot, but a most interesting locality with reference to glacial phenomena. To the north of the Iron Works there are two ranges of hills, one to the east, the more prominent masses of which are respectively known by the names of Horseback and Spruceback, while to the west corresponding sum-

mits have been christened the Iron Mountain and Chairback. These two ranges are separated by a depression called the Gulf, at the foot of which, between Horseback and Iron Mountain, there lies a little lake. Here a practised eye will at once detect the unmistakable action of a glacier in two successive periods of its history. In the direction of Iron Mountain and the Chairback, one hundred feet and more above the level of the lake, may be seen old lateral moraines, more or less disintegrated, marking an ancient glacial level. At a much less height, indeed but little above the bottom of the valley, a magnificent crescent-shaped terminal moraine is thrown across the southern end of the lake. By this wall the waters drained from the whole valley are held back to form a lake, although the barrier is not perfectly impassable, for a little stream oozes through it, just in front. Evidently this moraine is an accumulation of loose materials, pressed forward by the great local glacier once filling the Gulf, at the time when the ice was circumscribed within the limits of the valley itself. To the east and west of it there are, however, lateral moraines, resting on a much higher level, and showing the extraordinary thickness of the glacier at a still older period. This structure is almost identical with that of the morainic accumulations in the trough holding the present glacier of the Upper Aar in Switzerland. At its extremity stands a large, crescent-shaped moraine, corresponding in size and form almost exactly to that of the Katahdin Iron Works. The loose materials thrown on either side of the valley, to the right and left, extending in advance of the front moraine, and resting far above the present surface of the ice, may be compared to the higher lateral moraines of this ancient Maine glacier. In short, were the ice suddenly to disappear from the Alpine valley in which the Aar glacier lies, the rocky frame-work of loose fragments it has built around itself would be almost identical with that of the so-called Gulf at the Katahdin Iron Works.

In both instances, the lateral moraines on a higher level indicate an earlier phase in the history of the glacier, when the ice was thicker; while the terminal moraine records the wasting of the glacier, until it occupied a much smaller area. As the Gulf is an interesting locality for the study of ancient glacial phenomena in Maine, I must point out its bearings with more precision, for the benefit of those who may care to verify my statements by personal observation. To the east of the hotel there is a knoll, on which stand the smelting-works. This knoll itself forms a part of the moraine; but its character may be more distinctly appreciated from the shore of the lake, looking toward the smelting-works. In this position, the abrupt inner side of the crescent-shaped wall faces the observer.

The traces of this local glacier in two successive phases of its existence are not more distinct than are those of the great ice-sheet in which all lesser glaciers were once merged, over the whole region. And not here alone. I have tracked its footsteps on its southern march from the Katahdin Iron Works to Bangor, and thence to the sea-shore. Every natural surface of rock is scored by its writing, and even the tops of the mountains attest, by their rounded and polished summits, that they formed no obstacle to its advance. It has been assumed by some geologists, and especially by Sir Charles Lyell, that the ice-period was initiated by the spread of local glaciers from special centres. The particular character of the more extensive glacial phenomena satisfies me, on the contrary, that they must have preceded in course of time all mere local glaciers, and that the latter are but the remnants of the great ice-sheet lingering longer in higher and more protected valleys. From the evidence we have of its thickness and extent, such a mass of ice advancing over the country would have swept away all evidences of local glaciers, all morainic accumulations previously formed. I therefore infer that the local phenomena were the latest in time, and consequent upon

the shrinking of the larger continuous ice-sheet. It is my belief that the ice-period set in, as our winters now do, — only upon a gigantic scale, — by snow-falls, and that it faded as do our winters, leaving local patches of ice wherever the temperature was favorable to their preservation.

I may say, without exaggeration, that glacial phenomena extend over the whole length and breadth of the State of Maine, wherever there is no obvious cause for their disappearance. One word of explanation, that this assertion of their omnipresence may not seem overdrawn to those who follow me over the same ground, expecting, perhaps, to find the glacial writing at every step along the roadside, and to see the polished surfaces as shining and slippery as a metallic plate or a marble slab. In the first place, all kinds of rock do not admit the same degree of polish. Coarse and friable sandstone cannot be polished under any circumstances. Only the finer granitic rocks retain the striæ and the polished surfaces very distinctly, in this region; and even upon these they are frequently hidden by the accumulation of soil, or occasionally obliterated by decay, where the rock is not hard enough to resist the atmospheric influences. The loose materials themselves, which have served as emery to grind down, polish, and groove the surface of the soil, may eventually become a screen to cover it from observation. The skill of the geologist consists in tracing these marks from spot to spot over surfaces where they were once continuous. When I say that I followed the glacial marks, compass in hand, from north to south, over a line a hundred miles in length, I do not mean that I never lost sight of them for that distance; but simply that one set of lines, which always ran due north and south, unless deflected, as we shall see, by some local cause, usually explicable on the spot, might be traced at intervals over all the rocky surfaces. If they disappeared under a stream on its northern shore, they reappeared on the southern side; if hidden for a time

by some mass of vegetation, they were found again farther on; and thus—allowing for natural and inevitable interruptions—it may be correctly said that they are continuous over the whole country. The glaciated surfaces—to express in one word the combined action of glaciers on the rocks over which they move—present the most varied outlines, sometimes flat, sometimes bulging, with inclined slopes. But whether more or less prominent, they are always rounded, dome-shaped, and the larger furrows, like the smaller striæ and grooves, are invariably straight. Never do we find winding, branching furrows determined by the inequalities in the hardness of the rock, or by pre-existing fissures, as is the case wherever rocks are worn by water, or rather by sand and pebbles set in motion by water.

While upon the subject of glacial phenomena in general, and in order not to interrupt too frequently the account of my own journey, I may here enumerate some of the localities in the State of Maine where glacial marks are most distinct. They are so numerous, that I must limit myself to those where the traces are most remarkable. To the east of Portland there are a number of ledges where they are well preserved, and they exist also upon some rocky surfaces in the islands of the bay. Rocky ledges occur frequently between Yarmouth and Lewiston, the surface of which is polished and scratched from north to south. These ledges are partly covered by morainic accumulations. West of Lewiston, along the Little Androscoggin, there is a coarse clay slate distinctly scratched in the same way. To the east of Lewiston, along Lake Winthrop, there are surfaces of clay slate intersected by greenstone dikes exhibiting also the characteristic markings; and an immense median moraine in the same locality cannot escape notice. A few miles to the west of West Waterville a terminal or front moraine is thrown across the neck of the lake, forming a barrier to which this sheet of water owes its

existence. Half-way between Waterville and West Waterville are fine polished and striated surfaces. At Clinton, as also between Etna and Newport, the marks are very distinct. In all these localities the lines run due north and south. To the west of Bangor the country is rolling and rather flat. Here the *roches moutonnées* are numerous, with polished surfaces, upon which the scratches and grooves are very distinct, but bearing generally north-northwest, over beds of slaty rock striking northeast. These rocks are partially covered by drift, in which scratched pebbles are not rare, though it contains but few large boulders. In the immediate neighborhood of Bangor, and especially near Pushaw Lake, the *roches moutonnées* are very extensive, and, from their character, particularly instructive. These rolling hills are formed by thin upturned clay-slate beds, standing edgewise, in a vertical position, and striking east-northeast. Scratches, grooves, and furrows of every dimension, sometimes very distinct, sometimes fainter, but always rectilinear and always running due north, traverse the edges of these beds at right angles with the surfaces of stratification and the trend of the beds. It is evident that here there can be no confounding of the glacial marks with structural lines, or cracks in the strata,—for these would not run at right angles with the structure of the rock itself; or with furrows made by water,—for these would have followed the strata instead of crossing them; or with any displacement of the beds moving upon one another,—a suggestion which has sometimes been made to explain the appearance of these marks upon horizontal surfaces. Nor is there any trace of the angular ledges which must have resulted from the tilting of these stratified rocks. The whole region is levelled and smoothed down to an undulating plain.

While investigating the facts in this locality, I could not but recall the criticism of the “greatest geologist of the age”*

* Leopold von Buch.

upon the glacial theory, then in its infancy; and the ridicule thrown upon the idea that the polished and scratched rocks of the valley of Hasli had been fashioned by ice. He considered these appearances as the natural effects of the shrinking of melted masses under the process of cooling, which might produce some displacement or movement of successive layers one upon another, leading to marks of different kinds belonging to the structure of the rock itself, and not due to any external action. Had the strata in this instance been vertical in their position, like those of which the *roches moutonnées* on Pushaw Lake consist, instead of slanting but slightly, like those of the valley of Hasli, such an interpretation could not have been admitted for a moment, and the doctrine of a former greater extension of glaciers would perhaps have been recognized twenty-five years earlier by scientific men.

From Bangor eastward to Eastport, I have made but a hasty survey,—not in the present journey, which included only the country between the Katahdin Iron Works and Mount Desert, but on a former occasion. I then noticed, that, at intervals, between Bangor and Calais and over the whole track from Calais to Eastport, numerous polished surfaces are visible, with distinct scratches and furrows pointing due north. I may say, therefore, from my own personal observation, that the State of Maine, for nearly its whole width, that is, over four degrees of longitude, and between latitude 44° and 45°, bears all the characteristic indications of glacial action on its surface. But while many of these phenomena are perfectly simple and clear to one intimately acquainted with the effects produced by moving masses of ice, I have noticed near Bangor, and more especially in the neighborhood of Waterville, facts not so readily explained, though I believe I have found their true solution. Ordinarily all the glacial marks in a given locality run in one direction, and have certainly been produced simultaneously by one and the

same agent, however opinions may differ as to the nature of that agent. But on Ledge Hill, five and a half miles from Bangor, faint striæ may be seen pointing due north, while upon the same slab are other lines pointing northwest, forming an angle of forty-five degrees with the first. I believe that here we have two successive sets of lines, the later ones having partially obliterated the first. The height of the ridge may have determined a change in the course of the ice, when it had diminished in thickness, and no longer acted with the same undeviating force. At Waterville the facts are still more perplexing. On the road to Benton, near the house of G. W. Drummond, are slaty rocks striking northeast, upon the surface of which are again two sets of marks,—one consisting of large, distinct scratches and furrows trending due north, while the others are finer, less distinct, and point east-northeast. On the road to Winslow, near the house of Henry Gichell, the same two systems of scratches may be seen on flat slabs of rock along the roadside. From the formation of the land in this region, I am inclined to believe the second agent—namely, that to which the scratches bearing east should be ascribed—to have been icebergs. There is high land two or three miles beyond these rocky surfaces, in Benton township; and the flat over which the Sebasticook River flows extends to these heights. The ice is likely to have remained longer upon the higher ground, and when the lower tracts were inundated by the melting of the general sheet of ice, the water, as it rose, may have floated off the remaining bergs, and drifted them across the normal primary scratches bearing due north.

On our return from the Katahdin Iron Works our road lay through Brownville, Orneville, Bradford, Hudson, and then along the shore of Pushaw Lake, to Bangor. Throughout this whole tract scratched and polished surfaces and *roches moutonnées* are frequent. But the most instructive lo-

calities of all, in reference to glacial phenomena, are to be found near the slate quarries of Brownville. Here again, as in the *roches moutonnées* at Pushaw Lake, the marks run at right angles with the trend and dip of the beds. To explain fully the significance of the facts in this region, I must say something of its general formation. Pleasant River runs through a wide, open valley, the direction of which is very nearly from north to south. The finely laminated clay beds in which the slate quarries are excavated are lifted to an angle of seventy degrees and more, that is, standing almost vertically; and their trend is across the valley from east to west, at right angles with it. More favorable circumstances for the study of glacial erosion could hardly be found. On comparing the marks and polished surfaces which pass at right angles over the edges of these upturned slate beds in the bottom of the valley as well as upon its sides, they are found to have exactly the same direction due north as the valley itself, so that evidently the agent which produced them must have been instrumental in shaping this trough, as it moved down the valley, before it could follow its path unimpeded by any inequalities of surface. Had it been a fluid mass, it would have fitted itself to the lay of the land: it would have followed the vertical edges of the strata, working its way in between them, instead of cutting them all to one evenly rounded surface, as it has done. And indeed it would seem as if this place were meant to facilitate the task of the investigator. It presents the data for an immediate comparison between the action of water and that of ice, the limit of the former being distinctly visible in the narrow furrow at the bottom of the valley in which the river has cut its bed. This furrow is sunk somewhat below the general undulating level of the slate beds, and upon its surface there is no trace of rectilinear lines and grooves, but simply the usual irregular, winding marks arising from the action of running water, and follow-

ing all the structural inequalities. The valley as a whole is a rather shallow depression, sinking a little more sharply toward the centre, and rising gradually east and west of the river-banks. The whole rock surface, with the exception of the river-bed, is glaciated, and it is impossible to overlook the fact that the same agent which has fashioned the bottom of the valley up to the adjoining hills has also grooved and scratched, at right angles with their structure, the upturned beds trending across it.

The absence of angular ledges in a region exclusively composed of uplifted slaty rocks is very remarkable. Facts like these show that a careful survey may furnish the means of actually measuring the extent of denudation or abrasion resulting from the grinding power of glaciers. They may even settle the question as to the origin of lake-basins now under discussion among geologists. The extensive excavations made by the quarrying operations in these rocks give the most admirable chances for investigation. These slates are themselves of admirable quality, and very extensively used as roofing-slates. About a mile to the west of the quarries, near Merrill, there are large morainic accumulations of loose materials of the kind I have called bottom or ground moraines, though here they are not exactly in the form of horsebacks. Immediately above the quarries at Brownville, where the drift has been recently removed to facilitate the quarrying, there are good sections where these bottom moraines, trending in the direction of the hills to the east of the valley, may be easily studied. They rest immediately upon the edges of the upturned beds, the whole mass being a mixture of the most heterogeneous rocky materials uniformly mixed. Nowhere in this neighborhood have I seen anything like a distinct lateral moraine; but near the church, an unmistakable terminal moraine, across which the river has cut its bed, spans the valley. The exhibition of glacial phenomena is so complete here, that it seems superfluous to follow similar facts

through localities where, owing to the character of the rocks and the lay of the land, they are less distinct. As, however, the extent over which the same set of phenomena may be traced forms an important part of the inquiry, I may indicate a few other points at which similar appearances occur. On the summit of the hill half-way between Brownville and Milo, near the Sebec River, the scratches and furrows are distinctly seen trending due north and south. They recur, after crossing the ferry, on the brow of another hill farther to the south. Between Orneville and North Bradford there are extensive flats, on which the rocks, wherever they are not decomposed, exhibit even and polished surfaces traversed by rectilinear grooves and furrows, trending

mainly from north to south, though here and there diverging to the west, and even forming occasionally an angle of from twenty to twenty-five degrees with the main set of lines. Farther south, as the land begins to rise again, all the marks point once more uniformly northward. To the north and south of the town of Hudson, and especially near the post-office, the scratches are very distinct, bearing due north across slaty rocks, which trend east-north-east. The views from the high lands over all this region are very beautiful. O'Lammon, the Peaked Mountains, and the Union River Mountains limit the horizon in the east; Dix's Mountain rises in the distance on the west; while the Katahdin Mountains are still visible far to the north.

FORZA MAGGIORE.

I M AGINE that Grossetto is not a town much known to travel, for it is absent from all the guide-books I have looked at. However, it is chief in the Maremma, where sweet Pia de' Tolommai languished and perished of the poisonous air and her love's cruelty, and where, so many mute centuries since, the Etrurian cities flourished and fell. Further, one may say that Grossetto is on the diligence road from Civita Vecchia to Leghorn, and that in the very heart of the place there is a lovely palm-tree, rare, if not sole, in that latitude. This palm stands in a well-sheltered, dull little court, out of everything's way, and turns tenderly toward the wall that shields it on the north. It has no other company but a beautiful young girl, who leans out of a window high over its head, and I have no doubt talks with it. At the moment we discovered the friends, the maiden was looking pathetically to the northward, while the palm softly stirred and opened its plumes, as a bird does when

his song is finished; and there is very little question but it had just been singing to her that song of which the palms are so fond, —

“Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höhe.”

Grossetto does her utmost to hide the secret of this tree's existence, as if a hard, matter-of-fact place ought to be ashamed of a sentimentality of the kind. It pretended to be a very worldly town, and tried to keep us in the neighborhood of its cathedral, where the *caf  *s and shops are, and where, in the evening, four or five officers of the garrison clinked their sabres on the stones, and promenaded up and down, and as many ladies shopped for gloves, and as many citizens sat at the principal *caf  * and drank black coffee. This was lively enough; and we knew that the citizens were talking of the last week's news and the Roman question; that the ladies were really looking for loves, not gloves; that such of the officers as had no local intrigue to keep their

hearts at rest were terribly bored, and longed for Florence or Milan or Turin.

Besides the social charms of her piazza, Grossetto put forth others of an artistic nature. The cathedral was very old and very beautiful, built of alternate lines of red and white marble, and lately restored in the best spirit of fidelity and reverence. But it was not open, and we were obliged to turn from it to the group of statuary in the middle of the piazza, representative of the Maremma and Family returning thanks to the Grand-Duke Leopold III. of Tuscany, for his goodness in causing her swamps to be drained. The Maremma and her children are arrayed in the scant draperies of Allegory, but the Grand-Duke is fully dressed, and is shown looking down with some surprise at their figures, and with a visible doubt of the propriety of their public appearance in that state.

There was also a Museum at Grossetto, and I wonder what was in it?

The wall of the town was perfect yet, though the moat at its feet had been so long dry that it was only to be known from the adjacent fields by the richness of its soil. The top of the wall had been levelled, and planted with shade, and turned into a peaceful promenade, like most of such mediæval defences in Italy; though I am not sure that a little military life did not still linger about a bastion here and there. From somewhere, when we strolled out early in the morning, to walk upon the wall, there came to us a throb of drums; but I believe that the only armed men we saw, beside the officers in the piazza, were the numerous sportsmen resorting at that season to Grossetto for the excellent shooting in the marshes. All the way to Florence we continued to meet them and their dogs; and our inn at Grossetto overflowed with abundance of game. On the kitchen floor and in the court were heaps of larks, pheasants, quails, and beccafichi, at which a troop of scullion-boys constantly plucked, and from which the great, noble, beautiful, white aproned cook forever fried, stewed,

broiled, and roasted. We lived chiefly upon these generous birds during our sojourn, and found, when we attempted to vary our bill of fare, that the very genteel waiter attending us had few distinct ideas beyond them. He was part of the repairs and improvements which that hostelry had recently undergone, and had evidently come in with the four-pronged forks, the chromolithographs of Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Solferino, and Magenta in the large dining-room, and the iron stove in the small one. He had nothing, evidently, in common with the brick floors of the bedchambers, and the ancient rooms with great fireplaces. He strove to give a Florentine blandishment to the rusticity of life in the Maremma; and we felt sure that he must know what beefsteak was. When we ordered it, he assumed to be perfectly conversant with it, started to bring it, paused, turned, and, with a great sacrifice of personal dignity, demanded, "*Bifstecca di manzo, o bifstecca di montone?*" — "Beefsteak of beef, or beefsteak of mutton?"

Of Grossetto proper, this is all I remember, if I except a boy whom I heard singing after dark in the streets,

"*Camicia rossa, O Garibaldi!*"

The cause of our sojourn there was an instance of *forza maggiore*, as the agent of the diligence company defiantly expressed it, in refusing us damages for our overturn into the river. It was in the early part of that winter when the railways in every part of the Peninsula had been more or less interrupted by the storms and floods predicted of Matthieu de la Drôme, — the only reliable prophet France has produced since Voltaire; — and if the accident was caused by an overruling Providence, the company, according to the very law of its existence, was not responsible. To be sure, we did not see how an overruling Providence was to blame for loading upon our diligence the baggage of two, or for the clumsiness of our driver; but, on the other hand, it is certain that the company did not make it rain or cause the

inundation. And, in fine, we were masters to have taken the steamer instead of the diligence at Civita Vecchia.

The choice of either of these means of travel had presented itself in vivid hues of disadvantage all the way from Rome to the Papal port, where the French steamer for Leghorn lay dancing a hornpipe upon the short, chopping waves, while we approached by railway. We had leisure enough to make the decision, if that was all we wanted. Our engine-driver had derived his ideas of progress from an Encyclical Letter, and the train gave every promise of arriving at Civita Vecchia five hundred years behind time. But such was the desolating and depressing influence of the weather and the landscape, that we reached Civita Vecchia as undecided as we had left Rome. On the one hand, there had been the land, soaked and sodden, — wild, shagged with scrubby growths of timber and brooded over by sullen clouds, and visibly inhabited only by shepherds, leaning upon their staves at an angle of forty-five degrees, and looking, in their immovable dejection, with their legs wrapped in long-haired goat-skins, like satyrs that had been converted, and were trying to do right: turning dim faces to us, they warned us with every mute appeal against the land, as a waste of mud from one end of Italy to the other. On the other hand, there was the sea-wind raving about our train and threatening to blow it over, and, whenever we drew near the coast, heaping the waves upon the beach in thundering menace.

We weakly and fearfully remembered our former journeys by diligence over broken railway routes; we recalled our cruel voyage from Genoa to Naples by sea; and in a state of pitiable dismay we ate five francs' worth of indigestion at the restaurant of the Civita Vecchia station before we knew it, and long before we had made up our minds. Still we might have lingered and hesitated, and perhaps returned to Rome at last, but for the dramatic resolution of the old man who solicited passengers for

the diligence, and carried their passports for a final Papal *visa* at the police-office. By the account he gave of himself, he was one of the best men in the world, and unique in those parts for honesty and truthfulness; and he besought us, out of that affectionate interest with which our very aspect had inspired him, not to go by steamer, but to go by diligence, which in nineteen hours would land us safe, and absolutely refreshed by the journey, at the railway station in Follonica. And now, once, would we go by diligence? twice, would we go? three times, would we go?

"Signore," said our benefactor, angrily, "I lose my time with you"; and ran away, to be called back in the course of destiny, as he knew well enough, and besought to take us as a special favor.

From the passports he learned that there was official dignity among us, and addressed the unworthy bearer of public honors as *Eccellenza*, and, at parting, bequeathed his advantage to the conductor, commending us all in set terms to his courtesy. He hovered caressingly about us as long as we remained, straining politeness to do us some last little service; and when the diligence rolled away, he did all that one man could to give us a round of applause.

We laughed together at this silly old man, when out of sight; but we confessed that, if travel in our own country ever came, with advancing corruption, to be treated with the small deceits practised upon it in Italy, it was not likely to be treated with the small civilities also there attendant on it, — and so tried to console ourselves.

At the moment of departure, we were surprised to have enter the diligence a fellow-countryman, whom we had first seen on the road from Naples to Rome. He had since crossed our path with that iteration of travel which brings you again and again in view of the same trunks and the same tourists in the round of Europe, and finally at Civita Vecchia he had turned up a silent spectator of our scene with the agent of the diligence, and had apparently gone off a confirmed passenger by steamer. Per-

haps a nearer view of the sailor's horn-pipe, as danced by that vessel in the harbor, shook his resolution. At any rate, here he was again, and with his ticket for Follonica, — a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked man, and we will say a citizen of Portland, though he was not. For the first time in our long acquaintance with one another's faces, we entered into conversation, and wondered whether we should find brigands or anything to eat on the road, without much expectation of finding either. In respect of robbers, we were not disappointed; but shortly after nightfall we stopped at a lonely post-house to change horses, and found that the landlord had so far counted on our appearance as to have, just roasted and fragrantly fuming, a leg of lamb, with certain small fried fish, and a sufficiency of bread. It was a very lonely place, as I say; the sky was gloomy overhead; and the wildness of the landscape all about us gave our provision quite a gamy flavor; and brigands could have added nothing to our sense of solitude.

The road creeps along the coast for some distance from Civita Vecchia within hearing of the sea, and nowhere widely forsakes it, I believe, all the way to Follonica. The country is hilly, and we stopped every two hours to change horses; at which times we looked out, and, seeing that it was a gray and windy night, though not rainy, exulted that we had not taken the steamer. With very little change, the wisdom of our decision in favor of the diligence formed the burden of our talk during the whole night; and to think of eluded sea-sickness requited us in the agony of our break-neck efforts to catch a little sleep, as, mounted upon our nightmares, we rode steeple-chases up and down the highways and by-ways of horror. Anything that absolutely awakened us was accounted a blessing; and I remember few things in life with so keen a pleasure as the summons that came to us to descend from our places and cross a river in one boat, while the two diligences of our train followed in another.

Here we had time to see our fellow-passengers, as the pulsating light of their cigars illumined their faces, and to discover among them that Italian, common to all large companies, who speaks English, and is very eager to practise it with you, — who is such a benefactor if you do not know his own language, and such a bore if you do. After this, being landed, it was rapture to stroll up and down the good road, and feel it hard and real under our feet, and not an abysmal impalpability, while all the grim shapes of our dreams fled to the spectral line of small boats sustaining the ferry-barge, and swaying slowly from it as the drowned men at their keels tugged them against the tide.

"*S' accomodino, Signori!*" cries the cheerful voice of the conductor, and we ascend to our places in the diligence. The nightmares are brought out again; we mount, and renew the steeple-chase as before.

Suddenly, it all comes to an end, and we sit wide awake in the diligence, amid a silence only broken by the hiss of rain against the windows, and the sweep of gusts upon the roof. The diligence stands still; there is no rattle of harness, nor other sound to prove that we have arrived at the spot by other means than dropping from the clouds. The idea that we are passengers in the last diligence destroyed before the Deluge, and are now waiting our fate on the highest ground accessible to wheels, fades away as the day dimly breaks, and we find ourselves planted, as the Italians say, on the banks of another river. There is no longer any visible conductor, the horses have been spirited away, the driver has vanished.

The rain beats and beats upon the roof, and begins to drop through upon us in great, wrathful tears, while the river before us rushes away with a momentarily swelling flood. Enter now from the depths of the storm a number of rainy peasants, with our conductor and driver perfectly waterlogged, and group themselves on the low, muddy shore, near a flat ferry-barge, evidently want-

ing but a hint of *forza maggiore* to go down with anything put into it. A moment they dispute in pantomime, sending now and then a windy tone of protest and expostulation to our ears, and then they drop into a motionless silence, and stand there in the tempest, not braving it, but enduring it with the pathetic resignation of their race, as if it were some form of hopeless political oppression. At last comes the conductor to us, and says, It is impossible for our diligences to cross in the boat, and he has sent for others to meet us on the opposite shore. He expected them long before this, but we see ! They are not come. Patience and malediction !

Remaining planted in these unfriendly circumstances from four o'clock till ten, we have still the effrontery to be glad that we did not take the steamer. What a storm that must be at sea ! When at last our connecting diligences appear on the other shore, we are almost light-hearted, and make a jest of the Ombrone, as we perilously pass it in the ferry-boat too weak for our diligences. Between the landing and the vehicles there is a space of heavy mud to cross, and when we reach them we find the *coupé* appointed us occupied by three young Englishmen, who insist that they shall be driven to the boat. With that graceful superiority which endears their nation to the world, and makes the travelling Englishman a universal favorite, they keep the seats to which they have no longer any right, while the tempest drenches the ladies to whom the places belong ; and it is only by the *forza maggiore* of our conductor that they can be dislodged. In the mean time the Portland man exchanges with them the assurances of personal and national esteem, which that mighty bond of friendship, the language of Shakespeare and Milton, enables us to offer so idiomatically to our Transatlantic cousins.

What Grosseto was like, as we first rode through it, we scarcely looked to see. In four or five hours we should strike the railroad at Follonica ; and we merely asked of intermediate places

that they should not detain us. We dined in Grosseto at an inn of the Larthian period, — a cold inn and a damp, which seemed never to have been swept since the broom dropped from the grasp of the last Etrurian chambermaid, — and we ate with the two-pronged iron forks of an extinct civilization. All the while we dined, a boy tried to kindle a fire to warm us, and beguiled his incessant failures with stories of inundation on the road ahead of us. But we believed him so little, that, when he said a certain stream near Grosseto was impassable, our company all but hissed him.

When we left the town and hurried into the open country, we perceived that he had only too great reason to be an alarmist. Every little rill was risen, and boiling over with the pride of harm, and the broad fields lay hid under the yellow waters that here and there washed over the road. Yet the freshest only presented itself to us as a pleasant excitement ; and even when we came to a place where the road itself was covered for a quarter of a mile, we scarcely looked outside the diligence to see how deep the water was. We were surprised when our horses were brought to a stand on a rising ground, and the conductor, cap in hand, appeared at the door. He was a fat, well-natured man, full of a smiling good-will ; and he stood before us in a radiant desperation.

Would Eccellenza descend, look at the water in front, and decide whether to go on ? The conductor desired to content ; it displeased him to delay, — *ma, in somma !* — the rest was confided to the conductor's eloquent shoulders and eyebrows.

Eccellenza, descending, beheld but a disheartening prospect. On every hand the country was under water. The two diligences stood on a stone bridge spanning the stream, that, now swollen to an angry torrent, brawled over a hundred yards of the road before us. Beyond, the ground rose, and on its slope stood a farm-house up to its second story in water. Without the slightest hope in his purpose, and merely as

an experiment, Eccellenza suggested that a man should be sent in on horse-back; which being done, man and horse in a moment floundered into swimming depths.

The conductor, vigilantly regarding Eccellenza, gave a great shrug of desolation.

Eccellenza replied with a foreigner's broken shrug,—a shrug of sufficiently correct construction, but wanting the tonic accent, as one may say, though expressing, however imperfectly, an equal desolation.

It appeared to be the part of wisdom not to go ahead, but to go back if we could; and we re-entered the water we had just crossed. It had risen a little, meanwhile, and the road could now be traced only by the telegraph-poles. The diligence before us went safely through; but our driver, trusting rather to inspiration than precedent, did not follow it carefully, and directly drove us over the side of a small viaduct. All the baggage of the train having been lodged upon the roof of our diligence, the unwieldy vehicle now lurched heavily, hesitated, as if preparing, like Cæsar, to fall decently, and went over on its side, with a stately deliberation that gave us ample time to arrange our plans for getting out.

The torrent was only some three feet deep, but it was swift and muddy, and it was with a fine sense of shipwreck that Eccellenza felt his boots filling with water, while a conviction that it would have been better, after all, to have taken the steamer, struck coldly home to him. We opened the window in the top side of the diligence, and lifted the ladies through it, and the conductor, in the character of life-boat, bore them ashore; while the driver cursed his horses in a sullen whisper, and could with difficulty be diverted from that employment to cut the lines and save one of them from drowning.

Here our compatriot, whose conversation with the Englishman at the Ombrone we had lately admired, showed traits of strict and severe method which afterwards came into bolder relief. The

ladies being rescued, he applied himself to the rescue of their hats, cloaks, rubbers, muffs, books, and bags, and handed them up through the window with tireless perseverance, making an effort to wring or dry each article in turn. The other gentleman on top received them all rather grimly, and had not perhaps been amused by the situation but for the exploit of his hat. It was of the sort called in Italian as in English slang a stove-pipe (*canna*), and, having been made in Italy, it was of course too large for its wearer. It had never been anything but a horror and reproach to him, and he was now inexpressibly delighted to see it steal out of the diligence in company with one of the red-leather cushions, and glide darkly down the flood. It nodded and nodded to the cushion with a superhuman tenderness and elegance, and had a preposterous air of whispering, as it drifted out of sight,—

“It may be we shall reach the Happy Isles,—
It may be that the gulfs shall wash us down.”

The romantic interest of this episode had hardly died away, when our adventure acquired an idyllic flavor from the appearance on the scene of four peasants in an ox-cart. These the conductor tried to engage to bring out the baggage and right the fallen diligence; and they, after making him a little speech upon the value of their health, which might be injured, asked him, tentatively, two hundred francs for the service. The simple incident taught us, that, if Italians sometimes take advantage of strangers, they are equally willing to prey upon each other; but I doubt if anything could have taught a foreigner the sweetness with which our conductor bore the enormity, and turned quietly from those brigands to carry the Portland man from the wreck, on which he lingered, to the shore.

Here in the gathering twilight the passengers of both diligences grouped themselves, and made merry over the common disaster. As the conductor and the drivers brought off the luggage our spirits rose with the arrival of each trunk, and we were pleased

or not as we found it soaked or dry. We applauded and admired the greater sufferers among us: a lady who opened a dripping box was felt to have perpetrated a pleasantry; and a Brazilian gentleman, whose luggage dropped to pieces and was scattered in the flood about the diligence, was looked upon as a very subtle humorist. Our own contribution to these witty passages was the epigrammatic display of a reeking trunk full of the pretty rubbish people bring away from Rome and Naples, — copies of Pompeian frescos more ruinous than the originals; photographs floating loose from their cards; little earthen busts reduced to the lumpishness of common clay; Roman scarfs stained and blotted out of all memory of their recent hues; Roman pearls clinging together in jelly-like, clammy masses.

We were a band of brothers and sisters, as we all crowded into one diligence and returned to Grossetto. Arrived there, our party, knowing that a public conveyance in Italy — and everywhere else — always stops at the worst inn in a place, made bold to seek another, and found it without ado, though the person who undertook to show it spoke of it mysteriously and as of difficult access, and tried to make the simple affair as like a scene of grand opera as he could.

We took one of the ancient rooms in which there was a vast fireplace, as already mentioned, and we there kindled such a fire as could not have been known in that fuel-sparing land for ages. The drying of the clothes was an affair that drew out all the energy and method of our compatriot, and at a late hour we left him moving about among the garments that dangled and dripped from pegs and hooks and lines, dealing with them as a physician with his sick, and tenderly nursing his dress-coat, which he wrung and shook and smoothed and pulled this way and that with a never-satisfied anxiety. At midnight, he hired a watcher to keep up the fire and turn the steaming raiment, and, returning at

four o'clock, found his watcher dead asleep before the empty fireplace. But I rather applaud than blame the watcher for this. He must have been a man of iron nerve to fall asleep amid all that phantasmal show of masks and disguises. What if those reeking silks had forsaken their nails, and, checking themselves with the blotted Roman scarfs and the slimy Roman pearls, had invited the dress-coats to look over the dripping photographs? Or if all those drowned garments had assumed the characters of the people whom they had grown to resemble, and had sat down to hear the ghost of Pia de' Tolommei rehearse the story of her sad fate in the Maremma? I say, if a watcher could sleep in such company, he was right to do so.

On the third day after our return to Grossetto, we gathered together our damaged effects, and packed them into refractory trunks. Then we held the customary discussion with the landlord concerning the effrontery of his account, and drove off once more towards Follonica. We could scarcely recognize the route for the one we had recently passed over; and it was not until we came to the scene of our wreck, and found the diligence stranded high and dry upon the roadside, that we could believe the whole landscape about us had been flooded three days before. The offending stream had shrunk back to its channel, and now seemed to feign an unconsciousness of its late excess, and had a virtuous air of not knowing how in the world to account for that upturned diligence. The waters, we learned, had begun to subside the night after our disaster; and the vehicle might have been righted and drawn off — for it was not in the least injured — forty-eight hours previously; but I suppose it was not *en règle* to touch it without orders from Rome. I picture it to myself still lying there, in the heart of the marshes, and thrilling sympathetic travel with the spectacle of its ultimate ruin:

“Disfecemi Maremma.”

We reached Follonica at last, and then the cars hurried us to Leghorn. We were thoroughly humbled in spirit, and had no longer any doubt that we did ill to take the diligence at Civita Vecchia instead of the steamer; for we had been, not nineteen hours, but four days on the road, and we had suffered as afore mentioned.

But we were destined to be partially restored to our self-esteem, if not entirely comforted for our losses,

when we sat down to dinner in the Hotel Washington, and the urbane head-waiter, catching the drift of our English discourse, asked us, —

“Have the signori heard that the French steamer, which left Civita Vecchia the same day with their diligence, had to put back and lie in port forty-eight hours on account of the storm? She is but now come into Leghorn, after a very dangerous passage.”

THE GUERDON.

ALAIN, the poet, fell asleep one day
In the lords' chamber, when it chanced the Queen
With her twelve maids of honor passed that way, —
She like a slim white lily set between
Twelve glossy leaves, for they were robed in green.

A forest of gold pillars propped the roof,
And from the heavy corbels of carved stone
Yawned drowsy dwarfs, with satyr's face and hoof:
Like one of those bright pillars overthrown,
The slanted sunlight through the casement shone,

Gleaming across the body of Alain, —
As if the airy column in its fall
Had caught and crushed him. So the laughing train
Came on him suddenly, and one and all
Drew back, affrighted, midway in the hall.

Like some huge beetle curled up in the sun
Was this man lying in the noontide glare,
Deformed, and hideous to look upon,
With sunken eyes and masses of coarse hair,
And sallow cheeks deep seamed with time and care.

Forth from her maidens stood Queen Margaret:
The royal blood up to her temples crept
Like a wild vine with faint red roses set,
As she across the pillared chamber swept,
And, kneeling, kissed the poet while he slept.

Then from her knees uprose the stately Queen,
 And, seeing her ladies titter, 'gan to frown
 With those great eyes wherein methinks were seen
 Lights that outflashed the lustres in her crown,—
 Great eyes that looked the shallow women down.

“Nay, not for love,”—’t was like a sudden bliss,
 The full sweet measured music of her tongue,—
 “Nay, not for love’s sake did I give the kiss,
 Not for his beauty who ’s nor fair nor young,
 But for the songs which those mute lips have sung!”

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN VANDERLYN, THE ARTIST.

THE visitor to the Rotunda, in the Capitol at Washington, sees, among the large historical pictures placed there by government, “The Landing of Columbus,” by Vanderlyn. In the Hall of Representatives is the full-length portrait of Washington, by the same artist. These, with one in the City Hall in New York (I think, the full-length portrait of President Monroe), are the only public works left to preserve alive the memory of one who, had he been careful of himself and attentive to his profession, would have been without a superior among American artists.

Vanderlyn was a *protégé* of Aaron Burr. He belonged to a Dutch family at Kingston, Ulster County, New York, where his father was a farmer. Near this place my father had a country residence, at which I spent all my early summers; and it was to this circumstance that I owed my acquaintance with Vanderlyn, who had returned thither after the ruin of his patron.

When quite young, he was apprenticed to a wagon-painter, and in his employment remained until nearly twenty-one. Colonel Burr, in the day of his political and social elevation, when stopping at the tavern at Kingston, was shown some drawings by this country boy, in which he discovered the marks

of genius. He sent for him, learned his condition and employment, and parted from him with the remark, “When you wish to change your situation, put a clean shirt in your pocket, come to New York, and ask for Colonel Burr.”

The manner in which Vanderlyn availed himself of this invitation showed the eccentricity of genius. A few months afterwards, while Burr was at breakfast, a rough country boy presented himself at the door and asked to see him. The servant made some difficulty about his admission, when he fairly forced his way into the breakfast-room. Instead of standing just inside the door, shuffling and bowing, as most boys in his situation would have done, he walked straight up to the table where Burr was breakfasting, pulled a coarse clean shirt from his pocket, and silently laid it down before him. The action at once recalled to Burr his speech, and, taken perhaps in some measure by its oddity, he immediately adopted Vanderlyn as his *protégé*.

Mr. Parton, in his *Life of Burr*, has given a modified account of this incident. I give it as received from Vanderlyn himself.

Every advantage was afforded the young artist in his profession, and he soon justified the good opinion of his patron. He was sent to Europe to

remain for several years, and returned in 1801, at which time Burr thus mentions him in a letter to Thomas Morris: "Mr. Vanderlyn, the young painter from Esopus, who went about six years ago to Paris, has recently returned, having improved his time and talents in a manner that does very great honor to himself, his friends, and his country. From some samples which he has left here, he is pronounced to be the first painter that now is or ever has been in America."

It was at this time that he painted the portraits of Colonel Burr and his daughter (both profile likenesses) from which are copied the engravings prefixed to Davis's *Life of Burr*. "Vanderlyn," writes Burr to his daughter, December 4, 1802, "has finished your picture in the most beautiful style imaginable."

When his patron was compelled to flee to Europe, in 1808, Vanderlyn was there, and remained faithful when all the rest of the world seemed to have abandoned the fallen statesman. He shared his poverty, and was the only individual who fully knew the secret history of those days. When Burr was in humble lodgings in London, "at eight shillings a week," and when, we are told by his biographer, "one American friend only was admitted to the secret," Vanderlyn was undoubtedly the "one." He was always exceedingly chary of speaking of those times, particularly when the information was wanted for the press. Just after Burr's death, a writer in New York got up a popularized biography of him (long since forgotten), and called on Vanderlyn for materials, but could extract no information from him.

"But," said the writer, "tell me something about Burr's private life."

"You had better let Burr's private life alone," was Vanderlyn's significant reply.

He once told me that Burr, while they were in Paris, got him to draw a picture of a rock in the ocean, with the waves wildly dashing about it, surrounded by the motto, "Nothing moves

me." He wished to have it engraved for a seal, and Vanderlyn says it was perfectly illustrative of Burr's character. I have heard, indeed, from one of Burr's friends, that it was a favorite saying of Burr, "Accept the inevitable without repining." It condensed into a short sentence the philosophy of his life.

Another little story which Vanderlyn once told me, has often occurred to me during life, when wondering how people could have the conscience to do different things. While with Vanderlyn in France, Burr one day wanted him to do something from which he rather shrank, when the following conversation took place.

V. "The fact is, Colonel, I can't do it; my conscience won't let me."

B. "Pooh! pooh! have n't other people consciences, too?"

V. "Yes, Colonel, but not all of the same kind."

When Burr returned to America, in 1812, after his exile, he suddenly appeared in New York, and this generation cannot imagine how the city was electrified one morning by the brief notice in the paper: "Aaron Burr has returned to the city, and resumed the practice of the law at — Nassau Street." At that time the community could not imagine how he reached New York. Vanderlyn once told me the story of this return, — of Burr's struggles in Europe, of his departure from France, and of his voyage home under the name of Arnot. He and Vanderlyn were in Paris together, and were both, as usual, entirely out of funds, (Burr writes in his journal, "presque sans sous,") when Vanderlyn negotiated with three gentlemen to furnish Burr with the passage-money, and painted their portraits in payment. Mr. Parton gives an account of Burr's borrowing money in Paris for this purpose.

In 1807, the Emperor Napoleon offered a gold medal for the best original picture at the Exhibition of the Louvre, for the following year. Vanderlyn was then in Rome, where he

painted his great picture of "Marius on the Ruins of Carthage," and submitted it for the prize. There were twelve hundred pictures exhibited by European artists, but the "Marius" took the medal.

Napoleon himself is said to have been exceedingly struck with the grandeur of its design. He was anxious indeed to become the purchaser of the picture, and to have it placed permanently in the Louvre; but Vanderlyn declined, as he wished to carry it to his own country. It is stated that the Emperor passed through the gallery, accompanied by the Baron Denon and his artistic staff, and inspected all the pictures. Then he walked quickly back to the "Marius," and bringing down his forefinger, as he pointed to it, said, in his usual rapid way, "Give the medal to that!"

After the peace of 1815, Vanderlyn brought the picture to America, and when it had been exhibited for some time in our Atlantic cities, the painter, failing in his hopes of founding a great public gallery, (for at that time there was little taste for art in our country,) sold it to the late Leonard Kip, Esq., of New York. In the correspondence on this subject, Mr. Kip said, in one of his letters: "The principal reason which induces me to make this offer for it is, that it is not only the work of an American artist, but of one who is a descendant, like myself, of a Dutchman, and one of the old settlers of the country." In his reply, Vanderlyn writes: "I prefer that the picture should belong to a public gallery. If I fail, I am not aware that I can place it in better hands, with reference to individuals, than your own, or where the same flattering considerations in behalf of the author would be entertained, — considerations which have their full value with an artist of *the Dutch school.*"

The work is intended to represent Marius, when, after his defeat by Sylla, and the desertion of his friends, he had taken refuge in Africa. He had just landed, when an officer came and thus addressed him: "Marius, I come from

the Prætor Sextilius, to tell you that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate's decree, and treat you as the public enemy." Marius, struck dumb with indignation on hearing this, uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length, being asked what answer should be carried to the governor, "Go and tell him," said he, "that thou hast seen Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage." Thus, in the happiest manner, he held up the fate of that city and his own as a warning to the Prætor.

He sits, after having delivered this answer, with his toga just falling off his shoulders, and leaning on his short Roman sword. His helmet is at his feet; the ruins of Rome's old rival are around him; and at a distance, through the arches of the aqueduct, are seen the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Under his left hand is the opening of one of those mighty sewers which now form the only remains of ancient Carthage, and at his right elbow is an overthrown Phœnician altar, on which we can trace the sculptured ram's head and garlands. In the distance is a temple, with one of its pillars fallen, while a fox is seen among the ruins in front of its portico.

The figure of Marius was copied by Vanderlyn, in Rome, from one of the Pope's guards, remarkable for his Herculean proportions, and the head was taken from a bust of Marius, bearing his name, which had been dug up in Italy. Any one familiar with the ruins in the South of Europe will at once recognize the composition of the different parts of the picture. The temple in the background is similar to the Parthenon at Athens; the massive remains which tower over the head of Marius are like those of the villa of Hadrian, near Rome; while the ruined aqueduct in the distance is copied from the Claudian aqueduct, which, with its broken arches, sweeps over the desolate Campagna, from the city to the distant Alban Hills.

The picture itself is one with regard to which the judgment of all acquainted with such subjects has, for the last sixty years, confirmed the decision of the French Academy. It is something utterly unlike most modern paintings, — devoid of their light, glaring, chalky appearance, and characterized by the deep-toned coloring and severe simplicity of the old masters. The tension of the muscles of Marius's right arm, compared with the relaxed languor of the left, the fine disposition of light and shade, the reflection of the crimson toga on the body, the anatomical skill in the drawing of the figure, and the stern expression of the countenance, are points on which artists have always dwelt. Tuckerman, in his "Artist Life," has thus summed up his description: "The picture of Marius embodies the Roman character in its grandest phase, that of endurance; and suggests its noblest association, that of patriotism. It is a type of manhood in its serious, resisting energy and indomitable courage, triumphant over thwarted ambition, — a stern, heroic figure, self-sustained and calm, seated in meditation amid prostrate columns, which symbolize his fallen fortunes, and an outward solitude, which reflects the desolation of his exile."

I have dwelt at some length upon this picture, because it is Vanderlyn's great work, and certainly one of the most celebrated historical pictures in the country; and because, having belonged to a private family for two generations, it is now known to the public only by reputation, or through the medium of an indifferent engraving published by the New York Art Union in 1842. The two grand traits of the painting — its massiveness and deep-toned coloring — could not be represented in any way by an engraving. Some interesting facts with regard to it are contained in a letter addressed to the writer by Vanderlyn, and here printed *verbatim*.

"The picture was painted in Rome, during the second year of my stay there, — 1807. Rome was well adapt-

ed for the painting of such a subject, abounding in classical ruins, of which I endeavored to avail myself, and I think it also furnishes better models and specimens of the human form and character than our own country, or even France or England. And it is much more free from the fashion and frivolities of life than most all other places. The reception Marius met in Rome, when exhibited, from the artists there from various parts of Europe, was full as flattering to me as the award of the Napoleon gold medal which it received the next year in Paris. It gave me reputation there, and from an impartial source, mostly strangers to me. I had the pleasure of having Washington Allston for a neighbor in Rome, — an excellent friend and companion, whose encouraging counsels I found useful to me, as in all my embarrassments he readily sympathized with me. We were the only American students of art in Rome at that time, and regretted not to have had a few more, as was the case with those from most other countries. In a stroll on the Campagna, between Rome, Albano, and Frascati, in the month of May, in company with a couple of other students, one a Russian, we came upon the old ruins of Roma Vecchia, where a fox was started from its hiding-place; and this was the cause of my introducing one in the distance of my picture, — too trifling a fact, perhaps, to mention.

"I left Rome in December, and arrived in Paris in the beginning of 1808, and exhibited my picture there in the spring, at the public exhibition of the Louvre, where it received the medal through the hands of Baron Denon. He had first seen it in my studio, and expressed himself thus in favor of the picture: 'Cela porte un grand caractère,' — which was precisely what I had aimed at. Denon was an excellent judge of pictures, and well qualified to be at the head of the direction of the Musée Royale, &c. I never made any effort there to procure a sale for it, as my wish was to take it home, to form the origin of a gallery for our city, which

was always my desire. But when I became embarrassed through the cost of my "Rotunda," I would have been glad to have found a purchaser, and was willing to cede the picture to your esteemed father." }

It would probably have been better for Vanderlyn had he remained in Europe. There, he was in an atmosphere of art ; his triumph over the European artists had given him a high reputation ; he was on the road to fame and fortune ; and he had every incentive to labor. As it was, he returned to settle down into indolence. He first built in New York, for the exhibition of panoramas, the "Rotunda" which for many years stood behind the City Hall. But the enterprise did not succeed ; he was unable to pay the builder, and the edifice passed out of his hands. This seemed to dispirit and sour him ; he found there was no taste for art in that new community ; and for the remainder of his long life he seemed to be embittered against the country for not properly appreciating his works.

He returned to Kingston, his birthplace, and there, as I have before mentioned, I often saw him during my boyhood. For nearly twenty years there seems to have been an entire blank in his life. During all that time he painted scarcely any portraits, and no other works of which I am aware except his exquisite picture of *Ariadne* (a full-length female figure, perfectly nude), which I have lost sight of for many years, and his full-length portraits of Monroe and Washington, to which I have before alluded. For the latter, he was to have been paid one thousand dollars, but when it was placed in the Hall of Representatives, the members of Congress were so much pleased with it that they voted him twenty-five hundred.

Vanderlyn painted very slowly and elaborately, as I know to my cost. Believing that Burr's estimate of him was correct, and that he was our ablest American artist, I had always been very desirous to have him paint the

portraits of my father and mother. In 1833, accidentally meeting him in New York, I proposed to him to undertake the work ; but he declined, alleging that he had no studio. I found him living at an obscure French boarding-house in Church Street, and I proposed to him to come to my father's house and use the library as a studio. So he came, blocked up the windows, except a square place in the top of one of them, and began his pictures. It was in the autumn when he commenced, and the winter was nearly over when he finished. I wanted to use the library for my studies, and tired enough I was at the long exclusion. My mother sat for a couple of hours in the morning, and my father in the afternoon, and each of them had about sixty sittings. In this way the whole winter was spent. He made fine pictures, of course, but the victimized sitters felt that the cost was too great.

During this time my father accidentally discovered that the Napoleon gold medal was pawned in New York for thirty dollars, and redeemed it. After keeping it some time, he returned it to Vanderlyn. The Napoleon medals, executed under the direction of the Baron Denon, were celebrated in Europe. This one was the medal always used by the Emperor for rewarding civil services. On one side was a splendid head of Napoleon, and on the other a wreath of laurel, within which was the vacant space for engraving the name of the recipient, and the reason of the award. Vanderlyn's medal had engraved on it, —

EXPOSITION
AU SALON
DE 1808.

—♦—
JOHN
VANDERLYN
PEINTRE.

¶ The year 1842 brought what should have been a gleam of sunshine to the disappointed artist. Congress resolved to fill the remaining panels in the Rotunda of the Capitol with historical pictures, and one of them was allotted to

Vanderlyn. He was to receive twelve thousand dollars, which sum was paid him in instalments while the work was going on. He went immediately to France, as a more convenient place for executing a great work, and there began his "Landing of Columbus." The relief, however, had come too late. The enthusiasm for art which marked his early years was gone; he was old and broken in health and spirits, and his professional pride had given way in the mere struggle for money.

In 1844 I was in Paris, and, inquiring about the picture, found that it was advancing under the hand of a clever French artist whom Vanderlyn had employed. Of course, the conception and design were his own, but I believe little of the actual work. In fact, no one familiar with Vanderlyn's early style could ever imagine the "Columbus" to be his. Place it by the side of the "Marius," and you see that they are evidently executed by different artists. The "Marius" has the dark, severe tone of the old masters; the "Landing of Columbus" is a flashy modern French painting.

Wishing to see whether I could not procure the Napoleon medal, I sought for Vanderlyn, and at length found him in the gallery of the Louvre, where he was copying pictures for some gentleman in Boston. I soon discovered that he was in an awful humor, perfectly embittered against his country, notwithstanding the late government patronage. In the course of our conversation, he ended one of his usual tirades with this remark: "No one but a professional quack can live in America. There's the Lawrence family in New York; they brought forward a quack."

This alluded to the fact that they had been the patrons of —, then a distinguished artist, and had brought him into notice. The remark, however, was intended for my own particular and especial benefit, as he knew that I had married one of the Lawrence family. Without apparently noticing the personal character of his speech, I

quietly remarked, "You remember, Mr. Vanderlyn, that Mr. Lawrence, in the latter part of his life, did not employ —, but took up Inman."

"Humph! he was another charlatan," was his reply; — so I found I had not gained anything by attempting a diversion.

One day, being with him in the Louvre, I determined to plunge into the subject of the medal. I felt very much interested about it, for the medal was of course worth more to us than to any one else, and should accompany the picture. I was afraid, too, that it would be pawned in Paris, and that, as Vanderlyn was getting old, it might after his death be entirely lost to us. So I began my inquiries in this wise, feeling my way.

"Mr. Vanderlyn, I was at the mint to-day, and saw the bronze copies of the series of French medals. I wished to get a copy of the Napoleon medal; but it is so many years since I have seen it, I could not remember which it was. Will you let me have it for a day to select the copy?"

V. (curtly.) "No, sir, I will not."

A pause, — during which I said to myself, he has not got the medal.

V. (resuming.) "The fact is, sir, the medal is not now in my possession."

Another pause, while I thought, It is as I suspected; he has pawned it again.

V. (going on.) "The truth is, sir, that, being in want of funds, I was obliged to place it in the hands of a friend. I shall keep the medal as long as I live, and then I don't care what becomes of it."

This was the confirmation of my fears, and, believing the case hopeless, we parted.

That evening I went to the American Legation. Our Minister, William Rufus King (who died while Vice-President of the United States), was not at home, and I saw Mr. Martin, the Secretary of Legation. I was telling him some of Vanderlyn's speeches, illustrating his bitterness, when he said, "I can show you something as good as that!"

He opened a drawer and took out a manuscript, which he informed me was a memorial addressed by Vanderlyn to the American Minister, detailing his grievances. These were certainly very amusing, and for the most part entirely imaginary, the paper being a general complaint against Mr. Cass, our former Minister to France. Two of the wrongs will do for specimens.

Mr. Cass had actually sent Vanderlyn an invitation to his balls! "As if," writes Vanderlyn, "such places of vanity and fashion were fit places for me!" Probably, if he had not been invited, that neglect would have been cited as the cause of complaint.

Again, Mr. Cass, in speaking to Vanderlyn about Healy, — a young American artist patronized by Louis Philippe, — had expressed his admiration of him for not letting his success "turn his head," and had commended his simplicity and modesty. Whereupon the indignant Vanderlyn comments thus: "I considered these remarks as a reflection on myself, implying that I was marked by the opposite qualities."

It is evident from this how perfectly morbid he had become.

A couple of years later, Vanderlyn returned home with his picture, which is now in the Capitol, and which is altogether inferior to his earlier works. Some time after, in January, 1848, Kellogg, the artist, came over in charge of Powers's Greek Slave, and went to my mother's (as lovers of art often did), with the request that he might see the "Marius." My brother-in-law, the late Bishop (Burgess) of Maine, being there at the time, went in to show it. He wrote me, that he had gathered, from his conversation with Kellogg, that the Napoleon medal had been brought to this country.

Whereupon I made another effort to procure it. I wrote to Vanderlyn, and finally he informed me that it was in the hands of a gentleman in New York, who had brought it from Paris, and held it for a loan of some fifty-six dollars. After some correspondence he allowed me to redeem it, and papers

were exchanged by which I became bound to restore it only to himself personally.

A few months afterwards, Crawford, the sculptor, sent to me, in the name of a number of artists, to inquire whether they could redeem the medal, which they wished to present as a compliment to Vanderlyn. I declined, for it was the second time it had been in the possession of my family, and, if returned to Vanderlyn, it would probably soon again pass out of his hands. It was best that it should go with the picture. And so it remained with me. Within the next six months, both Vanderlyn and Crawford died.

Vanderlyn had come back to the country, as poor as ever. He had spent the instalments of his twelve thousand dollars as fast as he received them. Age, too, was creeping over him, and he must before this time have reached his threescore years and ten. After my father's death he used to write to me occasionally, — for he seemed to consider my ownership of the "Marius" a tie between us, — generally to complain of his treatment by the world, and once to tell me of a raffle he had arranged to dispose of his two pictures of Niagara Falls. The drawing never took place, nor did I ever hear what became of the paintings. From my recollection of them, I do not think they possessed great merit. Landscape-painting was not his forte.

He had retreated back to Kingston, where he died in poverty about 1850, ending life where it began. Some years after his death, I cut from a newspaper the following account of a visit to his grave: "The writer yesterday stood beside the grave of Vanderlyn, the artist. He is buried near the southern extremity of the beautiful village of the dead, called 'Wiltwyck Cemetery,' at Kingston, N. Y. There is no stone, nor even mound, to mark the spot: only a few vines twining and intertwining, like the network of the life that was, but which now is forever ended. Patches of snow lay on the ground, and the trees still stood disrobed, save

where, here and there, on the compact foliage of the cedars, the snow clung, making them seem like those twilight spectres which, in the old Norse legends, were said to haunt ruins."

Such is the melancholy story of one who might have been one of the first artists our country has produced. He left, however, little behind him. Besides the pictures I have mentioned, there are only a few portraits among some of the old New York families. Why he did not paint more, I do not know. Burr, in writing to his daughter, in 1802, says: "Vanderlyn is run down with applications for portraits, all of which, without discrimination, he refuses." Probably he neglected portraits while dreaming of grand historical pictures which he never had application enough to paint.

As is usual in such cases, no sooner was he dead, than the community began to wake up to an appreciation of his merits as an artist. It was the realization of what I found in a letter of my father to him, in reply to his complaints that the world undervalued his works. The "Marius," he writes to him in 1834, "will probably be more valued, when you and I care nothing about it." The people of Kingston began suddenly to feel a pride in the fame of their townsman, and wrote to me to ask if I would sell them the "Marius" to place in the court-house of their village. A number of public galleries made the

same proposal; but the propositions were declined, and the "Marius" is now on the Pacific coast, where, at the time when Vanderlyn was sketching his hero in the "Eternal City," the soil was trodden only by the wild Indian or the Franciscan missionary.

And now, as I write, I look up at Marius, and there he is, as grand as when he came from the artist's hand, so many years ago. More than two generations have passed away since that time; his early admirers are dust; the Roman artists, the great Emperor, the Baron Denon and his artistic staff, the men who gathered before the picture when first shown in New York, all are gone; but Marius still looks out from the canvas, the tints of which are only mellowed and softened by time. I think of the old Jeronymite monk who, when Wilkie was in the Refectory of the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, said to him: "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for nearly threescore years. During that time my companions have dropped off, one after another,—all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them, till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we are but the shadows!"

THE REPUBLICAN ALLIANCE.

IF from the late war, and the peace now concluded, Italy should fail to learn a decisive lesson for the future, and the democratic party fail to perceive the path to be followed in pursuit of that future, we should be driven to despair of both.

War for Venice, a war to regain our

own territory and our own frontier, had become a necessity,—the supreme and sole condition both of security and honor. All men felt that, until the national question was solved, and Italy secure from foreign attack, no stable internal organization of the country was possible. All felt that, if we de-

sired to place ourselves in a condition which would enable us, in the probable case of the non-fulfilment of the September Convention, to concentrate all the forces of the country upon the solution of the Roman question, it was of the first necessity to secure ourselves against an Austrian invasion, by gaining possession of the Rhetic, Noric, and Carnic Alps.

The Venetians, owing to the exertions of our party, were preparing for insurrection. The ruinous state of Italian finance imperatively demanded such reforms and such economy as were impossible of realization so long as the Damoclean sword of war was suspended over our heads. It had become impossible for our monarchy to hold back any longer without serious risk. Action was decided upon. Had they really *willed* it, victory was certain.

The monarchy had had five years to prepare; it had had unlimited supplies of money, an obsequious parliament, and a country resigned to any amount of misgovernment, provided only the promise of action was kept. War once declared, the whole of Italy rose up in a ferment of enthusiasm, and ready for every description of sacrifice in blood or money.

The monarchy, in order to remain the sole unwatched master of the field, demanded unlimited powers, both financial and political: they were granted. Reluctantly, and only under the pressure of public opinion, it demanded twenty thousand volunteers: seventy thousand eagerly answered the call. It demanded that all parties should signify their adhesion to the war: it was done. It demanded of Garibaldi the support of his name and the aid of his genius, without conditions: he gave both.

These concessions, so blindly made to a power that had repeatedly betrayed alike the desires and the rights of the nation, were mistakes; but our present purpose is only to show that the monarchy obtained everything it demanded, and everything that was

necessary for the overthrow of every obstacle in its path. The majority of the republicans — albeit full of distrust and evil presentiment — believed that, although the national question of unity and the internal question of liberty were based upon one and the same principle, yet their field of application was different; they held that, by uniting with the monarchy in the endeavor to emancipate upwards of two millions of Italians from a foreign yoke, they did not for a single day abdicate their right of republican apostolate; and they considered that that right would be strengthened and confirmed by the fulfilment of the duty of combating Austria in aid of their Italian brothers. They remembered that the nation, although still unprepared to adopt a better system of internal government, was eagerly desirous for war; and they knew that the true method for those who sought to educate and convince the nation could never be that of holding themselves aloof. They knew that, if left alone in the field, the monarchy would in case of triumph assume the entire honor of the victory, and in case of defeat attribute the dishonor to the dualism engendered in the national camp by the separation of the republicans. They felt how grave would be the danger, and how immense the disgrace, of a Napoleonic intervention in the Italian war; they knew that the monarchy would invoke that intervention on the slightest pretext; and they considered it their duty to deprive the monarchy of all such pretext, by affording it all the assistance and all the men required. They therefore hastened to action in the ranks of the volunteers.

The monarchy entered the field with three hundred and fifty thousand regular troops, one hundred thousand *

* The official accounts stated at the commencement of the war that the government had four hundred and fifty thousand troops ready for action. They now state that they were only two hundred thousand. They lied then, as they lie now; the first time, in order that the country, confident of success, might leave everything to them; the second time, in order to explain the fact of their having done nothing. The above are the correct figures.

mobilized national guards, thirty thousand volunteers, and the whole nation ready to act as a reserve upon territory whereon every single man was a sworn foe to the enemy.

Austria had one hundred and fifty thousand men in Italy. The war with Prussia rendered it impossible to augment that number in any case. Yet more; on each side of the Alps, on each side of the Save, by the shores of the Danube, along the Carpathian chain, in Hungary, Galicia, and Bohemia, in Servia,—half of the population of which is under Austria,—among the Roumain race,—a large portion of which is in Transylvania,—in the Banat and other Austrian provinces, among the Southern Slavonians,—eagerly desirous of constituting a widely extended Illyria,—Italy had allies at hand; all of them ready, nay, eager, and entreating a word of encouragement or a movement on our part. The government knew these things. Agents from those provinces were in correspondence and contact with *us*, and with the government at the same time.

The war, if rightly conducted, would have carried dissolution into the very heart of the Austrian empire; it would have insured to Italy the *initiative* of the movement of the nations; it would have gained for her those indissoluble alliances founded on gratitude, which would have opened up the path of Italian economic progress in the East; it would have constituted Italy a first-class power, and rendered her arbiter of the European question at one bound.

In this, the first war to be fought with our own forces, Heaven set before us a glorious opportunity of cancelling that stigma of vassalage which has oppressed and weighed down our languid existence since Villafranca, and of transforming that existence into vigorous life, the life of giants,—respected as powerful, and beloved as benefactors.

In a case like ours, a national republican government would have ac-

cepted the vast and holy mission set before them, blessing and adoring the God of Italy. A national government would have felt that Italy only exists in virtue of the right of revolution; that she had naught to do with diplomacies, naught to do with treaties and alliances, save with those peoples called, like herself, to the conquest of their own freedom; that her banner is the banner of a *principle*,—the principle of nationality,—and they would have boldly raised that banner in the face of friends and foes.

A national government would have understood that, in order to preserve the country from the ruin of repeated wars, and to vanquish Austria, not once, but forever, it was necessary to dismember her; and that this necessity for the dismemberment of the Austrian empire pointed out the Danube, Vienna, and Southern Slavonia as the objective points of the war.

A national government would have instantly convoked an Italian parliament,—had none such been already assembled,—and bade them watch over the internal security of the country, and keep open every path through which aid might reach the holy war, saying to them, *Watch also over us, and see that neither from weakness nor incapacity we fail in our sacred mission.*

A national government would have issued a proclamation to the Italian people, saying, *Hold yourselves in threatening readiness as our reserve force, so long as we do our duty and go forward; and be also ready to punish us should we offer to draw back while one inch of Italian ground remains to be conquered.*

A national government would have addressed another proclamation to the peoples now subject to Austria, saying to them, “Arise! the Italian army is your army; yours the ports along the eastern coast of the Adriatic,—beyond Istria, which we shall set free,—across which sea we will form the alliance of freemen with you.”

A national government would have

opened unlimited registers of volunteers ; would have organized the Hungarian legions, and the thousands of Poles, — sons of the last insurrection, — now wandering over Europe ; it would have placed them with their national flags in the vanguard of our army ; then, leaving two intrenched camps behind to guard Lombardy and the extreme Po, would have sent two hundred thousand regulars to push on by way of Laybach and Udine to Vienna, would have given the command of our fleet to Garibaldi, and, when he had destroyed the enemy's fleet, would have poured fifty thousand volunteers beyond the Adriatic into Croatia and Hungary.

Had this plan appeared too daring, — which, however, it was not, — a national government would have arranged to have an insurrectionary outbreak *precede* the war along the zone of the Alps, and, first occupying the Trentino to its farthest frontiers by the regular troops, would have brought the main body of the army into the field between the Quadrilateral and Venice ; in either case contriving a simultaneous movement by the volunteers in Southern Slavonia.

The monarchy, however, — as if desirous of proving to Europe that insurgent Italy would have no other allies than the agents of despotism, — chose for its sole ally Bismarck ; who, being decided to make war upon Austria for his own purposes, would have afforded Italy all the aid she required from the mere force of things, and without any effort on her part.

The monarchy — as if dreading above all things that the people should acquire the consciousness of their own strength — elevated distrust into a system ; dismissed the parliament ; sanctioned exceptional laws against the press, and against all public meetings or associations. It first refused all aid from the volunteers, and then, when compelled by the public excitement to accept them, limited their number to twenty thousand ; then, urged again by the threatening attitude of the people,

agreed to accept double that number, but refused to allow either riflemen or guides (indispensable elements of every army) among them ; then, — once more compelled to yield, — stipulated that they should provide their own horses and rifles.

The monarchy purposely introduced an unworthy element among the volunteers ; gave them unpopular and incapable superior officers ; armed them with old muskets, carrying only one fourth as far as the rifles of the enemy ; and, in order to make them appear useless and incapable, first sent them to do battle amid almost inaccessible mountains, and then abruptly recalled them to occupy points already strongly defended.

The monarchy refused Garibaldi's request when he asked the command of the fleet ; refused him all access to the Adriatic ; disallowed all insurrection in Venice and the Trentino before the war ; abstained from occupying Trieste, though it was left, as the government well knew, for more than twenty days without a single soldier, in the sole keeping of the National Guard, three fourths of whom were Italians ; declined the movement offered by the Southern Slavonians ; held back the fleet in absolute inaction, and then, as if in mockery of the outcry raised by the country, sent it to sea unprovided with the most necessary stores of war, and under the command of a man already notorious for his utter incapacity, to the meaningless enterprise upon Lissa, which ended in defeat.

The monarchy, rejecting the advice of Prussia and of the best military men of Italy, in order to follow suggestions from Paris, sent a portion of the army, under the command of the author of all the disasters of 1848, upon an impossible enterprise against the Quadrilateral, which, combined with the fabulous disorder of all the secondary operations, and the total want of *ensemble* in marches and manœuvres, resulted in the overthrow of Custoza. After this, whether from cowardice or some unknown cause, exaggerating the im-

portance of the defeat, the monarchy inexplicably rested on its arms, until, when already in treaty for peace, it despatched Cialdini to invade where there were no enemies, and recalled Medici — the only one of the regular generals who had attempted any serious operation — from the Trentino, when he was within a few miles of the capital.

The iniquitous flight from Milan in 1848, Novara, Custoza, and Lissa, — such have been the results of the only wars our monarchy has undertaken without foreign aid. Foreign rulers, — we say it with a grief that passes words, — though at times guilty of crime, have at least shrunk from dishonor.

It was natural that the peace that followed should be upon a par with the war; but the monarchy contrived even to surpass the point of disgrace already reached.

The monarchy has submitted to hear Austria declare: *I do not give back this Italian territory to those who are unable and unworthy to conquer it for themselves. I fling the now useless encumbrance at the feet of the despot who has already wrung an Italian province from your cowardice, and who still deprives you of your own metropolis. Take it as an alms from him, if he chooses to bestow it upon you.*

The monarchy has submitted to hear the usurper of Rome and Nice declare: *I, a foreigner, bestow upon you as alms this Italian province which you are incapable of winning for yourselves by force of arms. You shall henceforth do homage as vassals, not to Austria, but to me.*

And the monarchy has swallowed the double insult. Had it not, a few years before, upon ground yet teeming with Italian blood, swallowed the insult of a peace concluded by an ally, who, though but a few steps distant from the king, yet deigned no word to him, — I will not say to ask counsel, but not even to inform him of the abrupt decision?

And this peace, — though this is of small moment compared to dishonor, —

this peace is ruinous to Italy. Intrenched within the Alps; master of Istria, the key of our eastern frontier; master of the poor betrayed Trentino, the key of Venetian Lombardy; master of all the passes through which he has been wont to descend into Italy, — the enemy can lie in wait to seize the favorable moment, which the embarrassed position of Italy will surely offer, to fall upon us. A peace such as the present carries with it the necessity of another war, — a war which — it is needless to deceive ourselves — will find Austria stronger than before. Rejected by Germany, she will be compelled by the force of things, and by the numerical superiority of the Slavonian element, to transform herself into a Slavonian power; and the Southern Slavonians, despairing henceforth of Italian aid, and certain of preponderance in the Empire, will at length rally round our enemy, and become enemies in their turn.

Meanwhile, the certainty of having sooner or later to engage in a new war will compel Italy to maintain her army undiminished, place her in the necessity of making fresh preparations, and render any important reduction in her expenditure impossible. It will force upon her a progressive increase of liabilities, threatening the state with bankruptcy; reduce her to a constant condition of commercial uncertainty, alarm, and consequent inactivity of capital; compel her to new loans, new taxes, and the indefinite interruption of every great industrial, agricultural, or commercial enterprise.

Ruin and disgrace. A monarchy which, with a people like ours, with half a million of men under arms, with an army of approved courage, with soldiers and sailors such as those who sank in the Palestro, crying, "Viva l'Italia!" coldly brings this vassalage, poverty, and dishonor upon the country, may yet exist for a brief period upon the corruption and cowardice of others; but, before God and man, its doom is sealed.

Why is it that Italy patiently sub-

mits to all this accumulation of disgrace and wrong? How is it that no cry bursts forth from the army,—special guardian of a country's honor, to whom a stain upon the banner is worse than death,—from the corps of more than thirty thousand volunteers, the majority of whom had sworn not to lay down their arms till Italy was united,—from those cities which hailed with delight the signal of an Italian war they believed destined to initiate a new era, and to be the baptism of our emancipation from direct or indirect foreign rule,—how is it that from these no cry bursts forth of *Out, cowards!* *Be all this shame and infamy upon your heads alone. We tear asunder the unrighteous compact. We will ourselves carry on the war you either cannot or will not conduct.*

The causes of this silence are many, both individual and collective; nor need I enumerate them here. But, as regards our masses, the causes may all be summed up in one,—distrust: distrust, discontent, suspicion of all things and of all men. They have met with so many delusions in a few years, that they fear a new deception in every change, and shrink from the unknown future.

This distrust,—the parent of inertia,—this want of all confidence in their own forces, this disposition to disbelief in the capacity and power of the nation to save herself, is the result of the long lessons of immorality taught the country, deliberately by some, unconsciously and from an intellectual habit nurtured in slavery, by others.

Our country, a land seeking regeneration, has been taught and retaught by a press unworthy of Italy, by the example of men whose services in the past had endeared them to the people, and by an entire governmental hierarchy apt in assuming the credit of the work done by others, and in boasting their devotion to that unity which, but a few years since, they derided as the dream of our martyrs,—*You shall rule your life by a sham. Truth is not the law of the times, and the times are your master; say nothing of your rights, for fear*

the monarchies of Europe should grow suspicious of you, and turn their forces against you; say nothing of duty,—the word is odious to those who acknowledge no duty; seek only utility, a temporary and partial UTILITY,—it matters little if achieved at the price of servility and hypocrisy; falsehood, if successful, is but prudent statesmanship. Caress the foreign tyrant, even while abhorring him in your hearts; hail the Pope as spiritual sovereign and Vicar of Christ, although you know that he has trampled under foot and falsified all true religion through lust of dominion: from the first you will soon be freed by death; and you will overthrow the temporal power—the sole importance—of the second more easily by the help of genuflections and imposture. Extol monarchy, even though the old republican blood of your fathers boil within you; proclaim the constitutional system an ARCANUM of science, even though its most devoted supporters confess it a fiction, and the Piedmontese STATUTO inviolable, though you know it to be a wretched creation extorted in a moment of fear. Declare the monarch sacred and unimpeachable, even when he yields up Italian soil to the foreigner; Europe is alarmed at the word “republic,” and the king has an army. There will come a time,—but as yet it is too soon. Substitute for the war of principles ignoble skirmishes about men; but do not attempt to strike higher than ministers. The men who, from Socrates to Jesus, have preached and fulfilled what they believed the whole truth, were but sublime dreamers, and they perished; hold fast by Machiavelli, your sole guide.

Teachings such as these have poisoned and still poison the sources of all moral and intellectual development in an infant nation, which, though full of magnificent instincts, has but just emerged from the darkness of slavery, by depriving them of all true *criteria* by which to judge the true worth of men or things.

When artifice and falsehood are once admitted as means of realizing the just and true, who shall venture to con-

demn the minister who lies? who shall say he did not lie for the purpose of securing their triumph? who shall venture to condemn the writer who recants his early opinions or creed, — the deputy who swears the reverse of his former oaths, — when it *may* be that they are only making a sacrifice to *utility*, and taking a hidden and less dangerous path to the goal we are all endeavoring to attain? Who shall venture to say to the king, when he yields up Italian territory to the foreigner, *You are unfaithful to your mission and to the country*, when it may be that still graver dangers, which to reveal would be to increase, are hanging over the nation, and compelling him to the cession?

In this state of perennial doubt, hesitating in the obscurity of this moral twilight, wandering through a labyrinth of personal questions, led hither and thither by the promises of each political *coterie*, without the escort of any principle to guide their judgment, the moral sense of the people is gradually blunted, and they become accustomed to accept as the only signs by which to direct their choice of men, first, talent, — which when unaccompanied by virtue is a source of evil, — and then success, — which, when immediate, is too often the fugitive result of mere force or cunning.

In this alternation of delusion and deception, the mind becomes contaminated by scepticism; and scepticism is by degrees transformed into indifference. The people, wearied and disgusted, lose all manly energy of purpose, and end by regarding the succession of events that passes them by without producing any real improvement in the state of things as a matter in which they have no concern, and by accepting as inevitable the fatal dualism that exists between their own life and that of the governing power.

When things reach this point, if no speedy effort be made to put an end to it by a sudden initiative, a country is lost. It will inevitably sink into egotism, that gangrene of the soul which is the destruction of the future.

But a few more years of the actual

system, and of the theoretic and practical teachings of its supporters, and Italy will reach this point. The force of circumstances may restore us this or that fragment of our own soil, this or that limited development of material force; but the great soul of Italy will sink once more into the sepulchre from which it strove to rise. Without morality, without the consciousness of a mission, without faith in the power of truth, no nation can exist. We shall be, not a people, but the inane, despised phantom of a people.

A people can neither be revived through Jesuitism, nor regenerated through falsehood. Jesuitism is the instrument of religions in decay; falsehood, the art of peoples condemned to slavery. Socrates and Jesus died by the hand of the executioner; but it was the death of the body only. Their souls still live immortal, and are transfused from age to age into the worthiest life of the generations. Every moral and philosophical progress which has been realized for two thousand years recalls the name of the first; an entire epoch of civilization and emancipation was informed and inspired by the sacred name of Jesus. All the science of Machiavelli did but furnish a funeral lamp to illumine the tomb of Italy's second life; and could that great anatomist of a period of infamy and decay see the pygmies who, standing round the cradle of her third life at the present day, yet strive to ape his work, it would fill him with noble rage and indignation.

A nation is a *conscience*; — the consciousness of a great idea to be reduced to action; of a collective *duty* to be followed as authority; of an invincible force brought to bear upon the fulfilment of the duty of all, by all. So long as this conscience remains bright, clear, and incontinent, that people will be great; so soon as it becomes darkened, so soon as the worship of *utility* is substituted for the worship of the *idea*, the spirit of calculation and interest for that of duty, a timid, servile hope in others for a calm

trust in their own strength, that people will dwindle and decay, until fate points them out as the victim of other nations.

Truth alone is fruitful. Shams are barren; they dissolve, but cannot create; they are to truth as galvanism is to life. Our martyrs, by bearing testimony to the truth we had taught, generated the necessity which compelled others to clear the way, however incompletely, for the advance of Italy. The policy of shams led to naught but the cession of Nice, and the series of disgraces which threatens to force her to recede upon her path.

One instinctive glimpse of this consciousness of truth and duty was enough to enable the unarmed population of Milan to drive out the Austrians, and win back their native land in five days. Shams and tactics, nice calculations made in the service of a lie, gave us back the Austrians then, as they now give us Custozza, Lissa, and Venice flung to us as an alms — the future will reveal upon what conditions — by the foreigner.

The history of Italy is the history of all peoples and of all periods. Great initiatives and great enterprises have always sprung from movements made either by the people or by individuals in a moment of holy enthusiasm for an idea, — an idea of sacrifice and progress, a tradition recovered from the tomb of their fathers, before which they had knelt in spirit, to arise, saying, "We have faith in ourselves." And sham has ever followed after to render the initiative barren, or to seize its fruits, — to lull into inertia, or to excite into anarchy.

The great sham for us, — we have now a double right to declare it, — the lie that falsifies the whole life of Italy, and generates an interminable series of secondary lies, — is monarchy. This is the source of our misfortunes and our impotence; nor will they cease, happen what may, until monarchy shall cease to be.

Monarchy, — all who have read our history know this, — monarchy is not a

national institution in Italy. We are no Utopians; we do not condemn monarchy at all times and in all places, because, historically speaking, the republic is the better form of government. Like the Papacy, monarchy has had in certain nations an historic function, a mission. In France it aided the constitution of the national unity; in England it stood between the rising commons and the arbitrary power of the nobles, sons of the Conquest. But in Italy monarchy has never represented any element of progress, has never identified itself with the life of the country. It entered Italy with the foreigner, and foreign it has ever remained. Servile in its origin, it ever was and is servile, — formerly to France, Spain, and Austria alternately, now to France alone; but should Louis Napoleon fall, it would sink again under one of the others.

Nor has monarchy inscribed any of those historic pages in the records of Italy which mark some progress in the destinies of the country. Our wool-combers have played a more brilliant and useful part in our Italian life than all our kings put together. The communes which diffused the germs of Italian civilization before the days of Rome were republics composed of heads of families. The period of Rome's true greatness, and of her grand unifying mission, was republican; the Empire came later, and came but to usurp and dismember. It was without any aid from our princes, in spite of foreign rulers, and beneath a republican banner, that our people overmastered the feudal nobility, and it was beneath a republican banner that our arts, industry, commerce, colonial influence, and literature grew, flourished, and were diffused among the various peoples of Europe. The brave men who have, from time to time, protested by dagger, conspiracy, or pen, and handed down to us a tradition of liberty, even amid the darkness of slavery, were republicans; and republicans are they who, in our own day, have treasured up the promise contained in that tradition.

Monarchy never achieved aught either for the liberty or unity of the country; it has always persecuted the apostles of both; and only when it perceived the result to be inevitable has it stepped forward to appropriate the fruits of their labors. At the present day it corrupts and destroys the life and moral greatness that should spring from their work.

The true Utopians — stupid and ignorant Utopians — are they who, in spite of the natural law which ordains that the institutions of a people are always the issue of the national traditions, fecundated by an instinct of the future, (and this instinct is republican all over Europe at the present day,) imagine that they can work out the progress and greatness of Italy through the medium of an improvised monarchy, unsustained by a powerful aristocracy, destitute of all great memories, without a spark of genius, without faith in its own mission or power, — in all things a mere copyist of the foreigner.

Without faith in its own mission or power. Herein lies the source of that corruption which would, were monarchy to last, destroy the very soul of our people, — and, at the same time, this is the reason why it is impossible that the monarchy should improve.

Our monarchy feels itself a foreigner in Italy; it has a sense of the fatality by which it is pursued; it feels that it is not beloved even by those, not believers, but *opportunists* (the barbarous word is of their own forging), who, from lust of power, greed of gain, or fear of imperial France, pretend to revere it.

The monarchy distrusts, inevitably and irrevocably distrusts, the people. Hence the necessity it is under of begging for foreign aid, — the necessity of begging that aid from despots, that they may be ready to step in between it and the dreaded demand for liberty; hence the necessity of servile concessions, in order to preserve that alliance, and the necessity of constituting the government as a government *resistance*; hence the necessity of a permanent standing army, with such leaders and a mode of organization so calculated as to render it an

instrument of repression, and transform its functions into those of a machine; hence the necessity of rejecting every plan of national armament, or the organization of a militia on the Swiss or American system; hence the necessity of creating an immense mob of *employés*, — a sort of civil army bound to the duty of watching over and falsifying public opinion in the interest of the government; hence the necessity of keeping all these, except the highest grades, underpaid, which creates a constant incitement to fraud and wrong; hence the necessity of corrupting the weak by means of place, industrial concessions, public or private pensions, and of terrifying the strong by means of exceptional laws, the sequestration of newspapers, and arbitrary prosecutions; hence the necessity of avoiding all irritation of the Catholic element, and therefore of hypocritical caresses bestowed on the Pope; hence the unwillingness to boldly cut the knot of the Roman question, and the necessity — sad lesson of immorality — of hailing with applause those deserters from the opposite camp deserving only of contempt; hence the necessity of surrounding the monarchy with ministers and men devoted to its petty traditions and its foreign allies; hence the necessity of supplying the expenses of its artificial existence by a progressive increase of loans and taxes; hence the necessity of restrictions on the suffrage, the press, and public associations, and of impeding as much as possible the liberal education of the people, and the free expression of their will.

All these and other dire necessities are the logical consequences of a state of distrust and peril; they are the weapons and defences inseparably belonging to a monarchy doomed to *fear* and *resist*. You may change as you will the individuals at the head of the government, the fatal idea will govern them.

The evils we have but slightly sketched will not decrease, but always increase in intensity. It is the *cause* of these evils that must be destroyed.

The government must be converted into an educational institution of liberty

and progress. The government must learn to regard itself as the *minister* of the nation, bound to promote every branch of individual and collective activity. It must become the application of a *principle*,—a principle which includes and involves the unity of the country,—association founded on the free consent of all her sons in one *aim*,—the moral law of duty, according to the fulfilment of which each man shall be judged, punished, or promoted to office, and the inviolable reverence for those rights which spring from duties fulfilled.

It must be a government which, by the nature of its constitution, cannot have any motives or interests different from the general *aim* and common welfare, and all the members of the government must be regarded, and regard themselves, as *securities* for the fulfilment of that aim, and consequently responsible for the acts of the government.

The name of this government is Republic.

It is the sole possible solution of the problem which now torments Italy. Most Italians are at heart convinced of this; but, for various reasons, they conceal it.

We declare it.

We declare it all the more decidedly and deliberately for having so long kept silence. None, save the intentionally unjust, can accuse us of having shown an exclusive and intolerant spirit. We have patiently submitted to await the result of the trial the nation chose to give monarchy; the greater number of us have even actively aided and assisted the monarchy; none of us have interposed any obstacles in its path; some of us have even carried our abnegation so far as to overlook the increase of vigor which success would have afforded to the institution, and to point out to the monarchy the means by which success might have been secured.

But this trial must come to an end.

A country which, after seven years of delusions and deceptions, still sub-

mits to dishonor for itself, its army, and its volunteers, deserves destruction, and must resign itself to destruction.

We have not deserved this dishonor, and we will not let Italy perish. We now therefore speak the severe language of truth.

The democratic party—vigilant sentinel of the country—is henceforth bound to adopt the republican banner, which we hereby raise with the deliberate determination never to lower it again. In the state to which the country is now reduced, the duty of the democratic party resolves itself into *action* or *education*.

Facts have too clearly proved that the necessity for action is not understood. The present duty of the democratic party, then, is to educate the people, and to remember that the basis of all education is truth. Italian democracy is bound to teach the truth, trusting that it will bear fruit in time.

The friends of monarchy will tell you that the people are corrupted, degraded by the habits of a servile past; and that, before we found a republic, we must have a people possessed of republican habits and republican virtues.

Tell them that monarchical institutions will never teach republican virtues; that only a republic can create republicans; that the institutions of a country are precisely its most potent means of public education; that even the sudden earnest *affirmation* of a great principle and solemn truth has a transforming power over the peoples who witness it; that the tendency of the mass is to look upward, to be guided by example, and to shape their own conduct upon the example set by the governing power; that it is therefore important to reform the governing power, and to publicly teach, by the very *programme* of the nation, that the surer means of curing those afflicted by epidemic pestilence is to remove them at once from the infected atmosphere into a purer air, even though purified by tempest.

Tell them that peoples may be transformed and taught to act according to

the character of the initiative taken, if taken by a virtuous and determined minority; that the French people were more corrupted by the depravity of the regency and the reign of Louis XV. than our own are now, and that they were so transformed by the initiative taken by a minority, and were led to perform such prodigies of valor that even yet we bow down (though wrongly at the present day) before France.

Tell them that the affirmation and the official acts of the republic in 1849 transformed Romans and Venetians, in no way superior to the Romans and Venetians of the present day, into a population of heroes both in valor and sacrifice, and that the history of all nations and all times confirms these examples.

They will tell you that the proclamation of a republic would turn the arms of all Europe against Italy.

Tell them that all Europe was defeated by republican France, then possessing a population of twenty-five millions only; that France remained invincible by all Europe until she was reduced to a monarchy by Napoleon.

Tell them that little republican Switzerland has successfully defended her territory against Charles the Bold, the house of Austria, and every enemy by whom she has been assailed.

Tell them that, although Louis Napoleon was able to make war upon republican Rome when she stood alone, abandoned by the rest of Italy, he *cannot* go to war against a strong nation of twenty-five millions, able to call a million of men under arms in her defence. Tell them that imperial France has even now been compelled to recede before the refusal of Prussia to yield one inch of Rhenish soil; that England accepts every *fait accompli*; that Russia is wholly occupied with the Eastern question; that the whole soil of Europe is undermined by the republican element, ready to burst forth and follow the first step taken by a strong people, able and determined to win the first battle.

Tell those who deny this last asser-

tion, that even they would admit it if the initiative were taken by France, and that their objection, therefore, is reduced to the cowardly declaration, that *Italy alone, whether powerful or not, is disinherited of all initiative in Europe.*

We believe that Italy is her own mistress; the question is wholly and solely internal. The day on which we *will*, we may.

Fortified by a fraternal compact with all the representatives of our principle in Europe, and, recently, with the best men of the United States, we have founded in Italy, upon the ruins of the monarchical delusion, a Republican Alliance.

We call upon all democratic and progressive societies; upon the workingmen; upon those who, as if in sign of promise, have shed their blood on the rocks of the unhappy and forsaken Trentino; upon the young, who are still pure and free from every compact, save with the future of our common country; upon all the thinkers who, in the study of our great Italian traditions, have learned the path of Italy's future greatness; upon all those who have not sold their souls for the chance of place or power dependent upon a dying institution; upon all who do not believe Italy doomed forever to this alternation of servile delusions, who feel their brows burn with shame at the dishonor brought upon the common mother by the Italian monarchy,—to rally round our flag, and form one vast union of active endeavor and sacrifice.

We shall be victorious.

Italy is no lie: the parent of all great beginnings and sublime resurrections, she has not raised her head from the sepulchre wherein it has lain for ages only to sink again, humiliated and derided, or to be thrust back into the tomb by a few hundred pygmy unbelievers in her great destiny,—by profaners of that *intellect* which was once the sun of Europe,—whose only strength lies in their own vulgar cunning and accomplished mendacity, and in our foolish fears.

For the Alliance,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

THE STAND-POINT OF THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

THE kernel has its meaning ; and so, too, has each of its husks, if you can fairly get at them.

Now my object here is not to discuss the question of husks in general, for that would be a matter encyclopedic and endless. I propose rather to consider simply a mere variety of one of the physical husks of the soul, in connection with its parallel moral husk ; in other words, to look at the boarding-house in the light of civilization. For the boarding-house is, I take it, the modern type of one of the soul's primeval husks, — the new-light version of the old-time idea of shelter and habitation, house and home, hearth and roof-tree, — the lineal descendant of wigwam, perch, cabin, cell, bungalow, booth, den, pagoda, and all the rest.

It was the theory of Vico that Nature repeats herself ; that history, civilization, society, and polity come back at last into themselves, their progress being always in circles conformed to one great archetypal plan. So that every large fact or form is sure to reappear sooner or later in the course of ages, whenever its round has been completed. Goethe, while he adopted the substance of this view, modified it so far as to represent the course of history as a spiral, instead of a circle. A law of advance blends with the law of returns ; and hence epochs and phases and forms and events return, not just as before, but changed somewhat, and farther on along the winding line. This has always seemed to me a true solution of the problem of civilization, and the only one, inasmuch as it alone reconciles and explains the two great necessary and coequal facts of change, and of the equality of action and reaction. Here we have the key to much in literature too, as well as in life. Within the past month I have read the words of an American Plotinus, an English Thucydides, and a Gallic Aristophanes. In each there was the old Greek, but moved forward.

So, too, these habitable husks which man makes from age to age for shelter and home have their appointed cycle of change. How different the roof-trees under which the centuries have dwelt ! Yet each housing was an utterance of the spirit of the time, changing only with its informing spirit. Like man, like house. And as the race is sure to come back to the old traditions, and to stand by the old landmarks, sooner or later, so the household gods return after a while to their starting-point to sojourn for a period in their ancestral home, and quicken themselves at the native hearth.

"Tecta mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

In order to describe this household circle, at least three points must of course be fixed. In the present case, there seem to me to be four, all natural, necessary, and easily determined. For, leaving out of view all subordinate types and mere variations, men's local habitations reduce themselves to these simple forms, — the Tent, the Cabin, the Castle, the Home. The circle then completes itself in the boarding-house, which is at once both the original last form and the fac-simile or parody of the first form in the old circle, as well as the original first form in a succeeding series. The *locus* of the boarding-house, and its relations to society, I shall hope to define the more exactly by first outlining in a rough way the prominent features of each of its three predecessors just named. And,

I. The Tent. The type of this epoch is nomadism. Men live nowhere. They only exist, making bivouac for a night, and packing off in the morning. You don't know where to find them : they have no cities, no streets, no fixed numbers on their houses. The places through which they range — they never inhabit — are deserts, yielding no good thing. The occupation of society is chronic war, not satisfac-

tory internecine destruction, but daily bickerings, endless feuds, and cavalier one-horse engagements. Everybody fights with everybody. The result is seldom serious: at it they go again: it is hammer and tongs forever. The great question in life is about their daily food. They produce nothing, and consume much. Each tribe is domineered over by a patriarch, — some hoary ruffian who gains his place either by seniority in the family, or by being less scrupulous than his fellows. His word is law; his *ipse dixit* settles everything.

The arts and sciences never flourish here. The only talk is gossip, and speculations on the weather. The only reading, if there is reading at all, is the local news, and the war-bulletins of the patriarchs. The only fine art at all practised is music, which expresses itself partly in whistling, and partly in humming over plaintively the familiar airs of the country. There is also much thrumming of rude musical instruments, such as the jews-harp and its descendants; and the fierce clangor of the gong both urges the tribes to food, and launches them against the enemy. The chief aim of this vagabond people, in the brief intervals of war, is to kill time. To this end the men prey upon society; and the women watch the weather, the neighboring tents, and the tunics of casual travellers.

Humanity looks back with fond fancy to this epoch of the tent, and sees it loom radiant through the mists of long generations. It is called the Age of Gold, either on the *lucus-a-non-lucendo* principle, or on the *omne-ignotum-pro-magnifico* theory. Being most distant and different from the present, it is dreamed of, sighed for, and sung, as something never to be seen again. Yet it comes back, though changed.

II. By and by the Tent gives place to the Cabin. Restlessness, being tired, craves rest, and war subsides for a while into peace. As population increases, tillage begins, the land of itself not being able to feed swarms of idle roamers, who do nothing but graze and hunt and fight. So each man

builds his rude cabin, ties himself to the earth, turns the sod, watches nature, and sees his bread at his own door. This should be the true Age of Iron, the time of the ploughshare, the spade, the axe, and the sickle. It is the era of naturalism, when man lives close to nature, likening himself to vegetables and animals. He strives to get at the heart of nature, hoping to conquer and make it his servant. Humanity is one vast peasantry, whose business it is to make the earth ready for future generations. Hard hands are funding capital for the use of the more subtle brain, the finer sense, the nicer taste, which shall come after. It is a pioneer age, standing in the van of civilization, — an age which creates, develops, subdues, and accumulates. Its cabin is the shanty of a farm-hand.

III. Time goes on, and the reign of the Castle begins. Just as war before reacted into peace, so now in turn peace reacts into war. The cabin falls to the rear, and the castle steps to the front. The peasant's shanty yields the *pas* to the soldier's fort. Hard knocks are the order of the day; the strongest arm makes itself lord, and the weakest becomes vassal. Feudalism is the type of the age: a centralized society coheres in a series of successive links, all meeting at last in a suzerain who stands at the heart of things. Each dwelling becomes the centre of a wide circle, the focus of life far around. Each comes to stand for two facts. The first is Strength, and the second is Beauty, — a new revelation at the fireside. There must first be a strong-hold, then galleries, museums, and the decorations of art. The hoarded capital of the cabin epoch now blooms in luxury and splendor and airy forms: it is the radiant Age of Silver. The castle is the birthplace of much that is true and tender in our modern civilization, — first cradle of the arts, home of the graces, true shrine of social life. Here too, between the stormy blasts of war, were born or nurtured many of the finer virtues, — loyalty to woman, obedience, reverence, truth, the chastity of honor,

self-sacrifice, and — sublimest of all — martyrdom for an idea. Within these four walls lived cultured courtesy.

IV. At last the barons cut each others' throats for their ladies' sake, or die for king and crown, or leave house and land for fatal crusades. Then come the burghers, mortgagees of fair estates, apostles of the new era, lovers of peace. They are family men, true to domestic ties, fond of home. For the shelter of their dear ones they build a Home, and live in it. It matters not what its form may be, — whether it be of wood, or brick, or marble, — whether it have Doric peristyle, or Gothic spire, or Egyptian column. The spirit is all, the form nothing; for the material home is but the husk to cover the glory that lives within. Where home is, there only and there always are there homes.

The home is the era of good feeling, the Age of Love, which, beginning at the hearth, goes out to the ends of the universe. Neither silver nor gold can rightly typify this fairest of epochs: naught can be its emblem save that precious metal of the alchemists, combining in itself the virtues of all the rest.

At the hearthstone all things centre: it is the final cause of society. The arts and sciences, culture, taste, heroic deeds, the far-reaching thought, the soaring imagination, the sweet affections, the fine courtesies, and all right-mindedness, — these, and all the generous things of life, culminate in the home era. The family is the true fostering-mother of the highest worth. The Lares are the best helps to all high thinking, high living, and well doing. By the fireside each true thing finds best expression.

V. Generations pass, and the cycle of civilization completes itself. Home deliquesces into the Boarding-House, and the series of tabernacles is at an end. For the old nomadic instinct has never wholly died out; though long dormant, it still lives, and bursts out once more in undiminished vigor. The epoch of vagrancy returns: new editions of the tent, revised and cor-

rected, are scattered broadcast over the land. For what is the boarding-house but a tent with modern improvements and an L? Each is the very emblem of unrest, the home of the vagrant, the theatre of war. These two encampments, standing respectively in the van and at the rear, as the beginning and the end of civilization, serve to mark the limits of society, where extremes meet, and life returns into itself. If you will recall the outline of the first epoch, as sketched in Section I., you will find that many of its most characteristic features reappear under the *régime* of the boarding-house in the epoch of to-day.

The primary meaning of the boarding-house is, then, locomotion and unrest. Stung by a gad-fly within, which never dies nor tires, the modern Io is goaded up and down, and wanders uneasily over the face of the earth, finding no rest for the sole of her foot. Your representative nineteenth-century boarding-house man is only a developed Bedouin, a veneered and varnished Gypsy. He takes root nowhere; he has no flavor of the soil; he grows into no natural fruitage. He is only a consuming waif, self-driven from tent to tent, and picked up by one landlady after another. He, the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, is tossed about on the currents, and tumbled against the headlands of life, with the wreckers and salvors in his wake. The great question always arises within us in regard to the disposition of his body, What will he do with it? Where next will he carry it?

Look for a moment at the term, — "boarding-house." Turn it over, pick it to pieces, and what do you make of it? It is simply the word "board," and the word "house," most awkwardly tacked together, without moulding or blending in any degree. The terms do not mix, any more than oil and water. Now from this homeliness of make and texture, this awkwardness of juncture, this absence of welding, one or two inferences naturally follow. For, since all language is but the reflex of life, since words are but the images of things and

ideas, and the character of the thing or idea always modifies the character of its word in a certain definite way, — it follows that from the form, the moulding, and the currency of the word we can argue *a posteriori* as to the form, the moulding, and the currency of its parent idea. The word “boarding-house,” then, is uncomely, simply because its idea is uncomely. The plain fact is simply this, — that our Anglo-Saxon likes not the idea of the boarding-house in life, and therefore shows no favor to the word boarding-house in language. The Saxon likes his home and believes in it, and therefore makes for it one of the sweetest and dearest of all words. He dislikes and disbelieves in the boarding-house, and, with characteristic frankness, will not stoop to veil his want of love and faith under any graceful circumlocution.

If it is argued that the want of honor for the boarding-house in our Saxon tongue comes simply from the inflexible nature of the language, making it impossible to mould a better term, I reply that whenever a strong desire is felt on the part of the community to Italicize some favorite thing, or to glorify a pet idea, no difficulty is found in magnifying the corresponding expression. And this is done either by inventing, or by substituting, or by transferring to the idea or thing in question some delicacy of diction, or some smooth and respectful word or paraphrase. If there is a general wish to pay honor, honor will be paid, or an attempt intended to pay honor will be made in good faith. Thus the tradesman, desiring not to sink, but to elevate the shop, is able, because the community consents, to dignify his place of business with the title of “bazaar,” “emporium,” “establishment.” So, too, a house is called a “mansion”; a little patch of ground, an “estate”; a closet, an “apartment”; a school, a “college”; an academy, a “university”; and anything popular, an “institution.” Partly for the same reason, and partly from a ridiculous squeamishness and false modesty, a leg is called a “limb,” shirt and drawers “under-

wear,” and so on. I do not bring forward these instances as worthy of imitation, or in order to defend their manifest vulgarity, but merely to show that the community can find, and do always find, when they choose to find, glorifying words, or — which amounts to the same thing — words intended and believed to glorify favorite ideas. The principle remains the same, no matter whether the glorifying word is in good or in bad taste. The only requisites to this sort of linguistic transformation are that the idea shall be popular, and its word unpopular; while, on the other hand, if the idea is unpopular, but its word popular, there will result linguistic degradation. The word must adjust itself to the idea. If both are popular, or both unpopular, in an equal degree, the word remains unchanged.

One more inference may be drawn from language, namely, that the boarding-house is of modern growth. This inference history also confirms. I cannot conceive of a boarding-house in the reign of Elizabeth. In the reigns of Charles II. and Anne, such a thing might have been possible sporadically among a certain caste, but not otherwise. It was never organized into an institution; the nation had nothing to do with it.

The word “boarding-house” does not occur in Walker or Webster, but is found in Worcester, who represents a generation or two later. The next W. who provides a dictionary will probably sanction that horrible monstrosity, boarding-house-keeper. The thing exists, and will exist, and must have a name. And unless society changes radically, and Saxon ceases to be Saxon, there can be no other name. Our language will only tolerate the thing: it will show it no favor, decorate it with no euphemism. The word “boarder” has a greater antiquity. Its former meaning, however, necessarily differed somewhat from the present, inasmuch as it indicated only unique specimens, anomalous offshoots of society. It never implied then, as now, a special class. For the boarder was

then the exception, not the rule, — a monstrosity, not a normal product. I doubt not that some confused perception of the analogies existing between the nautical and the land boarder may have led to the first terrene application of the term; it may have been thought that both are far from home, both are given to attack, both are devoted to the use of the knife, both rejoice in the grab-game, both are a law to themselves, and so on.

The boarding-house is simply an expression of materialism, — one phase in the religion of things. An age with materialism on the brain must have boarding-houses. As manufactures, motive-power, and all industrial interests grow, they grow: they are the home of the herding artisan, and from him come to permeate society. They are temples of the religion of the body, altars to the faith in things and the want of faith in ideas, propaganda of the gospel of conventions. Yet it is a mistake to say that the boarding-house is without an ideal: it has an ideal, — its front-parlor boarder. Its common faith and aspirations are unto him. So, too, it is not without worship: its homage is to the practical, to that which will pay. With it there is no success but success; and success is dollars and cents. It worships steam, percentage, corner lots, mines, stocks, fly-wheels, and the various devices by which man divests himself of his manhood.

The boarding-house is civilization gone to seed, — the anti-climax of society, — the last trituration and dilution of the art of living. Its epoch is the Age of Brass, that factitious metal whose sole virtue lies in its superficial resemblance to something better. So the boarding-house is a parody of home, a caricature of comfort, and a forgery of society. Here lies the great battle-ground of the fripperies and vanities of life; here is the arena in which the foibles of humanity contend without ceasing. No man cares to stand for what he is, to show himself in truth to his fellow-boarders; he wants, like debased coin, to utter himself for more

or other than he is worth. The homely virtues, the sweet sincerities of life, the truth of character, the high thought, the noble endeavor, the unselfish purpose, all languish here. A subtle poison gnaws at the very life of simplicity, integrity, and independence of character. Conventions take the place of convictions; shams are the maxims of life; the *ad captandum* is the aim of life; and appearances are the test of life.

No true art, poetry, or science can flourish in the sterile soil of the boarding-house: they are flowers of home-growth. Taste is vulgarized by cutting loose from the eternal fitness of things, and clinging to the shifting despotisms of coteries. The notion about science is, that it is a good help to labor-saving and money-making inventions. Literature worships the gods of the hour; poetry degenerates into ornament, and revels in the morbid excrescences of life and character; and art becomes upholstery. Do you think that Homer, Phidias, or Aristotle could have lived anywhere else than at home? And do you think that the stuff which heroes are made of is found at mercenary fire-sides? The heroic, like the homely virtues, wither when moved from their native hearths. Did you ever hear of a great thought born in a boarding-house, — of sublime love of honor, of stern devotion to principle, of lofty self-sacrifice? Such things, wherever they show themselves, were first nurtured at home. No nation ever fought for its boarding-houses. The wars of tent-dwelling races have always been raids for plunder, not strokes for principle. Conceive of a nation of boarding-houses, — what would they fight for but percentage and profit? Would Marathon and Thermopylae have been fought, would Decius have devoted himself to death, would Regulus have kept his word, would the martyrs have welcomed the flames, if theirs had been ages of boarding-houses?

The highest culture, true conversation, and all real contact of mind with mind, are in the boarding-house utterly null. Talk is limited to gossip, colds,

and the weather. Gossip we know, and colds we know, and — thank Heaven for the weather! The weather, past, present, and future, — fair, foul, or dubious, — illimitable, fresh, omnipotent forever! Boundless stimulant of thought, neutral ground of the small affections, mother of small talk, nurse of sociality, regulator of the proprieties, sweet occasion of sweet offices, stop-gap of pauses, rippling stream through the desert ocean of strangerhood, fertilizer of friendship, herald of an era of good feeling, meeting-place of the conventionalities, pivot of society, — we hail thee, Weather, *summum bonum* of the talking boarder, solace of the silent, leading-string to the diffident, spur to the balky, crutch to the lame, life-boat to the foundered! Great art thou alike in thy history, reality, and prophecy, — great alike, whether absolute, relative, or potential, — a blessing forever! What were the boarding-house without thee? A solecism. And what can they do in the tropics, where for months thou changest not?

The boarding-house, like the tent, has its patriarch. He is not, however, necessarily identical with the ideal alluded to on a preceding page. It matters not whether he dwells in garret or basement, or whether he is young or old; his title and office come from seniority as boarder in a given household, and are merely honorary. The only privileges thereto appertaining are the right of acting as mediator between the two contending factions of the house, and of having his utterances on all subjects quoted as the law of the family. His usual title is Father of the House. So great is the migration in American households, that the title may be speedily earned and often transferred. Though only a single man, of not remarkable antiquity, I recollect that in one case, after sojourning under one roof for only some six to eight months, the title fell to me; and I proposed to, and did, fight it out on that line all summer. In the early autumn a new champion of the table succeeded to a vacancy.

Think for a moment of the blessed influences going out from a true home.

The old hearthstone of the child glows in the eye of the youth like the star of hope; it is the rock of manhood, and in old age it is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Look then at a boarding-house child without home *in esse, posse, or meminisse*. Original castaway! Shuttlecock between the vanities and the inanities, bubble of bubbles, feather-tost on every wind of nothingness, young convert to materialism, unconscious martyr to the trumperies, human victim on the altar of the superficialities! What is he good for? What will he be good for? What will you do with him? He has no safeguards, no inspirations. Home is to him a word without meaning; it can never be anything more than sundry numbers in sundry streets. Whence is his motive-power? where are his ideals? whither his aspirations? A lady, having asked a former servant of hers where she was now living, received the answer, "I don't live, I board." The answer was true in a sense not thought of. To live is one thing; to board is another, — especially in the case of the young, whose character is still in the making. The child of the boarding-house only exists. He has no memories, no sanctities, no principles, no mainspring. Faith, and tenderness, and all spiritual things, are nipped in the bud; and the bloom and sweetness of innocence and purity are wiped away. And when he drags his existence to its prime, of what possible worth will he be to himself, to you, to me, to society?

We are now only in the beginning of the boarding-house era. But when the climax is reached, when the minima become maxima, when tendencies work themselves out into facts, when exceptions become rules, when the elements have shaped themselves into an organization, and the parts have adjusted themselves to a system, — when, in short, the boarding-house has grown into a world-wide institution, and men dwell only in vast caravansaries, — then tell me where, in the language of the popular play, — Where shall we all go to?

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War. By HERMAN MELVILLE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. MELVILLE's work possesses the negative virtues of originality in such degree that it not only reminds you of no poetry you have read, but of no life you have known. Is it possible—you ask yourself, after running over all these celebrative, inscriptive, and memorial verses—that there has really been a great war, with battles fought by men and bewailed by women? Or is it only that Mr. Melville's inner consciousness has been perturbed, and filled with the phantasms of enlistments, marches, fights in the air, parenthetical bulletin-boards, and tortured humanity shedding, not words and blood, but words alone?

Mr. Melville chooses you a simple and touching theme, like that of the young officer going from his bride to hunt Mosby in the forest, and being brought back to her with a guerilla's bullet in his heart,—a theme warm with human interests of love, war, and grief, and picturesque with green-wood lights and shadows,—and straight enchants it into a mystery of thirty-eight stanzas, each of which diligently repeats the name of Mosby, and deepens the spell, until you are lost to every sense of time or place, and become as callous at the end as the poet must have been at the beginning to all feeling involved, doubting that

“The living and the dead are but as pictures.”

Here lies the fault. Mr. Melville's skill is so great that we fear he has not often felt the things of which he writes, since with all his skill he fails to move us. In some respects we find his poems admirable. He treats events as realistically as one can to whom they seem to have presented themselves as dreams; but at last they remain vagaries, and are none the more substantial because they have a modern speech and motion. We believe ghosts are not a whit more tangible now that they submit to be photographed in the sack-coats and hoop-skirts of this life, than before they left off winding-sheets, and disappeared if you spoke to them.

With certain moods or abstractions of the common mind during the war, Mr. Melville's faculty is well fitted to deal: the un-

rest, the strangeness and solitude, to which the first sense of the great danger reduced all souls, are reflected in his verse, and whatever purely mystic aspect occurrences had seems to have been felt by this poet, so little capable of giving their positive likeness.

The sentiment and character of the book are perhaps as well shown in its first poem as in any other part of it. Mr. Melville calls the verses “The Portent (1859)”; but we imagine he sees the portent, as most portents are seen, after the event portended.

“Hanging from the beam,
Slowly swaying (such the law),
Gaunt the shadow on your green,
Shenandoah!
The cut is on the crown
(Lo, John Brown),
And the stabs shall heal no more.

“Hidden in the cap
Is the anguish none can draw;
So your future veils its face,
Shenandoah!
But the streaming beard is shown
(Weird John Brown),
The meteor of the war.”

There is not much of John Brown in this, but, as we intimated, a good deal of Mr. Melville's method, and some fine touches of picturesque poetry. Indeed, the book is full of pictures of many kinds,—often good,—though all with an heroic quality of remoteness, separating our weak human feelings from them by trackless distances. Take this of the death of General Lyon's horse at Springfield,—a bit as far off from us as any of Ossian's, but undeniably noble:—

“There came a sound like the slitting of air
By a swift sharp sword—
A rush of the sound; and the sleek chest broad
Of black Orion
Heaved, and was fixed; the dead mane waved
toward Lyon.”

We have never seen anywhere so true and beautiful a picture as the following of that sublime and thrilling sight,—a great body of soldiers marching:—

“The bladed guns are gleaming—
Drift in lengthened trim,
Files on files for hazy miles
Nebulously dim.”

A tender and subtle music is felt in many of the verses, and the eccentric metres are gracefully managed. We received from

the following lines a pleasure which may perhaps fail to reach the reader, taking them from their context in the description of a hunt for guerillas, in the ballad already mentioned :—

“The morning-bugles lonely play,
Lonely the evening-bugle calls—
Unanswered voices in the wild;
The settled hush of birds in nest
Becharms, and all the wood enthalls:
Memory's self is so beguiled
That Mosby seems a satyr's child.”

He does so; and the other persons in Mr. Melville's poetry seem as widely removed as he from our actual life. If all the Rebels were as pleasingly impalpable as those the poet portrays, we could forgive them without a pang, and admit them to Congress without a test-oath of any kind.

Superstition and Force. Essays on the Wager of Law, the Wager of Battle, the Ordeal, Torture. By HENRY C. LEA. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea.

SOME one, whose identity has quite passed from our memory into his saying, once offered the sentiment, “Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws.” It strikes the reader of Mr. Lea's book that this sage, having his wish, would certainly be engaged in a work as pleasing and benevolent as legislation, if not more potent. Those who have made the laws of nations in past times would seem to have been as foolish and unreasonable as ever the balladists and harpers, and to have been occupied, in their duller and formaller way, with the same idle fancies; for there never has been anything in popular superstition and ignorance too gross to be put into songs and statutes.

Nor is the case so different in our own time. As we turn over the pages of this excellent and conscientious work, in which legislation shows to such poor advantage, and judicial wisdom appears as blind as Justice herself, we feel it well to guard against that flattering sense of superiority to the past which will no doubt charm posterity in looking back upon us. To be sure, it is something to have got beyond attempting to establish the truth by swearing to it over sainted relics an oath supported by that of a score of other hard swearers not in the least informed of the fact,—to have abandoned to armies the stupid cus-

tom of proving the right by killing and being killed,—to have left the folly of ordeals to the New York policemen (who do not employ hot or cold water, hot or cold iron, or even bread and cheese, but who, only last winter, confronted a supposed murderer and his victim's corpse with an effect very terribly described by the reporters),—to have got beyond all this, and even beyond the use of torture except that of the spirit as applied by legal gentlemen in bullying witnesses; but at last we cannot boast that our laws do more than lag after our enlightenment. What, for example, shall the future say of our denial of suffrage to a whole race proven loyal and faithful to our government? And would it not be as honorable to us to have our history written from the pages of a Democratic song-book, as from the black-laws of many of the Northern States?

The spirit in which Mr. Lea's book is written is not iconoclastic. Indeed, he has to do with abuses already overthrown, and it is only his deep feeling for humanity in treating these which can reproach our own errors. This feeling pervades his work, but is more directly expressed in the few paragraphs of remark and summation which precede and follow each of his four essays, as a sentiment equally removed from sympathy with religious bigotry in the past, and with the mental pride which in modern times would sacrifice all psychical being to the intellect. The citation of innumerable original authorities evinces the fidelity and industry with which his work of research has been done, and the material thus amassed has been throughout very satisfactorily philosophized. Research so wide, of course, supplied him with great store of anecdote and dramatic illustration; but he has used this rather sparingly, and he seems often to turn purposely from the picturesque aspects of his themes, and to strictly and severely treat the facts of superstition and force with reference to their effects upon man rather than upon men. When—half in spite of himself, as it appears—he sketches a scene or character in the history of legalized error and cruelty, he betrays so artistic a feeling, and a humor so fine and good, that he makes us regret it was not within his intent, as it was certainly within his power, to render the whole of his thorough work more popular in manner.

In whatever form we have it, however, we must acknowledge that “Superstition

and Force" is an addition of positive value to those studies of the past in which the scholars of a nation with only a present and a future have distinguished themselves.

Life and Letters of John Winthrop, from his Embarkation for New England in 1630, with the Charter and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, to his Death in 1649. By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THREE years ago we gave in these pages a hearty welcome to a volume, the subject of which, under a well-marked division of place and circumstance, is presented with equal interest and fidelity of treatment in the book before us. The discovery of a very valuable collection of family papers in Connecticut, and his own diligent researches in England, had given to the living representative of our first Governor such rich materials for his biography as would of themselves have suggested that use of them, had no previous motive or prompting of duty moved the inheritor of Winthrop's name and blood to the grateful work. The volume whose contents and theme we have already presented was wholly occupied with the ancestral family and domestic history of John Winthrop in the land of his birth, where he lived till he was in the forty-third year of his age. There his pure and noble character was developed and tested for the great enterprise of which he was the main inspiration and the devoted leader, and the triumphant success of which, fruitful as it has been of good for millions, is so largely referable to his conspicuous virtue and constancy.

The volume now in our hands is occupied with those nineteen years of his life which were passed on this soil. His arrival on the shores of New England, with the Massachusetts Company and their Charter, is dated June 22, 1630, when the Arbella was moored in the harbor of Salem. He died in his house in Boston (the Old South Church occupying the site of his garden), March 26, 1649. He was in office as Governor, serving his twelfth annual term, at the time of his death. There is something very significant, alike of the profound esteem and the exalted confidence attached to his character, and also of the jealous watchfulness of the founders of Massachusetts, in the circumstances which secured

his frequent re-election, and yet prevented the continuousness of his official trust, by giving a short tenure of the chair to other less competent and less esteemed men. He and his ablest associates seem to have had a prescience of the momentous and expanding issues which were to follow from their wilderness enterprise. More than any other company of men who have ever made a like adventure, they kept in view the wisdom and safety of all their leading measures as precedents, and religiously regarded the effect of their plannings and doings upon their posterity. Winthrop would undoubtedly have been the only bearer of the title of Governor here, so long as his life and vigor were spared, had it not been for the cautious heed of his electors lest that office, or any other among them, should be regarded or claimed as of a life tenure. He was set aside often enough to make sure of that principle, and was gladly taken up again on the ground of his pre-eminent merits and services.

The ingenious but wholly groundless plea that a charge held here by John Endicott, previous to the transfer of the Company and the Charter, entitles him to the honor of being considered the first Governor, is very quietly and decidedly disposed of by this volume. Whatever the nature of Endicott's trust here, it was subordinate to the government of the Company then administered in England. While the Governor resided there, he of course could not be here; and when there was a real Governor here, established with actual occupancy, there was no longer one in England. When Winthrop landed, bearing that memorable roll of parchment, now hanging in the Secretary's office in our State-House, Endicott recognized his superior, not his substitute, nor his successor.

The lineal descendant of the Governor, in the seventh generation, now his biographer, is chary of encomium, and reticent even where he might, apart from any personal reference, fitly applaud rightful and noble positions taken by his honored ancestor for public ends. Not wishing to show himself the eulogist of that ancestor, he does not enter at any length, even into the exposition of his principles on subjects and occasions when he was compelled to maintain his ground against honorable or mistaken or jealous opponents. Never did a man perform, within the conditions of place and exigency, a more noble service with more of single-hearted devotion than

did John Winthrop. His character, too, was so lovable for its childlike and tender affectionateness, and so admirable for its high-toned integrity and constancy, — the oppositions which he encountered were of such sort in themselves and in their sources, and his triumph over them was always so gentle and complete, — that any biographer might have chosen him for the theme of unqualified and disinterested praise.

Next to a thoroughly manly and noble character grounded on true piety, and trained by a deep-seated sincerity in religion, the best claim of Governor Winthrop to the prime place of honor and service among the founders and the benefactors of Massachusetts is in the completeness of the devotion with which he gave himself and all that he possessed to the enterprise which he had undertaken. He was prompted in this, not by any wilfulness of purpose, nor any motive of thrift, nor even, as some have supposed, by religious fanaticism, but by an aim which was in itself ennobling, because unselfish and inspired by the prospective view of advantages to be secured by others. So far as profit was concerned, the contingencies of the case certainly left it doubtful whether the proprietary and trading Company, of which he had become a prominent member, would not reap more pecuniary advantage by agencies established here than by their own immigration hither. In the former volume of our author we read with what deliberation the enterprise was projected and resolved upon. There is evidence that some who had been solicited to take part in it were disheartened at its aspect. This fact required an emboldened resolution in those who committed themselves to it. From first to last, after the agreement was subscribed, John Winthrop was its acknowledged inspiration and its firmest adherent. Among his partners, he was the largest adventurer, and he had the most worldly substance, as well as the most self-sacrificing spirit. He parted with his manorial estate in green old England, — the home and burial-place of his ancestors, — and converted the proceeds into funds to be used in the stock and encouragement of the adventure. As far as those proceeds were available in cash, he used them freely to meet his own expenses and to lend to friends. A large part which, as a remainder, he was expecting to devote to the same purpose, while in the hands of an unworthy agent was lost to

him, and the good man before his life closed here felt the pinch of privation. His sacrifices and misfortunes were tenderly appreciated in this Colony, and he was willing to accept true sympathy as more and better than compensation, which circumstances put out of the question. He arrived here with a part of his family, and his beloved son Henry was drowned the day after landing on these shores. The Governor's wife, who was compelled to remain in England, expecting the birth of a child, followed him as soon as possible with the infant, which the father was never to see, for it died upon the ocean. Some of those who had put their hands to the plough, early disheartened by the straits and sufferings of exile in the wilderness, returned one by one, without, however, involving any serious peril to the enterprise. But hardly had the early struggles been encountered, and the pledges of success and permanency risen before those who had done the most for the cause and had everything to lose by its failure, than the heart of the Governor was sorely tried by an apprehension which was far worse to him than the decay of his own fortune. The turn of affairs in England had brought out into activity and influence the class of men and the principles engaged in the great experiment on these shores. Of course the tide set homeward. Restless and hopeful spirits — those discouraged here and excited by the prospect of turmoil and revolution in England — returned, giving up the Colony and its struggling cause. The fluctuations of trade at times swelled the cost here of all foreign commodities, and depreciated the value of the native products. A deep gloom settled over the hearts of those who must abide to the last by the venture they had made. Governor Winthrop, seeing some on whom he had most depended falling away, could not but yield to the melancholy which the prospect before him excited. Some of the most touching and beautiful sentences from his heart and pen, disclosing the tender and steadfast qualities of his fine nature, were written in this mood. But for himself there was no looking back, no regret, no calculation even of what had been lost, or of what might yet be saved. He came here to abide. He had consecrated his all, and he would reclaim nothing of it. He almost made up his mind once, though with great reluctance, to cross the ocean on a commission in behalf of the Colony. But had he gone,

it would have been only with a view to a quick return, for he wished to end his days and to find his mortal rest here. His beloved wife, Margaret, the pride and ornament of the Colony, the example of that matronly dignity and that fidelity which have furnished a model for the pious and helpful women of New England of the old stock, shared with him and sustained him under all his buffetings. His oldest son John, the Governor of Connecticut, loved and served her as if she had been his own mother, and Winthrop counted it as among the chief of his blessings from God that he had so noble and good a son.

The administration of the public interests of the Colony may seem to us to have been very easy, and the means and results of it are often pronounced upon in these latter days as narrow and trivial. Such may be the judgment of the ignorant and the conceited; but the thorough and appreciative students of our history judge quite otherwise. Our first Governor, during his twelve terms of service, had tasks and duties more exacting than have weighed on any one of his successors. If we regard the experimental nature of his trust, the sort of responsibilities attending it, and the momentous consequences which must follow the early legislation as establishing precedents, we may well say that he furnished the example and guide for all those successors. His associates in the government were men of strong will, of independent and often eccentric natures; and those whom they governed had also their crotchets and jeal-

ousies. He was the most evenly balanced among them all, and his breadth and fairness of view were least affected by the limitations and superstitions of the age. One of the most charming and suggestive of the personal disclosures made in Governor Winthrop's journal are the allusions to his variances with his rival, Governor Dudley, or rather, we should say, to Governor Dudley's manifest and ill-tempered jealousy of him.

It will ever be to the praise of Winthrop, that the only complaint ever brought against him was that of too great leniency. He vindicated himself from any fault on this score, by asserting the occasion for it, and by insisting upon it as the course of wisdom and rectitude. He was willing, however, to try to be more severe, more rigid, more like his associates. His partial success in these efforts almost led him into some mistakes. Only when he died was his full worth known to the Colony, as we learn to know it in the present most faithful biography of an excellent and great man.

We may add, that the biographer, being richly favored with materials of the highest value, — the Governor's own journals and the family papers, — has chosen to allow them to speak for themselves, with illustrative details and sparse comments from his own pen. Of the letter written by Winthrop on the day of his death, and sent by an Indian runner to his son in Connecticut, one of the most interesting of these papers, we are given a very acceptable fac-simile.